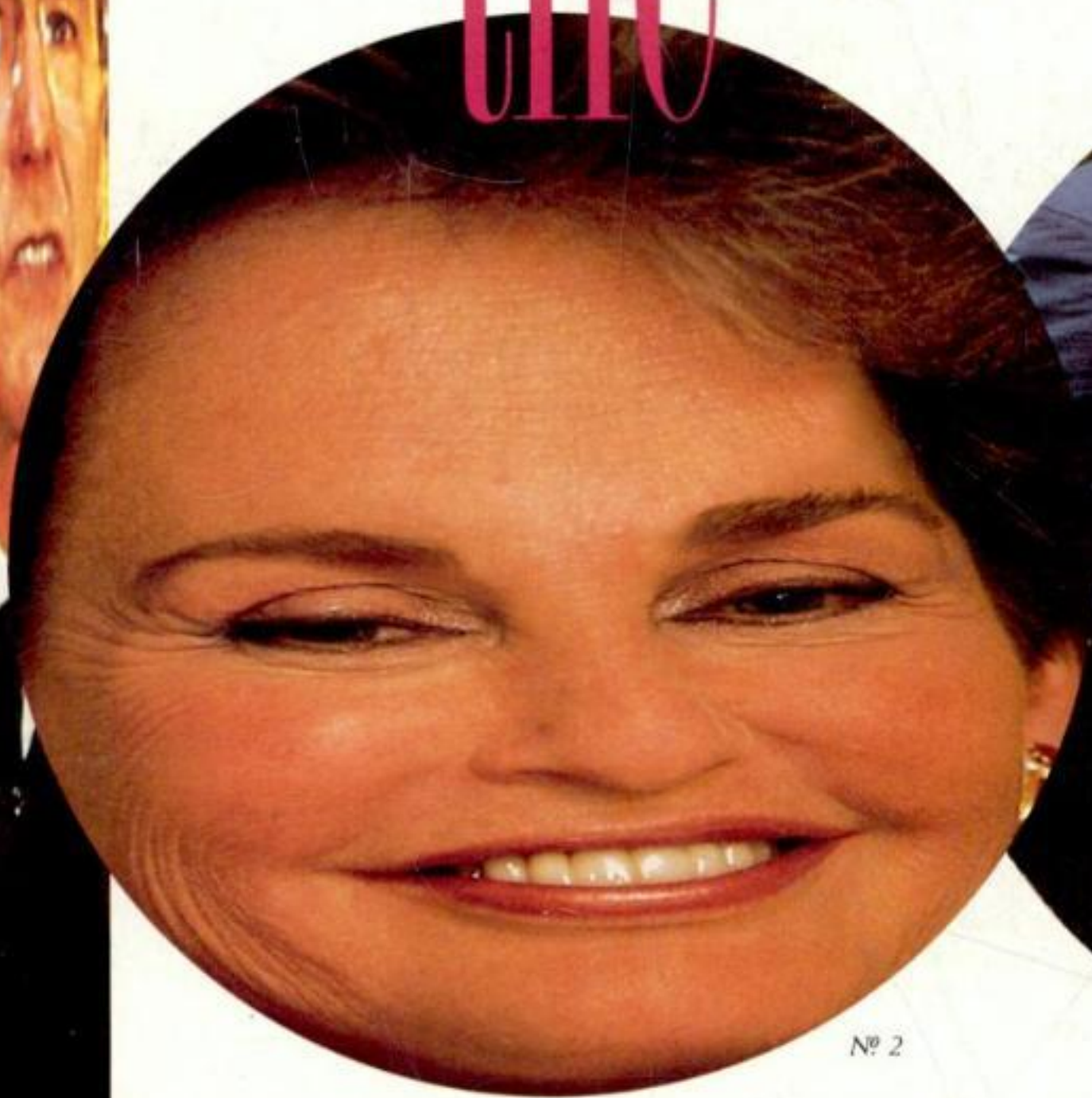
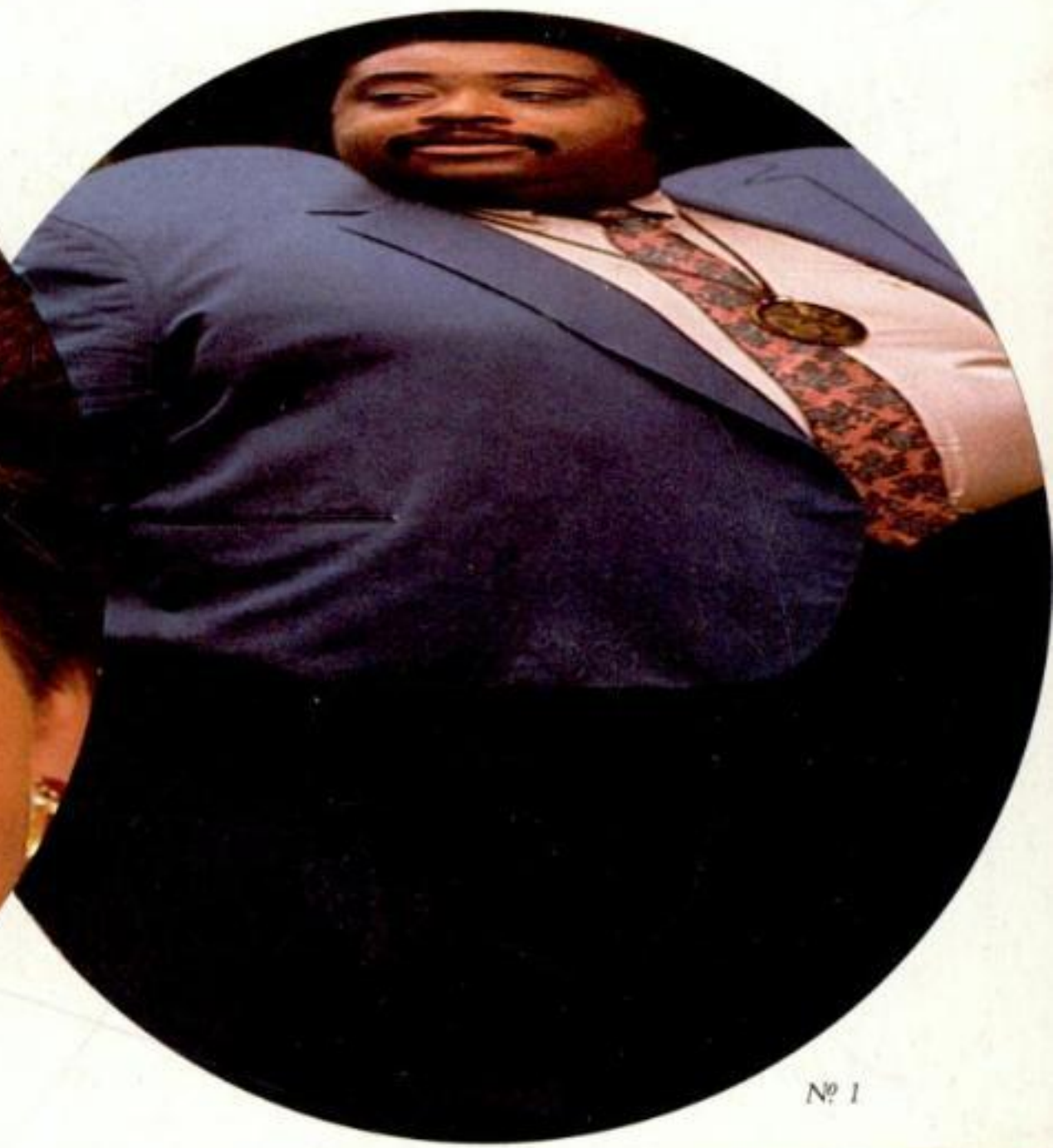


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1988: YEAR OF LIES

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BONDMANIA—JAMES BONDMANIA

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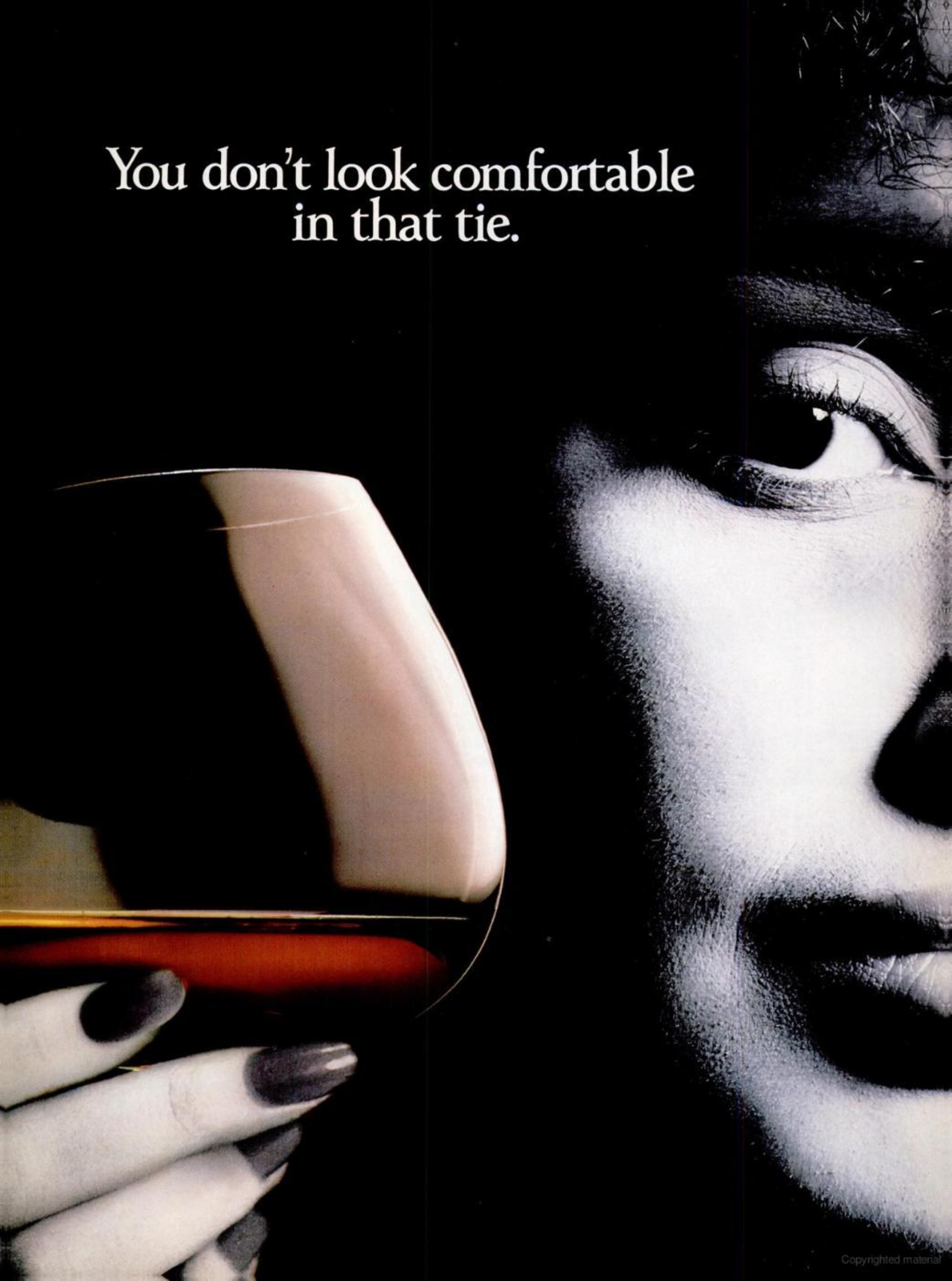
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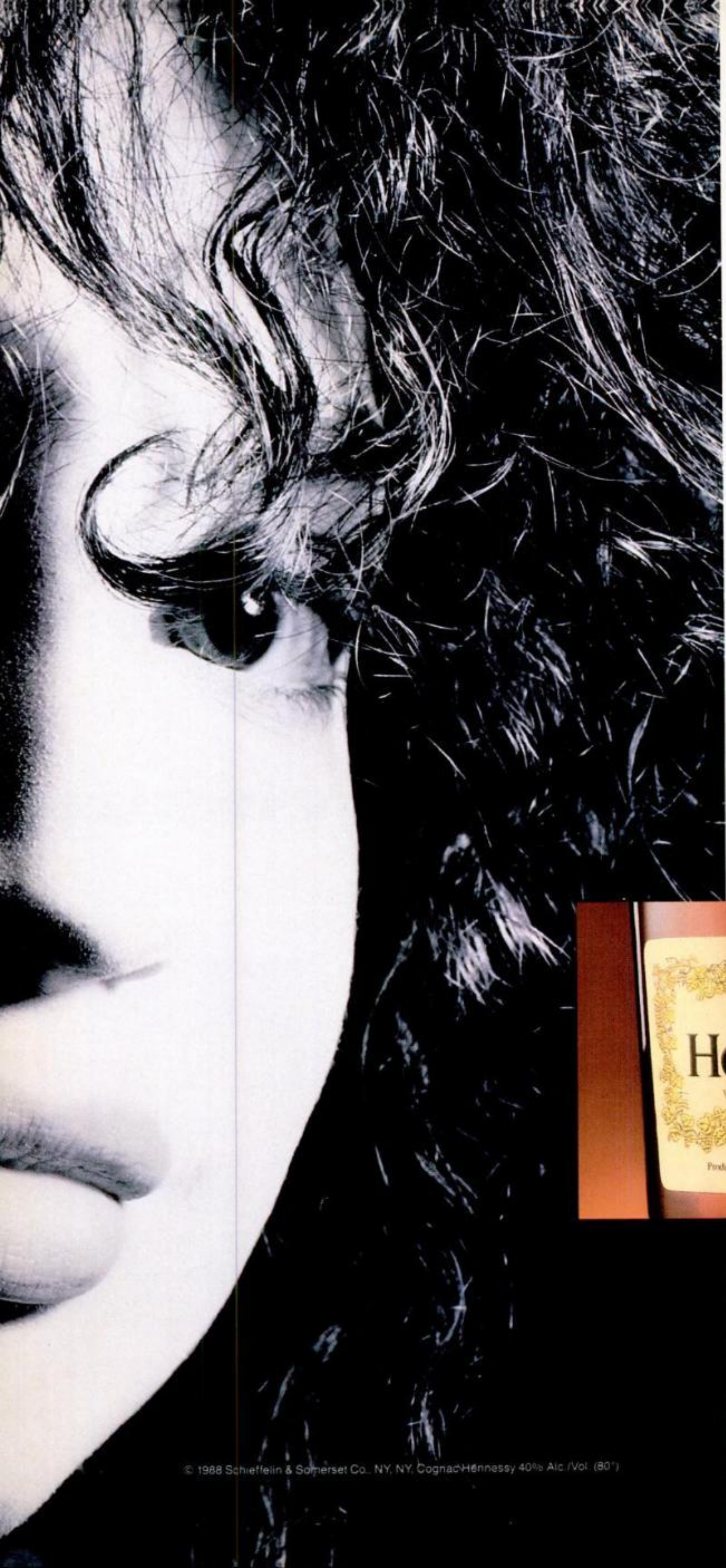
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► Just how kindred are Richard Nixon and Prince? Is SPY's BAM-o-Matic going to make you the next Peter Sellers (the tiny, arty one, not the dead, funny one)? Plus Norman Pearlstine as a stripper-bridegroom and 24 hours of sports . . . . . 40

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THE COVER Photographs by Douglas Kirkland/ Sygma (Helmsley); Nola Tully/Sygma (Sharpton); © 1987 Rick Friedman/ Black Star (Bush).

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# OCTOBER

### THE BEST AND THE BLANDEST

► Eager to year, and behind



please, ferociously careerist, well-rounded into dullness: they're Rhodes scholars, just 32 of them as ANDREW SULLIVAN discovers, they're the nation's premier goody-goodies with great futures them . . . . . 108

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# 1988

## COLUMNS

► IGNATZ RATZWIZKIWXKI, our **Reviewer of Reviewers**, asks, What do women want? CHARLES POOTER registers the paranoia at **The Webs**; JAMES GRANT on an '80s guy nudged off MICHAEL SORKIN uncloaks a dirty little secret of **Politics**; JO STOCKTON on the givingness **Trade**; CELIA BRADY on shifts within **The Industry**; ELLIS WEINER ponders **How to Be a** about religion; and JOE QUEENAN asks one of **The Big Questions** . . . . . 134



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### OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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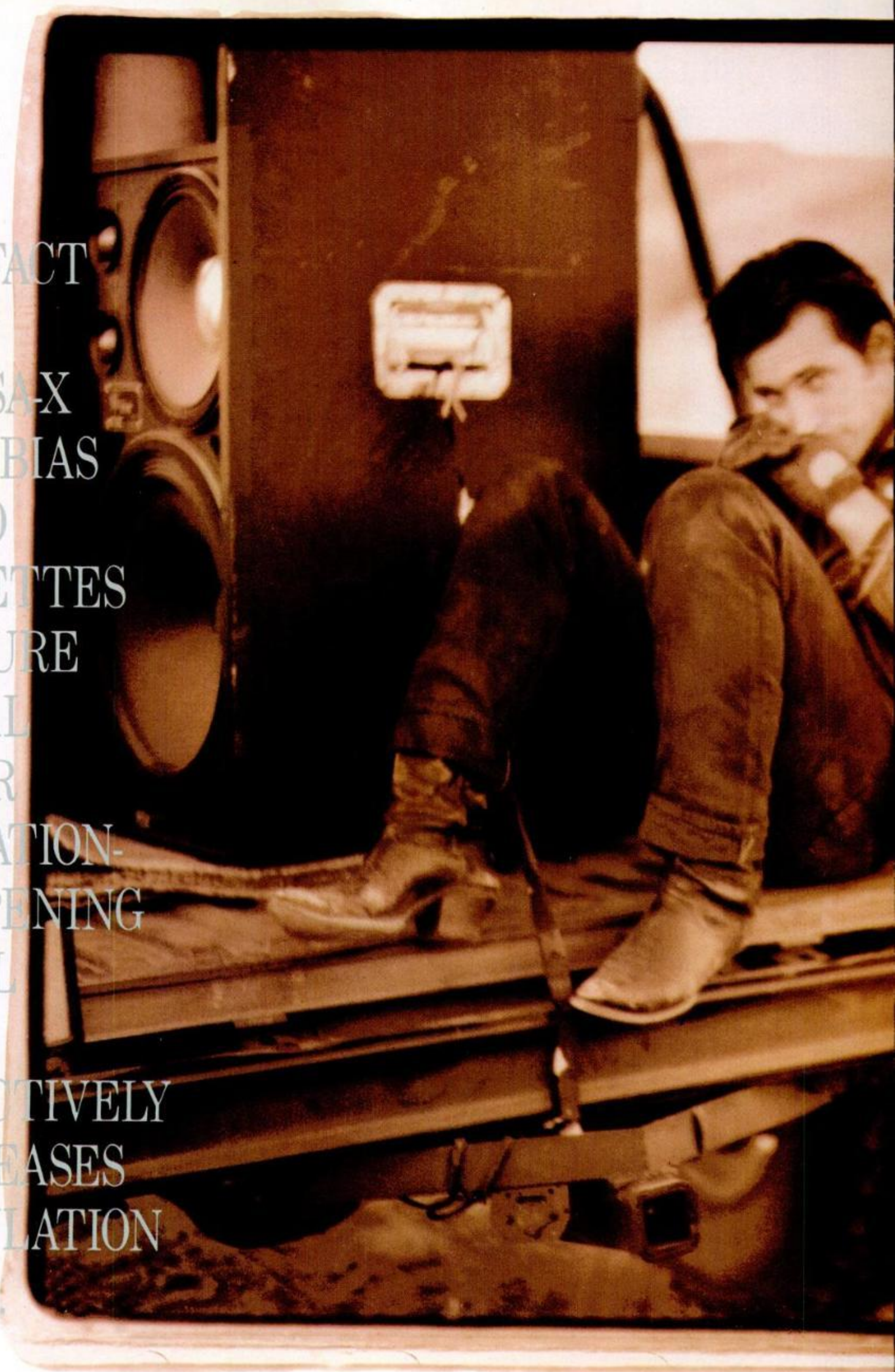
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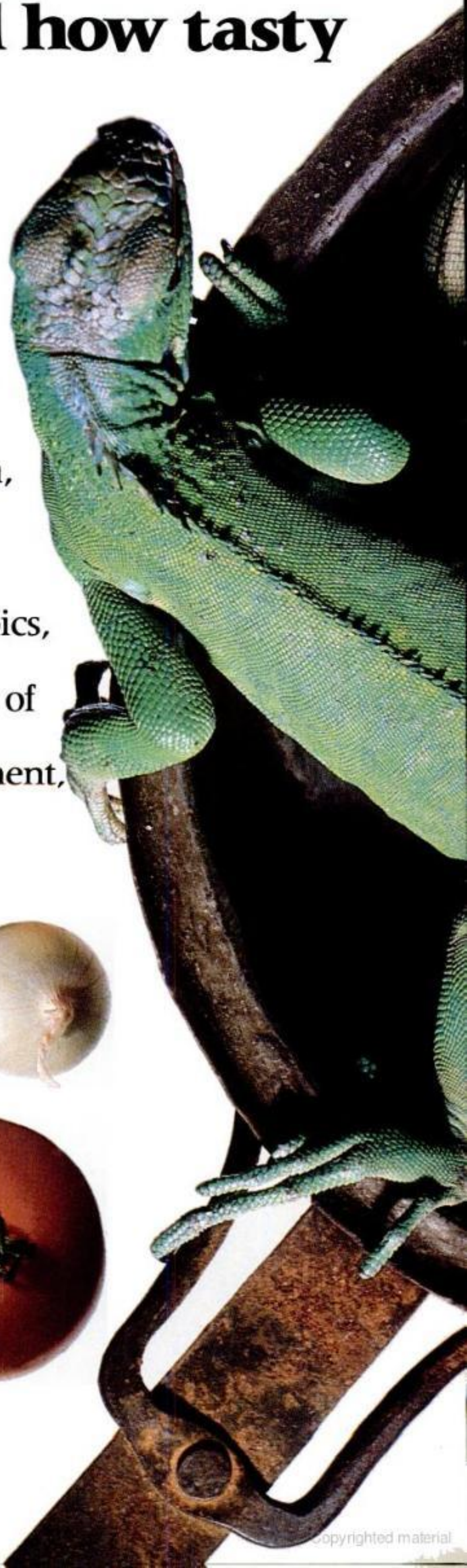


**Last year there were over 41,000  
articles written about Nicaragua.  
Not one mentioned how tasty  
the iguana stew is.**

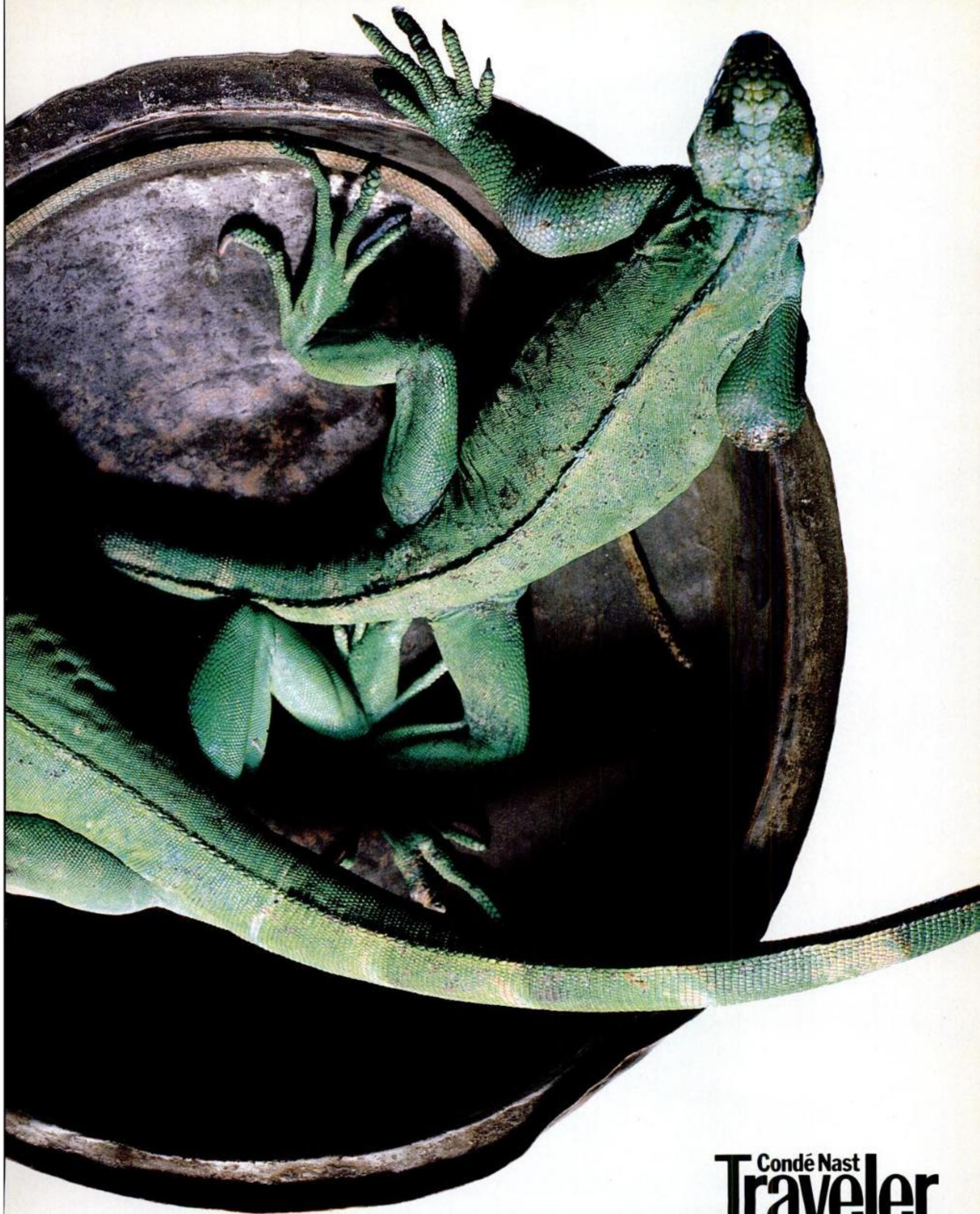
The Contreras. The Sandinistas. The peace process. The arms buildup. Wouldn't it be refreshing to read instead about the famed iguana stew of Granada, the freshwater sharks of Lake Nicaragua, and the best places to go dancing in Managua?

In addition to the more widely-covered topics, these also are issues of deep interest to the readers of Condé Nast Traveler. Readers with taste and discernment, who turn to Condé Nast Traveler for literary views. Cultural perspectives. Environmental reports. Adventure essays. Coverage that is available in no other travel magazine in the world.

Condé Nast Traveler. Its position on Nicaragua is very hardline: you simply must try that iguana stew.







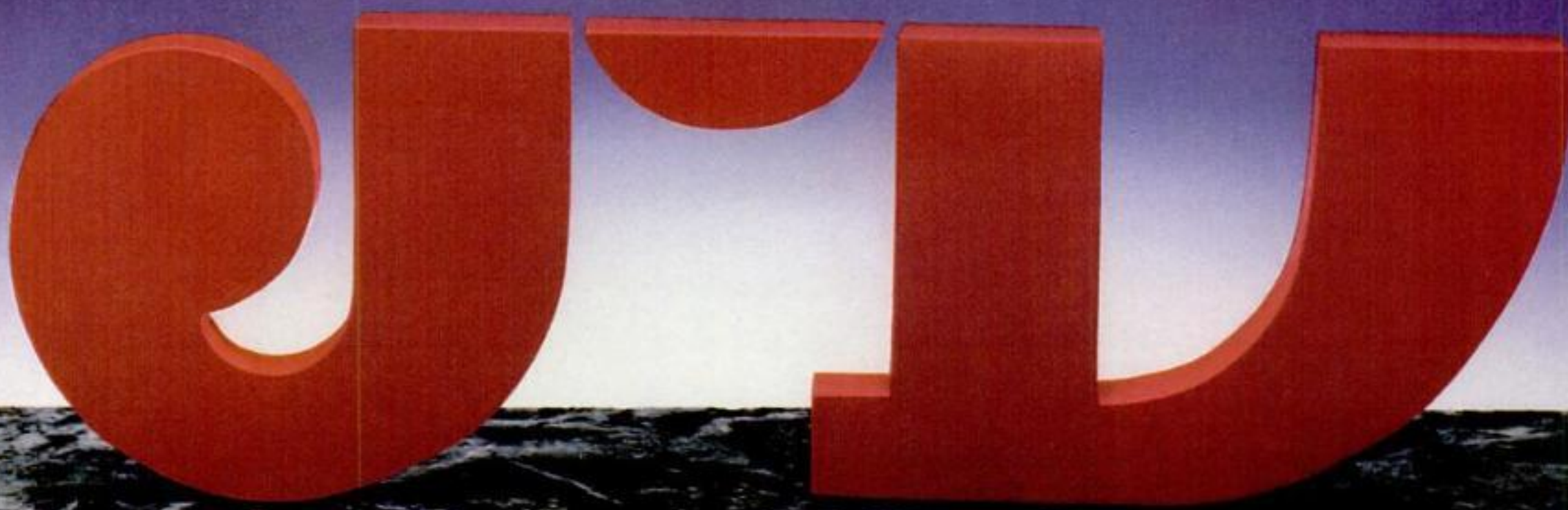
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100

\*For me, marijuana has been an intellectual stimulant... a useful tool



we still don't buy it, and not just because the "Summer" Olympics grind on. No, it's because of something that someone who wants to be president—okay, it was George Bush—said not long ago: "I will never apologize for the United States of America—I *don't care what the facts are*." (Indeed, as Ronald Reagan himself said in New Orleans, "Facts are stupid things.") Well, *we* don't care what the facts are, either. So it isn't really October. Simple. 🍁 We're

also sure it isn't summer. member with a sweaty shudder. well adjusted Michael Dukakis deny that he was, as they say state, mental. This charge was LaRoucheians—a group whose leader believes the queen of England to be a drug dealer. Lyndon LaRouche's charges were, of course, welcomed eagerly by the Republicans—a group whose leader believes in astrology and has pretty much




*That* we re-  
Tediously  
was forced to  
in his home  
leveled by the

*It isn't really October*

slipped into a permanent fugue state (in which "perplexity and disorientation may occur," according to our *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual*, which we keep handy at all times). For that matter, neither are we concerned about the health of Dukakis's opponent. The vice president, it was revealed, is completely fit, suffering only infrequently from "irritable bowel syndrome." (Ah, the Irritable Bowel Thing. Bush will find a way to make that hurt him at the polls.) Nor



are we concerned about Dukakis's running mate, even though he assured one women's group of his support for the "REA." You know, the Rights Equal Amendment? No, Lloyd Bentsen isn't crazy. Rather, like the person he hopes to succeed, *he doesn't care what the facts are.*  Meanwhile, supporters of both the ERA *and* the REA can point to two watershed events last summer: the closing of the only remaining Playboy

**ELVIS IS ALIVE!**

... so he could live out his life in peace



Club in the country and, especially, the admission of women to the New York Friars Club before 4:00 p.m.—this last a significant Human Rights Commission-supported ruling that meant, in the short term, setting a place at lunch beside Freddie Roman for Joan Rivers and, in the long term, setting a place at lunch beside Freddie Roman for Joan Rivers.

Don't mention lunch settings to any Japanese tourists you speak to. For them it has been a season fraught with danger from tabletop objects. Out at JFK airport, Japanese by the dozen were being held up at ketchup-dispenser-point and losing it all—cameras, Casios, videocassette recorders, everything. It's a fact. Criminals armed only with condiments roamed the Pan Am terminal, squirting vacationing shirtfronts (for some reason, they preferred vacationing *Japanese* shirtfronts) with ketchup or mustard, then apologizing busily while confederates picked unguarded pockets and snatched unattended bags and, of course, cameras, Casios and videocassette recorders. *Ketchup?* Whatever happened to blackjacks and zip guns and Mickey Finns and switchblades?

But back to the sanity thing. Here's Representative Charles Rangel: "The issue is

whether the mayor is playing with a full deck." What mayor might that be? Inspired perhaps by his own police force's pounding of Tompkins Square Park-area citizens ("The streets were full of people who I see . . . every morning with briefcases," an East Village community leader said, "I mean people who work on Wall Street, and they're standing in the street, screaming, 'Kill the pigs!'"), Ed Koch had challenged Rangel to "stop talking and put your body on the line"—that is, to run for mayor. Rangel, a layman who is probably always misplacing his *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual*, nevertheless offered this diagnosis of Koch: "He's not in complete control of himself."

Neither, at the end, was Elvis, and while we were grieving anew, a radio executive was offering \$2 million to anyone who could bring the King on down to one of his AM stations. Excuse us, but didn't Elvis bloat to death in Memphis eleven years ago? Wait, don't tell us: *you don't care what the facts are*. (Okay, let's not be too hasty: Elvis, if you're reading this, come by *our* offices and we'll top that offer, only you also have to sing "Little Sister" and "Burning Love.")

No, the sanity thing won't go away. "Truly horrible, completely deranged" is

what bad Italian director Franco Zeffirelli called good Italian American director Martin Scorsese's *The Last Temptation of Christ*, though maybe he was referring to the fundamentalist goons who congregated at Lew Wasserman's home, one of whom donned movie-executive costume and kicked a Jesus stand-in. Wasserman, head of Universal, the studio that released the offending movie, is, we're sure, *certainly not* whom Zeffirelli really meant when he spoke of "that Jewish cultural scum of Los Angeles which is always spoiling for a chance to attack the Christian world." Needless to say, neither Zeffirelli nor the fundamentalists had seen the film—they were going to hate it, no matter what the facts were.

Finally, it is sobering to realize that probably no one covered any of these stories any better than the Manhattan-based Children's Express, a news organization run by jaded-beyond-their-years 8-to-13-year-olds. "It's becoming harder and harder for me to do print," confessed reporter Jonathan Zachary, 13. "I'm burned out. Next year I'm going to do less television so I don't miss as much school." That goes double for us: we're burned out, down on print, down on television, up on school, and feel about 13—we *don't care what the facts are*. ☹



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- 18 Property from The Estate of Cecil B. DeMille 10 a.m.
- 24 English, Continental & American Silver 2 p.m.
- 25 English & Continental Furniture & Old Master Paintings 10 a.m.
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- 27 Fine English & Continental Porcelain 10 a.m.

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Norman Rockwell, oil painting of Samson to be included in October 18 sale.



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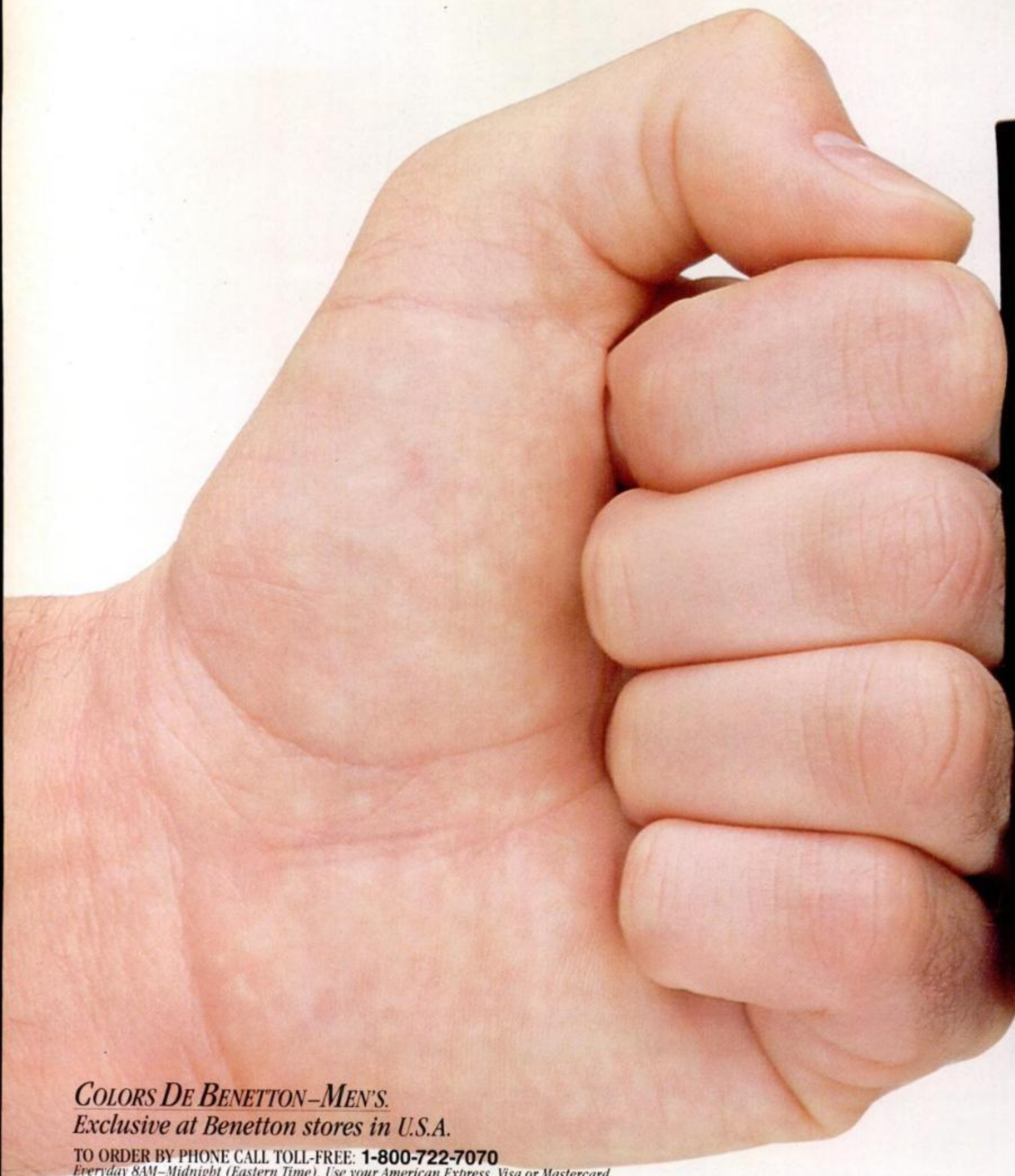


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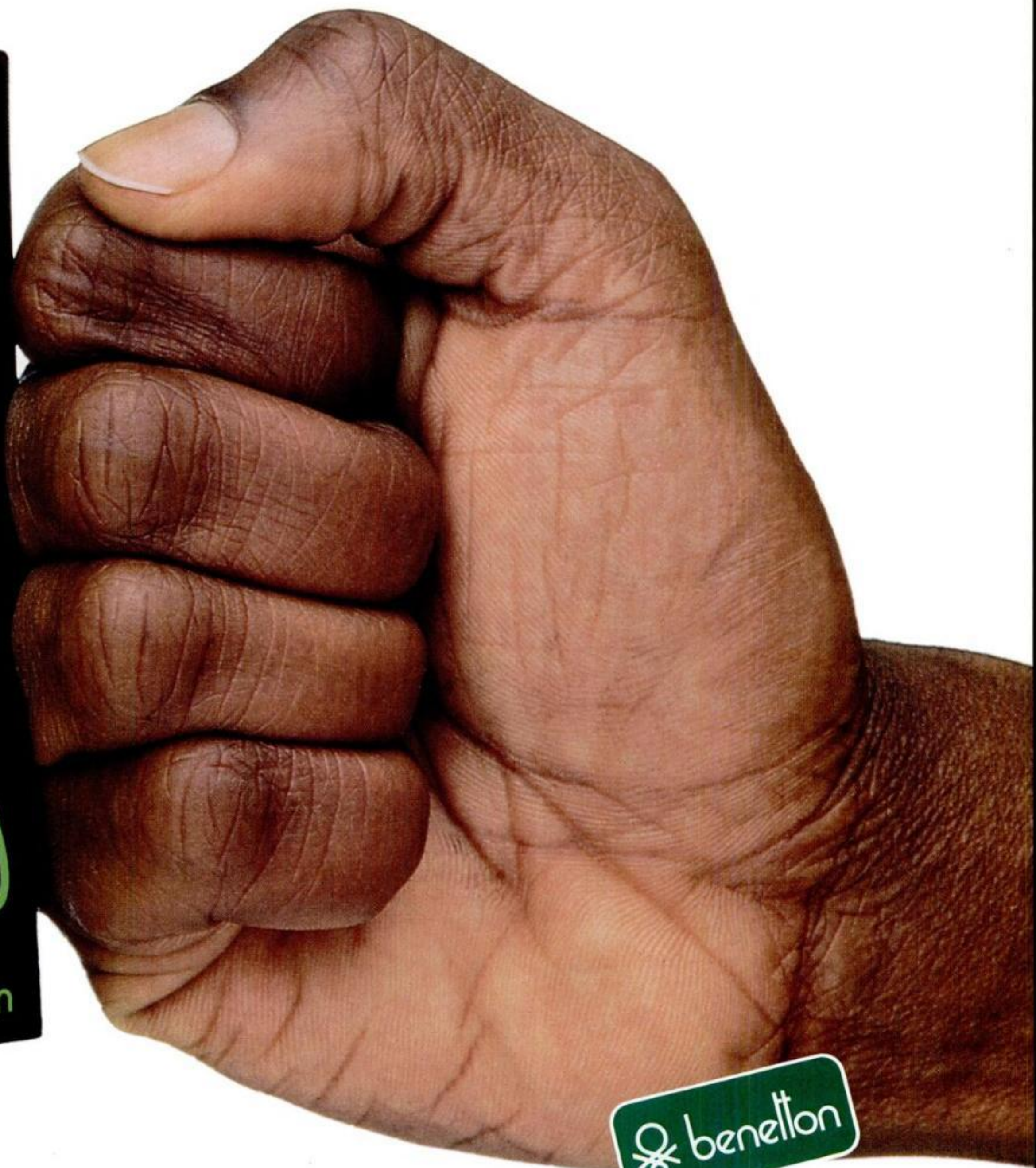
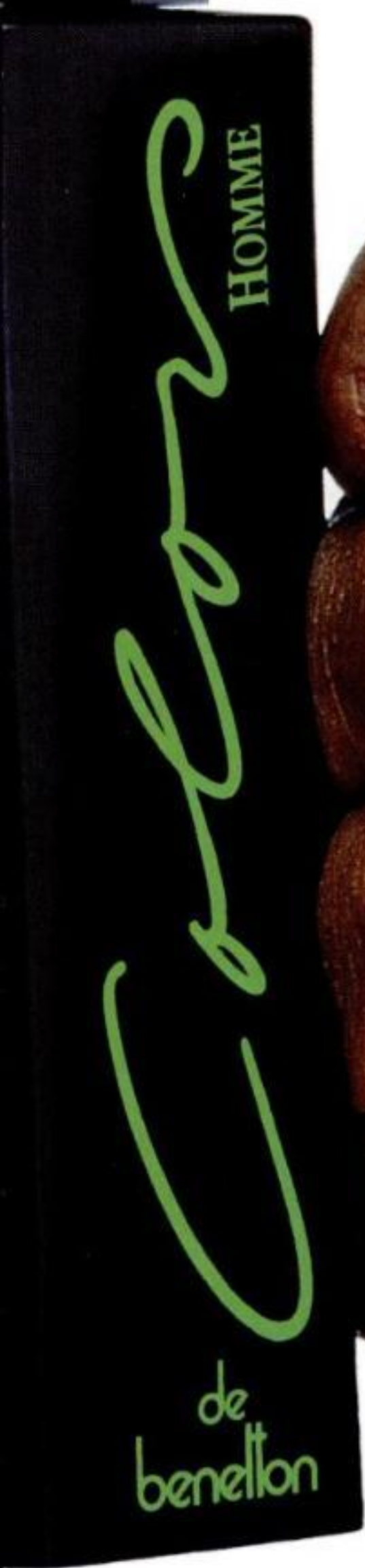
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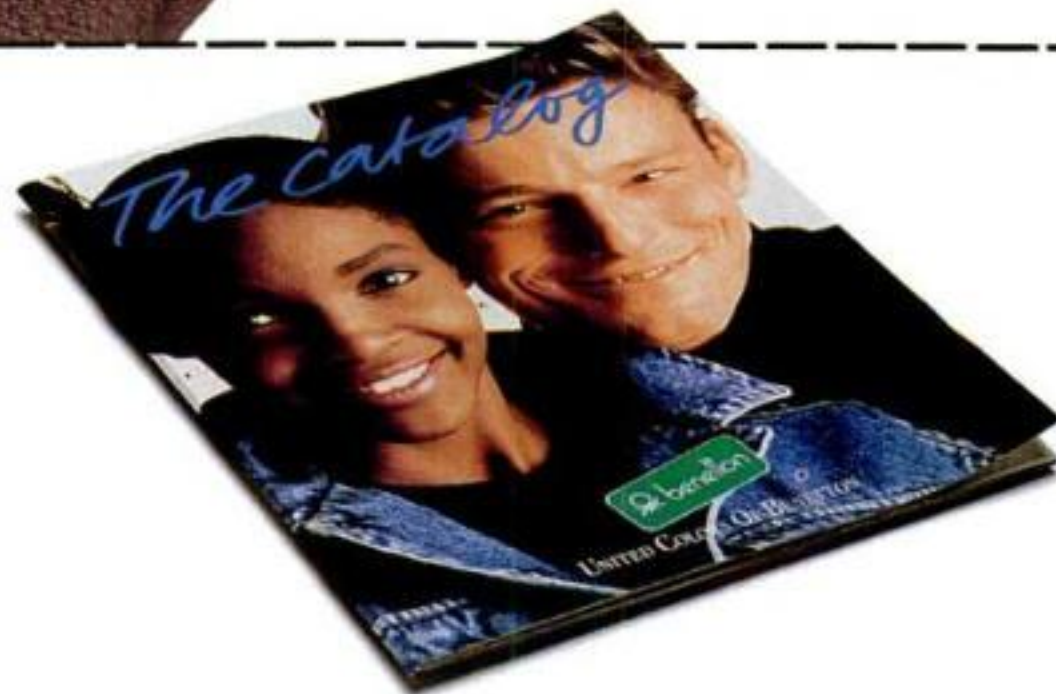








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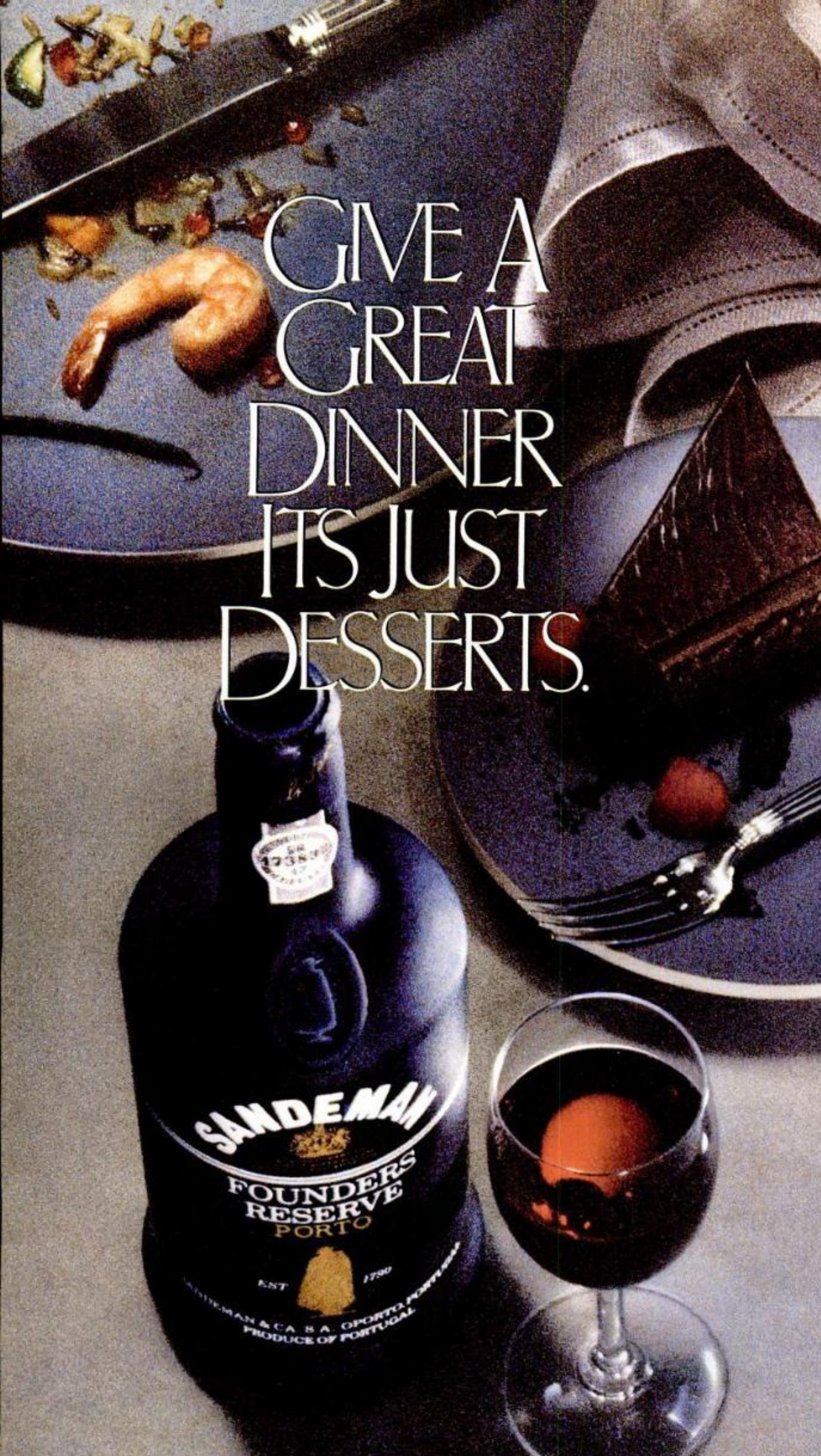
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From the SPY mailroom: For the record, the mailroom staff is happy to be back, uncrated and reassembled, in New York, and no longer experiencing cognitive dissonance on the West Coast. Sure, Californians have got the climate and

the mud baths, but their idea of writing a letter to a magazine is spending 12 unctuous seconds on the speakerphone with an editor.



On such contacts mailroom columns are not built. There are exceptions, of course. Anne L. Smith-Humphries has written—written—from Needles, California, to say she enjoys SPY (although that is beside the point; what's important to us is that she lives in a place called Needles).

While we were out surfing, people were stealing our ideas. The pervasive-SPY-influence theme, which we sounded pretty loudly here in March, begs returning to.

Fred Baube of Washington, D.C., sends a clipping from the May 13 *Washington Post* in which the newspaper digs up Ronald Reagan's horoscope for the day he was shot by John Hinckley—something (digging up the horoscope, not shooting the president) George Mannes did for SPY in April. The July issue of *Manhattan, inc.*—a publication previously able to go several issues without borrowing from SPY—contains two...let's call them *co-incidences*: (a) a caption ("M-I-C [Sid doesn't like you]-K-E-Y [Why? Because he's threatened] ...") that echoes more than slightly a headline on page 65 of SPY's May issue; and (b) a sidebar in which Donald Trump's signature is submitted to a handwriting analyst for interpretation—owing nothing, of course, to the March sidebar in SPY in which Bobby Zarem's handwriting was submitted to an expert for analysis. SPY's March issue was also not the source, we are sure, of a humorous history-cum-critique of the Filofax phenomenon (including chart-like comparisons of various imitations, with categories such as "Most Useless Inserts") that appeared in a July issue of London's once great *Time Out* magazine. Finally, a July 11 *Time* story called "Ah, Wilderness!" includes fake postcards with unflattering pictures of the national parks, as well as four captions



that begin with "EXPLORE," "EXPERIENCE," "ENJOY" and "DISCOVER" in large type—all highly reminiscent of the four fake postcards with unflattering drawings of New York City and their captions beginning with "ENDURE," "RIDE," "WONDER" and "THRILL" in large type in SPY's "Impersonating a Tourist" (by Ann Hodgman) last December.

Then there are *Tango* and *Annals*.

*Tango* is a slick Hamburg monthly with a back-of-the-book photo section devoted to capturing high-profile, fun-loving night people, in this case high-profile, fun-loving West German night people, waving drinks around and striking wacky poses; the section is called Party Pooper. And—a miracle—it has a layout and typeface virtually identical to our own Party Poop page's (before it was redesigned last month). In fact, only the captions are different, and on that basis we recommend reading *Tango*: instead of, say, "unbearable Play-Doh-faced homunculus-action toy Sylvester Stallone" (SPY), *Tango* gives us such sidesplitting epithets as "1. Harald," "2. Wolfgang und Christine" and—ouch, our stomach!—"6. Alexander, Eurique und Geburtstags-torte." Stop, you're killing us. You guys.

*Annals* is the student yearbook of Hunter College High School in Manhattan. The 1988 edition features a section called "Separated at Birth?" in which a Hunter social studies teacher is paired with Betty Friedan (kids: are you sure that isn't really Betty Friedan over by the blackboard?) and a former gym teacher is paired with the model from a high-school-equivalency-diploma-mill ad. Because SPY-Hunter ties are strong—we are connected to the school by a trademarked cub reporter-at-large, a promotion manager, a photo intern and at least two first cousins—and because these are, after all, adolescents, we'll settle for ruining the careers of only those responsible, and not the entire graduating class. This time.

High school cheats aside, "Separated at Birth?" (the mostly original SPY/Dolphin/Doubleday book of the same name, by the way, is out this month) continues to be the most widely imitated SPY feature (*The Village Voice's* sports section of June 7 ran the batting swings of Jack Clark and George Foster side by side with the caption "Separated at Birth?"),

DEAR EDITORS **W**e must inform you, first of all, that we are a married couple who prefer serious journalism and who have no intention of ever subscribing to, or even purchasing, your magazine. However, being longtime residents of New York, we felt we should register our complaints just the same.

We consider ourselves avid crossword doers. While we were visiting friends recently they produced a stack of SPY issues, suggesting we try your Un-British Crossword Puzzles. They had not been able to make heads or tails of them. Frankly, neither can we. Is this some sort of private joke? Do any of your readers actually waste their time on these things?

However, that is not our primary complaint. If you and your staff would spend half as much time pursuing serious New York stories instead of stringing up people like Donald Trump who have helped make

this city great, you might have a real magazine.

Further, we cannot believe that you actually pay people to compare past and present volumes of *Who's Who*. Who cares?

Nick and Marian Nichols  
New York

*Let's see if we have this right: you have nothing better to do than write letters to the editors of a magazine you do not read, Donald Trump made New York great and, finally, you were stumped by our Un-British Crossword Puzzle. Is that about it?*

DEAR EDITORS **H**ow can these idiots write in to praise your magazine and describe it in terms like "It's so refreshing!" To me it's nothing but warmed-over *National Lampoon*, turned middle-aged and bitterly jaded. All of you seem to be falling over one another in your zeal to expose another asshole, a sophisticated extension of what we used to do in junior high school.

J. Pansulla  
Montclair, New Jersey

*The truth is out. SPY—the magazine, the publishing empire, the concept—is based entirely on the madcap high jinks and inspired badinage of Mr. or Ms. Pansulla and his/her epigram-crazy junior high school pals in New Jersey. (Note: because of the passage of time, we have taken some liberties in re-creating dialogue, and some of the characters are actually composites.)*

DEAR EDITORS **M**y life in New Jersey affords me few contacts other than SPY with the world outside. It's as though each month a new puzzle arrives, through which I can catch the most fleeting glimpses of you groovy, trendy New Yorkers and wonder: Who are these people who don't live in the state in which everything and everyone is Perfect Together? What do these people do? And why?

No doubt, then, you'll see why your Filofax issue [March] was nothing less than an epiphany for me. Right there, on page 22, was the clue that put it all together: an ad for the March auction calendar at Christie's. Finally, I knew: You people aren't *real* Americans at all, not like me and my fellow subjects here in Governor Kean Land; you're just a bunch of bored, rich Brits washed ashore and stranded in Manhattan. SPY is really *Harpers & Queen*

## LETTERS TO SPY

for Sloane Rangers far, far from home, for whom nothing less than a Filofax entry for Antique Arms and Modern Sporting Guns (March 17; hope it was swell) can stir that bittersweet memory of Her Majesty's Realm. You're all waiting for the next plane to Gatwick.

Chris Mario  
Princeton, New Jersey

*Brits? Sorry, nobody here but us Canadians.*

DEAR EDITORS **I** join the rest of America and southern Canada in my appreciation of your fantastically funny magazine.


However, recently you guys have been accepting advertisements that are meant to look like articles. Like the J&B Scotch and Dom Ruinart adticles. I see these things and start to read them, wondering to myself how SPY could publish something as unfunny as this. Only then do I notice the itchy-bitsy print at the top of the page that says ADVERTISEMENT.

I realize there are more important problems in the world, but is it too much to ask that you stop printing those stupid, unfunny, misleading ads?

Stephen C. Buckley  
Belmont, Massachusetts

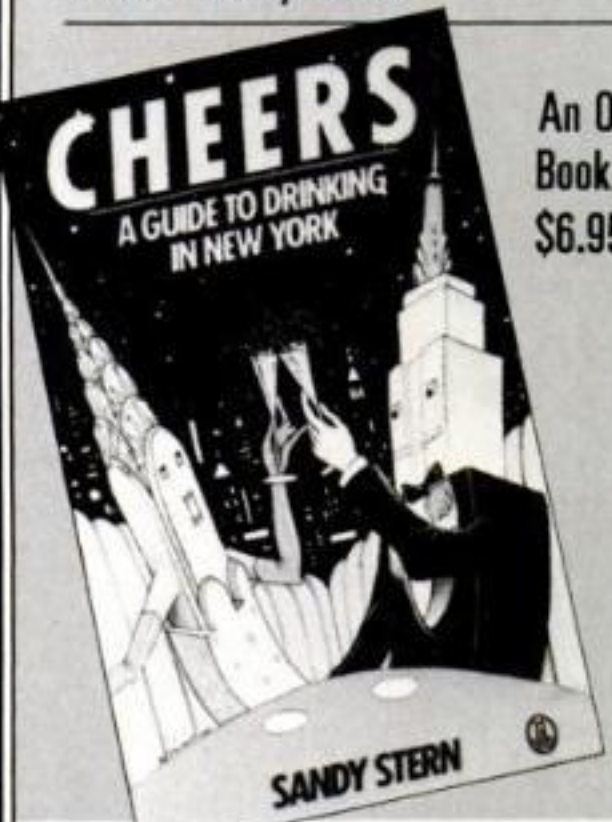
*Maybe we're old-fashioned, but it's always been our understanding that advertisements are supposed to be stupid, unfunny and misleading. Sheesh.*



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and naturally, people continue to write in with earlier, pre-SPY examples of the form. "This letter is intended to humble you," begins Richard Samuel West of Washington, D.C., soothingly. He attaches an article called "Famous Doubles" from an 1890 issue of *The Illustrated American*. Eighteen-ninety, eh? This, admittedly, predates SPY by quite a few months, although, frankly, with our crazy lead time it would be difficult to prove in a court of law just who had the idea first. "You will quickly note," West writes, "that ['Famous Doubles'] is your 'Separated at Birth?' feature done with taste." Done at considerable type-squandering length, anyway. West also expresses incredulity that SPY's Jack Barth, in his June Trip Tip about Woodlawn Cemetery, didn't mention that cartoonist and *Puck* magazine founder Joseph Keppler is also buried there. And West also, charmingly, sent along a copy of his book *Satire on Stone: The Political Cartoons of Joseph Keppler*. But we must now take our leave of Richard Samuel West of Washington, D.C., because over here Anya Schiffrin of Barcelona, Spain, is looking right at our Proposed Movie of the Month for January/February (*Unhappily Ever After: The Royal Romance, Part II*) and instead seeing *Private Eye*'s regular feature "Heir of Sorrows." Come on, Ms. Schiffrin—one or two magazines other than SPY and *Private Eye* have had something to say about Charles and Di over the years. Public domain!


Pileated woodpeckers cover the front of postcards sent by Fran London of Rochester, New York, and complaints fill the back. (That is, if the one card we've got from her is the norm.) Her gripe is that a letter she'd written us regarding "It's Yuppie Porn" (by Bruce Handy, December 1987) was never printed—despite enthusiastic fact-checking at this end that, understandably, led her to believe she was about to be published ("I got three calls from your staff asking if I really wrote that letter. Didn't you believe me?"). Never mind that—these things happen. What occurs to us, Ms. London, is that by giving you your forum here, we've also fingered you for several more calls from our fact checkers—again with no guarantee that your letter or card, or indeed this paragraph about you, will ever run.

Most of our correspondence, truth be told, seems to be about either "Separated at Birth?" the Canadian Menace or—of course—Issaquah, despite our plea last month for an end to the whole Issaquah debate.

If Canada- or Issaquah-relatedness (say, just how far is Issaquah from the border?) seems to some readers a prerequisite for writing to us, there are others who find even the generous, inclusive category of mere SPY-relatedness constricting. All they require is a burning question, a 25-cent stamp and something that will serve as stationery, and they feel we owe them our ear. Tonia Falconer Vinson has written to us about the tick problem in Mystic, Connecticut. (We're sorry.) Anne-Marie Siudzinski of Champaign, Illinois, asks, "Do those annoying commercials shot in the zigzag style of bad home movies make you dizzy and nauseous, or is it just me?" (We never reveal details about our private lives, Ms. Siudzinski.) Seth Roberts of Berkeley, California, demands to know "what happened to the 'We Are the World' money and the Live Aid money." (We've already appeared before a grand jury—what more do you want from us?) Rachel Rubens of Brooklyn has sent us a copy of her letter to *New York* magazine explaining why she is not renewing her subscription to *New York* (something to do with Julie Baumgold and SPY). Reid Davis of Manhattan is confused as to the exact cause of the Betty Buckley character's death in the Broadway musical *Carrie*—he wonders whether the cause of death was a light cue—and asks for our help. (We missed Carrie—we were seeing a Bucks County dinner-theater production of *Moose Murders that night*.) And Nicholas Osgan of Manhattan has written an open letter to Manhattan D.A. Robert Morgenthau, c/o SPY, in which he asks...well, who cares what he asks? Mr. Osgan, do we look like Robert Morgenthau? (No, you're all thinking, but, hey, we know someone who does and would be great for your "Separated at...") And on it goes.

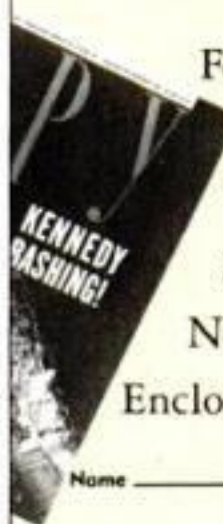

One last bit of business: De Menil watchers who look to this column for regular updates on Jason are referred to two letters (one a reprinted-in-its-entirety missive from his mother) on page 32 of this issue.

**Joining Us Late?**



For back issues of SPY, write to us at  
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## SANS TAMBOURS NI TROMPETTES

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DEAR EDITORS **N**aked City's Book Nook [by Bradley W. Bloch, May] covered two recent cannibal books, but you may not be aware of a third: *Casca: The Warrior*, published by The Berkley Publishing Group of New York, although that's not where the action takes place.

The seventeenth in a series chronicling a doomed eternal mercenary, *Casca: The Warrior* was written by Barry Sadler, the balladeer of the Green Berets. I've no idea how many copies were in the first printing, but Sadler has also sold a book, *Phu Nham*, to Hollywood.

I guess that about covers your first six entries. For the rest:

Writing philosophy: I saw Sadler on *60 Minutes*, and he said, "In spite of myself, I've become literate." He also said he lives in Latin America because he likes the climate and the people and has five wars to choose from.

Plot: Casca, weary of his job as a railroad spike driver, ships out to the Pacific and comes ashore in the Cannibal Isles, near what is today Fiji.

Cannibal: Casca Longinus.

Homeland: Rome, born before Christ, whom he speared on the cross, invoking the curse of eternal life.

Preferred method of eating victims: starts by chewing barbecued genitals.

Western products of choice: muskets and whiskey.

Typical encounter: seduced by giant female cannibal.

Best meal: week-long banquet/orgy after tribal war victory leaves dozens of carcasses to be devoured with due ceremony and relish.

Ends up: adrift in a canoe, but the curse preserves the eternal mercenary to lead a million Chinese in bloody revolt against the British.

Moral: cannibals are maybe the most civilized people on earth.

John Tone Parnell  
Sydney, Australia

DEAR EDITORS **I** am writing to correct an error in your otherwise fascinating—and presumably accurate—story about New York's famed cemeteries [The SPY Trip Tip, by Jack Barth, June]. Among the celebrities allegedly buried at Green-Wood in Brooklyn, your writer lists "both Barnes and Noble." While I have no information about the final resting place

of Barnes, I can assure you that the Noble of Barnes & Noble was originally interred—and remains—at Kensico Cemetery in Valhalla, New York. Gilbert Clifford Noble, my great-grandfather, built for himself, his wife and their six children a mausoleum at that cemetery more than 50 years ago. I have placed wreaths there on holidays since I was a child, and can state for a fact that Mr. Noble never was, and is not, in Brooklyn, although I am equally certain that he held no ill will toward the borough.

Other than the inaccuracy about the burial site of my great-grandfather, however, I very much enjoyed the visitor's guide. And I know that he would have been pleased to have been included with such illustrious company.

Anne R. Noble, Esq.

Charlottesville, Virginia

Green-Wood employees have twice assured SPY that Barnes and Noble are buried there in adjacent plots. We trust this is a case of misinformation, not disinterment.



## The Legend of the Coffee Beans.

From Romulus and Remus, right up to day-before-yesterday, Rome is a city of legends. A favorite is the story of the three coffee beans and how they first appeared in Sambuca di Trevi. This is how it was told to us...

Once upon a time there was a beautiful young Englishwoman, a stranger in Rome. Wandering alone through the ancient city she arrived at



last at the great Fontana di Trevi. Awed by its exuberance, deafened by the cascades of water, she turned aside to find a *caffe* where she could sit, away from the crowd, and refresh herself.

As the waiter brought her coffee, a young Italian hesitated at her table. "Signorina. May I?" A gesture indicated the empty chair and the full restaurant. She nodded, distantly. "Due Sambuca di Trevi. Con Mosca" he, to the waiter. To her, "I hope you will allow me..." When the aromatic liqueur was set before them, the waiter also placed a dish of coffee beans.

"One must have exactly three coffee beans with Sambuca di Trevi." He dropped a bean into her glass. "Ah, one alone is very lonely."

He added a second. "Better, yes? But we need still a third." Three beans clustered in her glass. Softly, "Three is for us together, for you and me."

But try Sambuca di Trevi yourself. With someone special. You might start a legend of your own.



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**When the going gets tough,**

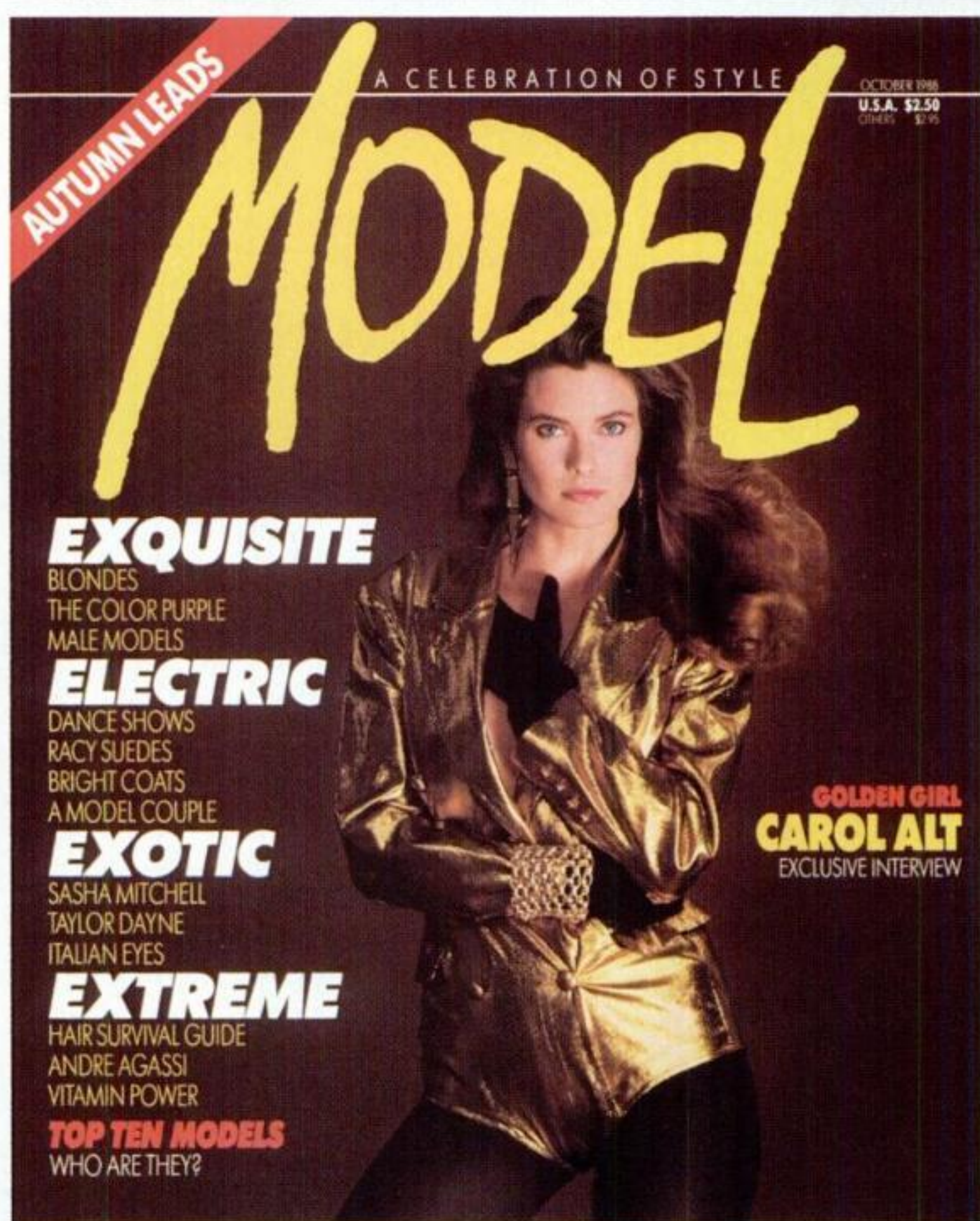


PHOTOGRAPHER: UNANGST. STYLIST: DEBBIE HANSEN. HAIR & MAKEUP: ELIZABETH DRAGHESCU, ANGELA LOHMEIJN. FASHIONS: KALINKA, KNOT, JIMMY'Z.

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So Dean and I are in this fantastic place on Second Avenue packed with well-groomed gringos getting sloppy on margaritas. Popular place, I go.

Dean says, these people are all bankers trying to improve the balance of payments with Mexico and prevent default. That's the only way I can think of, he goes, to explain the popularity of Third World food on the Upper East Side.

Most of them look like they could use some spice, I say. Not that Dean is exactly the hairy barbarian himself. I mean, it seems like his idea of wild is argyle socks. But it's okay, I like straight guys, I'd never go out with anybody who's as irresponsible as me. Most of the guys I know have really high-powered jobs and make up for lost time when they're not in the office. The Berserk After Work Club.



**STORY OF MY LIFE** **JAY McINERNEY** **FICTION**  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

DEAR EDITORS **A**fter a friend of mine said your magazine was funny (well, he actually said it was intelligently written), I went out and got a copy for myself. It is fairly funny. I am curious about the cartoon in the June issue ["Spot the College Graduate," by A. Silberberg]—is it a cryptic comment on the woeful state of college education in America or just an error? Are we supposed to guess that the man on the left is the college graduate because he, at least, can count to 4, while the man on the right can't even recall the correct solution to quadratic equations? (Quadratic equations are of the form  $ax^2 + bx + c = 0$ .) The correct solution, of course, is

$$x = \frac{-b \pm \sqrt{b^2 - 4ac}}{2a}$$

Ronald Gans  
New York

DEAR EDITORS **W**hat a good idea it was to have Naked City check out the success rates of New York's baseball prognosticators ["This Year's Baseball Season: A Look Back," by Sean Kelly and Charlie Rubin, June].

However, a bit more statistical sophistication would have given a more accurate picture of the performances. You gave credit for a "hit" to any prediction that was precisely correct (e.g., picking Baltimore sixth when Baltimore came in sixth), calling everything else an "out."

This is not the best approach. Say sportswriter A predicts that the teams that actually finish 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 will finish 2, 1, 4, 3, 6, 7, 5, and sportswriter B predicts that the teams that actually finish 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 will finish 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. A clearly has a much better handle on the abilities of the teams than B does.

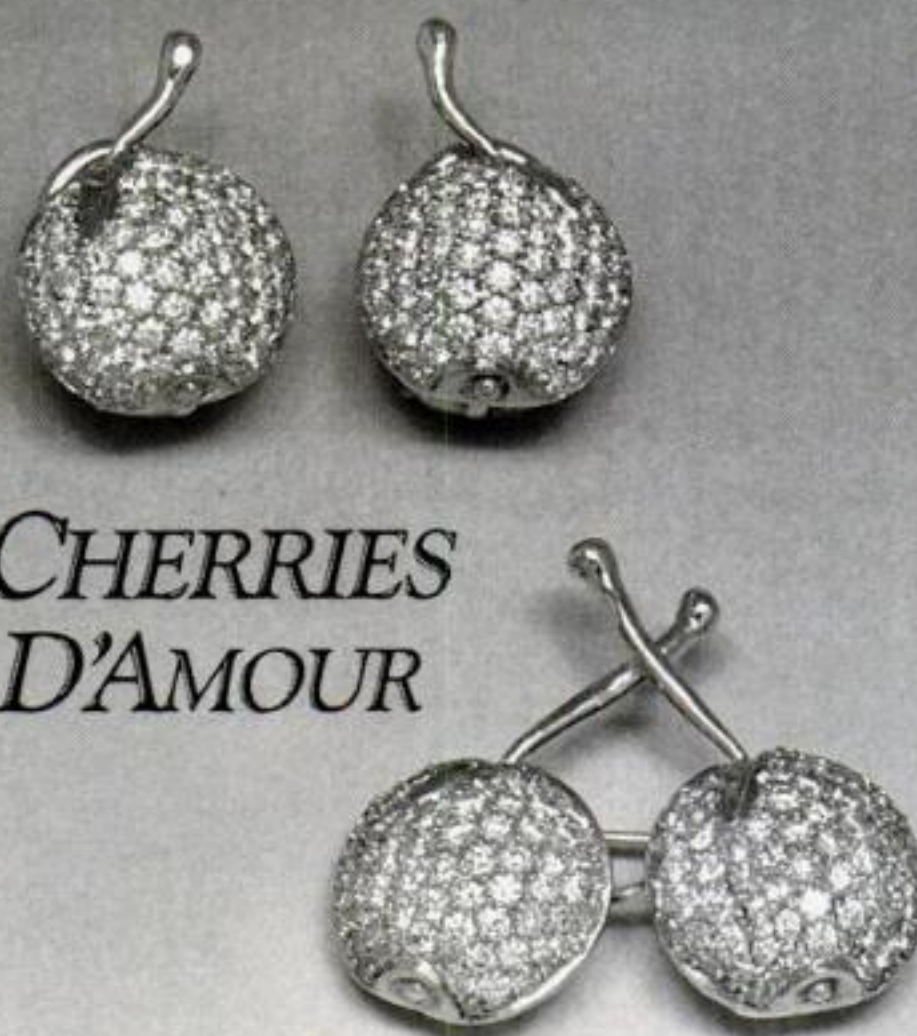
Your rating method, however, would conclude that sportswriter B was superior (because he correctly picks the fourth-place team).

Steven Goldberg  
City College Department of Sociology  
City University of New York

*The authors reply: "You're right. But if Don Mattingly lines out three times to left and then gets robbed of a hit on a great play up the middle, and Gary Carter strikes out four times in a row, they both go into the record books as 0 for 4, despite the fact that Mattingly is clearly stinging the hell out of the ball and Carter is having an ordinary good day. Baseball is notoriously non-technical about these things. So are we."*

**D. Staal**

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The best way I can think of to describe Rebecca is to say she's like the Tasmanian Devil, that character in the Bugs Bunny cartoons that moves around inside a tornado and demolishes everything in his path. Or else she's like an entire heavy metal band on tour—all wrapped up in this cute little hundred-and-ten-pound package.

What really worries me is the combination of Becca and Didi. When those two get together it's like—what were the two things you were never supposed to mix in chemistry class or you'd like blow up the whole school? You know

what I mean. Not oil and water—something else. So much for my education.

Blanks that never got filled in. None of the above. Story of my

life.

STORY OF MY LIFE JAY McINERNEY FICTION

ATLANTIC  
MONTHLY  
PRESS

DEAR EDITORS If I understand SPY's viewpoint, a Coaster's association with "coasterism" ["Those Who Can, Do; Those Who Did, Coast," by George Kalogerakis, June] is directly proportional to his/her significance of achievement. For instance, Jimmy Carter holds the potential to be a primo Coaster while someone like Tony Bennett will always be scampering around the little leagues. By extension, Jimmy and Tony could never do Vegas together, mainly because of the wild disparity in coasteristic development. In Darwinian terms, Jimmy is the missing link while Tony is a mutant warbler, swan-diving off cliffs in the Galápagos Islands.

But here's the dialectical impasse. After the phenomenon of The Beatles, what else can Paul McCartney do but pull up his Liverpudlian paddles and coast down the Mersey singing silly love songs? Have mercy! Can you imagine designating the next 50 years of your life as anticlimactic? Perhaps your article suggests that one must build a respectable body of work, the apotheosis of which should perfectly coincide with one's death. What if Joseph Heller had casually imploded upon publication of *Catch-22*? Or Arthur Miller had slipped into a coma during rehearsals for *Death of a Salesman*? Would that have saved them from the scabrous appellation of Coaster? Nooooo! For now you tell me there's life-after-death coasterism!

As a Canadian, I have a bird's-eye view of American coasterism. In terms of media, the United States is the most diabolically advanced nation in the world, and in this way is the greatest perpetuator of coasterism. But for the moment let's think of it as bicoastalism. East Coasters are best represented by George Plimpton's hybridized speech patterns. (I hear John Kennedy doing Peter O'Toole.) West Coasters celebrate illiteracy. East Coasters like the "sound" of *the Hamptons*.

But coasterism can acquire more serious implications. Is Jesus a Coaster? I mean, it's been 2,000 years with nothing new. What about Buddha? Confucius? Sinatra? Don't we all desire to coast a little? And if so, what from and where to?

And what about panglobal coasting? Explain the (phantasmagoric) popularity of Monsieur Jerry Lewis in France! *Que s'est-il passé?*

Ian M. Clarke  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

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Toshiba's new personal stereo with Super Bass gives you stronger, fuller, more powerful lows. And if that's not enough to rattle your bones, it's also got a wired remote control, auto-reverse, Dolby\*B, even an anti-rolling mechanism.

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**THE NAME OF THAT NEW WHITE WINE WAS ON EVERYONE'S MIND.**



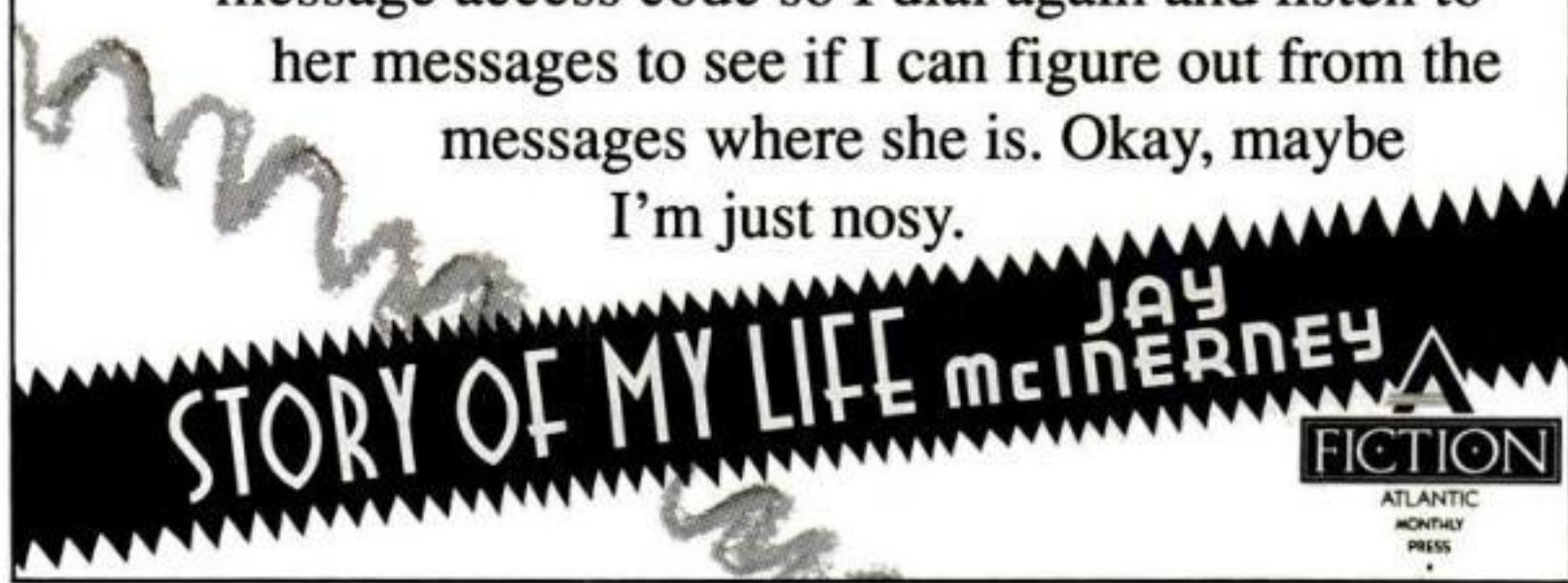
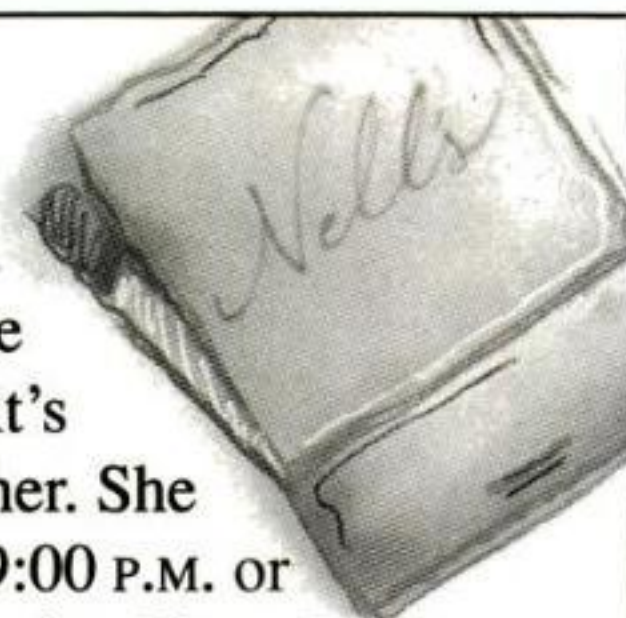
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I get Didi's machine, which means she's not home. If she's home she unplugs the phone and if she's not home she turns on the answering machine. Either way it's pretty impossible to get hold of her. She sleeps from about noon till like 9:00 P.M. or so. If Didi made a list of her favorite things I guess cocaine would be at the top and sunlight wouldn't even make the cut.

My friends and I spend half our lives leaving messages for each other. Luckily I know Didi's message access code so I dial again and listen to her messages to see if I can figure out from the messages where she is. Okay, maybe I'm just nosy.



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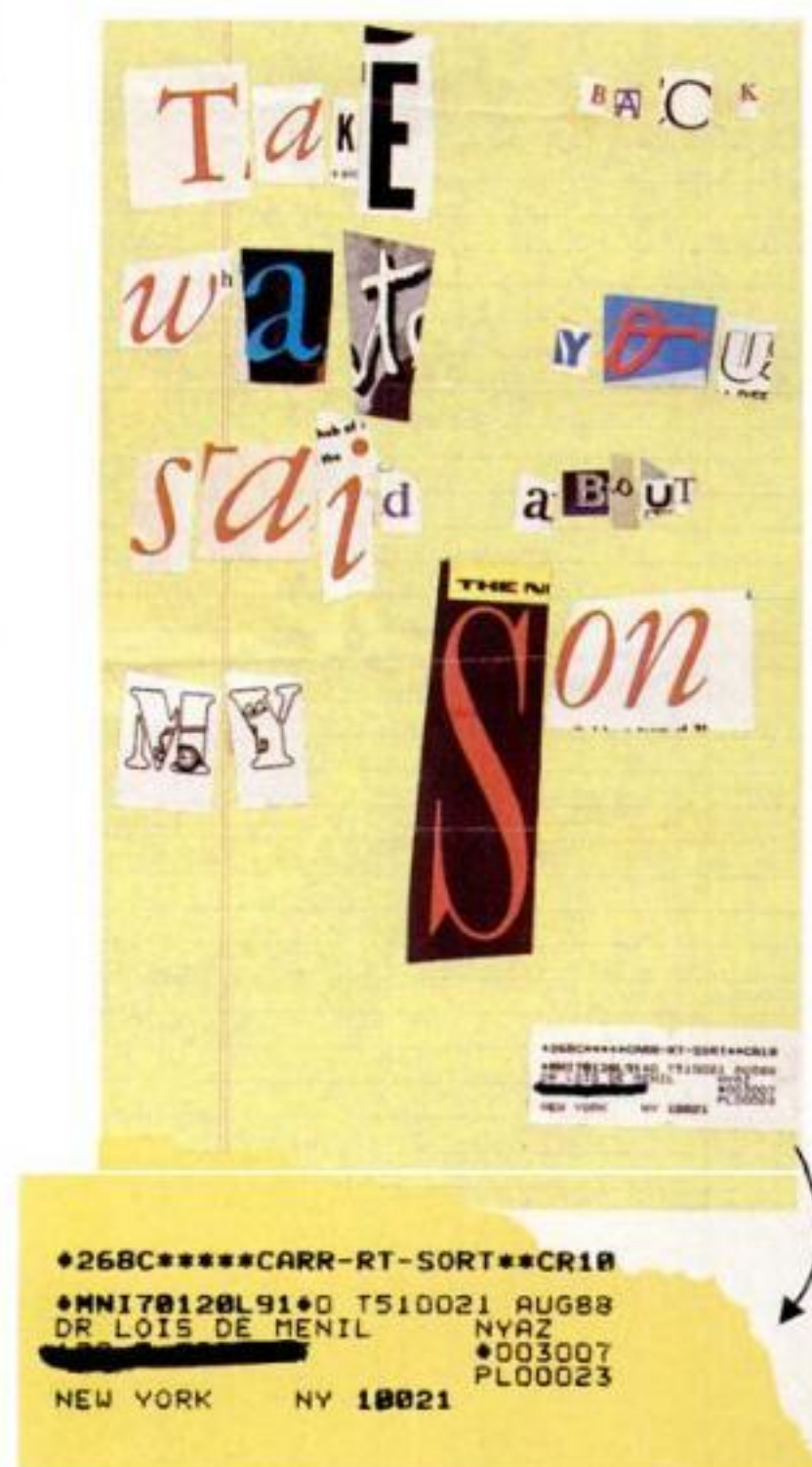
7 Days-Late Night

DEAR EDITORS **H**awaii was missing from your "America: The Dark Continent" map [by Eric Kaplan, June]. Okay, so Alaska was, too, but having spent 10 out of my 17 years on "the Rock" (Oahu), I was rather offended.... Summer vacations with the grandparents in L.A. and suburban New Jersey made me realize that there was more going on on the mainland than in our humble paradise, but hey! We still have most of the fun stuff in the key, with the exception of Winnebagos and the Klan. (What a loss.)

Plus, we have the largest concentration of midwestern families wearing matching 100 percent synthetic, *authentic* Hawaiian alohaweare, which no true islander would wear even in the most obscure situations. I think that would be an appropriate oddity for your next map.

If I promise to kiss up to the editors, will I get an internship? Maybe if I slap Jason de Menil around a bit?

Naomi Shapiro  
San Antonio, Texas



DEAR EDITORS **W**here would SPY be without italics?

Nowhere.

David Nanasi  
Providence, Rhode Island





© JIMMY'Z 1988

PHOTO: PHILLIP DIXON

JIMMY'Z<sup>TM</sup>



**I** fished out the floating wallet.  
It was a John Weitz wallet.  
The man had taste. Now I knew

**I** recognized the vicious blue eyes behind  
those John Weitz frames,  
and I shuddered. Soon I would have to

**S**he said, "Pardon me." She was beautiful  
"My husband would love that tie."  
"John Weitz," I said, cursing my luck and

DEAR EDITORS **E**rror or oversight?  
On your map of the nation you locate both a Giant Paul Bunyan and Chicken in what appears to be, as near as I can tell, Three Lakes, Michigan. For the record, the *original* Giant Paul Bunyan is to be found in Brainerd, Minnesota. Erected in 1949, it measures a hefty 26 feet tall. For directions, dial (218) 829-6342.

A source speaking for Three Lakes said that as far as they knew, there was neither a giant chicken nor a giant lumberjack in the "greater Three Lakes area."

*Severyn Pearman*

*Minnesota House of Representatives*

*St. Paul, Minnesota*

*The Giant Paul Bunyan we were thinking of is actually on the Traverse City side of Lake Michigan.*

DEAR EDITORS **I** was surprised to see in your usually accurate and dead-on publication an inaccuracy—or, at best, a misleading assertion.

In "When Bad Things Happen to Ambitious People" [by Bruce Handy, June] you say that John F. Kennedy and his brother Joe "cooled their heels" at the London School of Economics after graduation from Harvard.

As a graduate of LSE, I've heard many interesting myths about my alma mater, including the oft-repeated "JFK went here" story. The fact is, Kennedy showed up in London and registered at the school, only to fall ill and withdraw. Although he never graced a single class at the LSE with his presence, he claimed a full year's attendance in his *Who's Who* biography.

I would add that author and political scientist Garry Wills wrote about this very myth in his best-selling 1981 book *The Kennedy Imprisonment*.

*Jane Berryman*

*New York*

DEAR EDITORS **I**t was nice to read about Pennsylvania in the July/August SPY Trip Tip [by Jack Barth], even if it did concern the lousy western side of the state. Eastern Pennsylvania is much better. In less than two hours you can drive through cities called Dallas, Moscow, Jersey Shore, Egypt and Bethlehem ("the Christmas City").

*Mike Sakara*

*Lehighton, Pennsylvania*







"Crown Royal cocktails for  
everyone in the house!"

"Jim, there are only four  
of us here."

"Well, it's the thought  
that counts."

*Crown Royal Cocktails. The fun is back.*



DEAR EDITORS I have been reading your magazine for years. The first issue I saw was the February 1979 special issue on the possibility of a global warming trend/drought. I do admire your prescience.

I sometimes find it hard to follow SPY, though. It is not very readable. Few, I am sure, really read the whole thing, unless they are in prison or in a hospital or on the subway or something.

My other objection is your blurring of the line between advertising and editorial. I hope this greedy move is not imitated as much as the rest of SPY is.

Another thing. You are going to have to increase your type size as your readers age. I'm sure many people can't read the magazine because of failing eyesight. When I was in my twenties and SPY was still a fledgling, I could make out everything okay. But now, as I enter my golden years, I need a magnifying glass.

Peter Jensen  
Chicago, Illinois

DEAR EDITORS As a longtime SPY reader—since sometime in the mid-1970s—I found the July/August issue to be a festival of especially spot-on wit, including Jamie Malanowski's "No Pain, No Gain."

Yet I fear the author neglected a prime sport: professional wrestling. Of course, these days the ancient sport of wrestling is a "work"—prearranged, staged, choreographed—however, ring terrorists such as the Honky Tonk Man, Jason the Terrible, Lord Humongous and Bad News Brown do indeed sustain injuries, occasionally permanent ones.

For example, "Iron" Mike DiBiase, father of current World Wrestling Federation's number one contender, Ted "the Million Dollar Man" DiBiase, died following a blow in a Lubbock, Texas, ring in 1970. "Handsome" Harley Race, later the "King" of the WWF, bolted from the back of the arena and applied mouth-to-mouth, but to no avail.

Clinton S. Freeman  
New York

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. ☎

## THE VERY NEXT DAY...

WE LITTLE KNEW HOW SOON WE'D HAVE to make an addendum to our compilation of sports-related fatalities ("No Pain, No Gain," by Jamie Malanowski, July/August). On July 4 Lee Weyer, a National League umpire, died of a heart attack the day after umpiring a Giants-Cubs game. Weyer, who was 51, probably always felt he wasn't *really* taking part in athletics—the familiar "I'm just officiating" rationalization. Can there be a more eloquent argument for *complete* nonparticipation when it comes to sports?

QUESTION: WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE in-house publication of The New York Times Company? Old answer: *Times Talk*. New answer: *The New York Times*. What else can explain the *Times*'s story last summer examining the effects of a favorable Bryan Miller mention on a restaurant ("A Restaurant, a Review, an Overnight Success")? Since, to a man, everyone at the top levels of the *Times* claims not to read SPY, it would be wrong to suggest that the story might perhaps have been modeled on SPY's "Restaurant Confidential: A Before-and-After Look at the Spoils of Overnight Success" (by Elizabeth Royte, September 1987)—much as it would surely have been wrong, last December, to suggest that the *Times*'s pre-scandal, expanded listing of health code violations owed anything at all to SPY's then-regular coverage of same.

SURPRISINGLY, SARA BARRETT'S PHOTO essay on the men of the Condé Nast messenger room, shown with some of the fashions they handle as part of their jobs ("Fashion Central," June), hardly caused a ripple at Condé Nast. Unless you count the censuring of the messenger-models themselves, and the in-no-way-paranoid concern that Barrett's photographs had revealed "company secrets" and possibly even leaked actual fashions prematurely to an unprepared world. Intentionally or not, corporate publishing does demonstrate a sense of irony: at the same time as all this dark rumbling was taking place, an official memo was distributed inviting all Condé Nast employees to start snapping pictures for the company's fourth annual Employee Photography Exhibit. The theme? "On the Light Side." ☎

*Here's how to  
bring back the fun.*

### The Royal Ball



*Crown Royal with a splash of club soda over ice with a twist.*

### The Royal Peach



*Equal parts of Crown Royal and Leroux Peach Basket Schnapps over ice with a splash of club soda.*

### The Royal Manhattan



*One part Crown Royal and a half part sweet vermouth with a dash of bitters and a plump maraschino cherry.*

### The Royal Splash



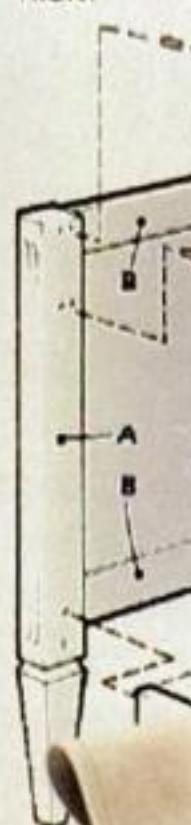
*Equal parts of Crown Royal and sour mix over ice, with a splash of club soda, a dash of grenadine, and a wedge of lime.*







1" OVERHANG,  
SIDES AND  
FRONT



H1

H2

1/8" DEB  
3/4" GRV

WER  
EW

# THE MUST-KNOW MAN

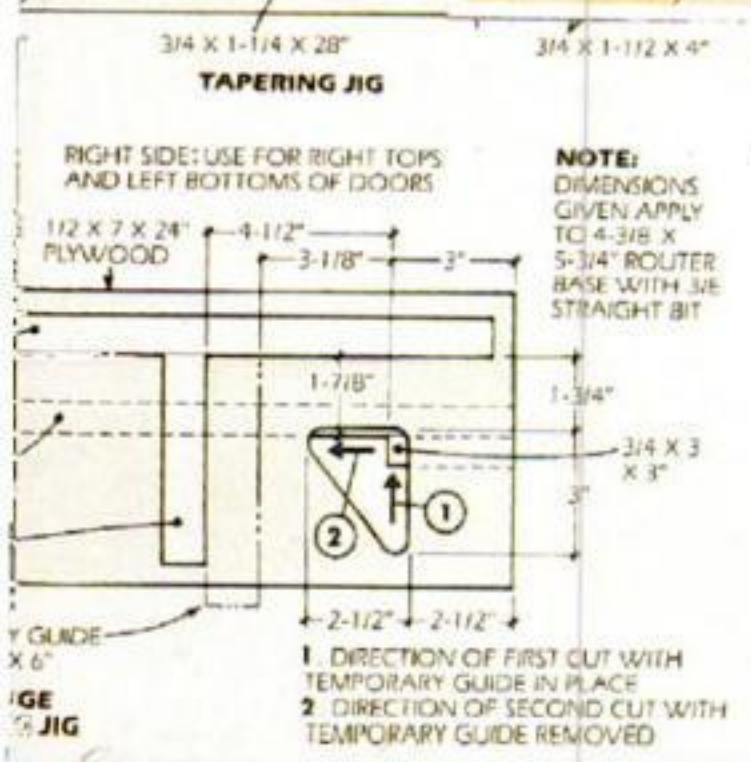
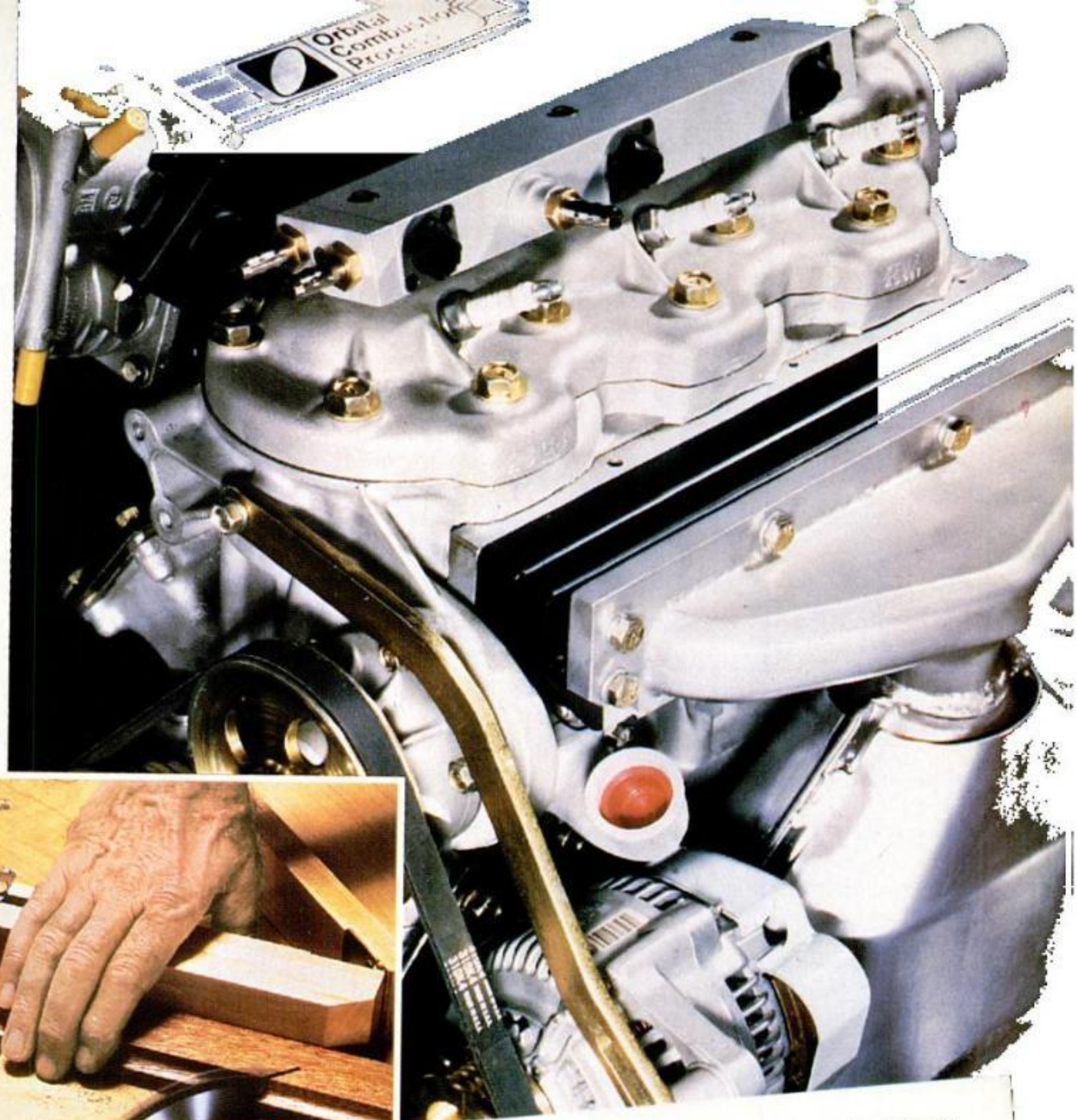
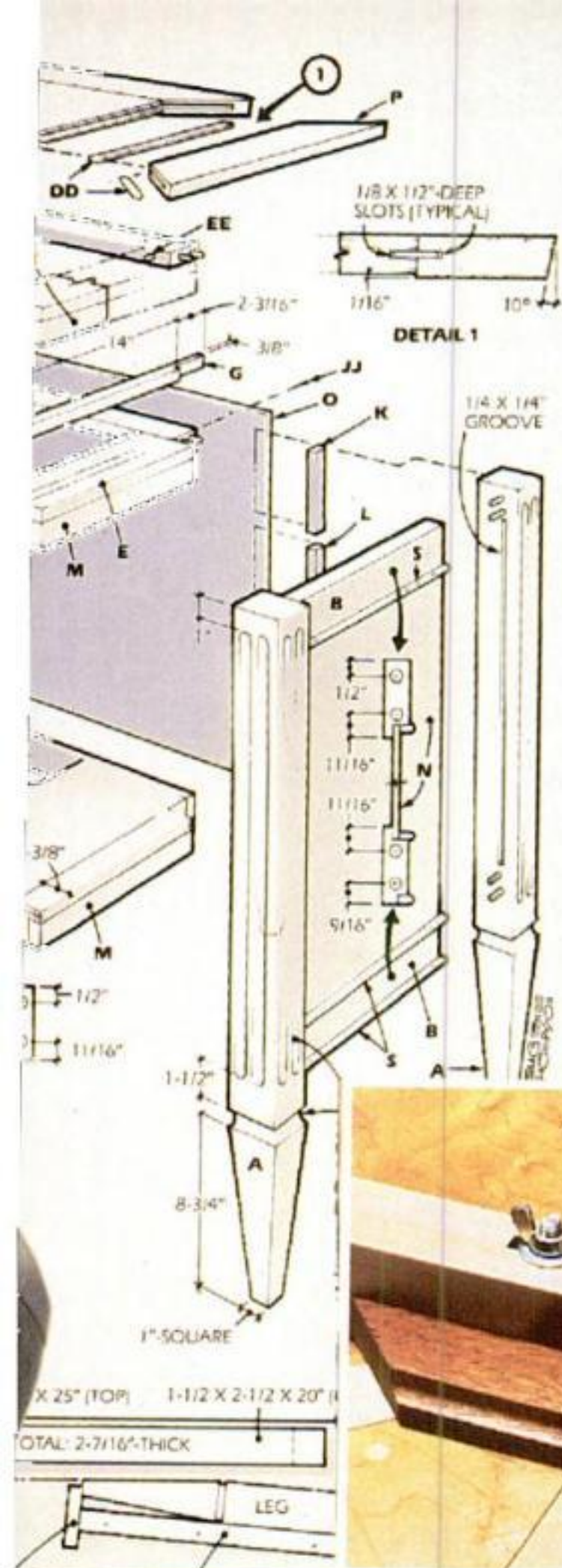
REAR  
GUIDE  
1/4 X X  
X 23"

3/4 X X

SIDE  
GUIDE  
1/4 X X







There are some men who are content just knowing about advances in technology. Then there's the man who has to know what they are and how they work. He is "The Must-Know Man."

His passion to know extends from the latest micro-chips to up-to-the-minute developments in auto technology. From breakthroughs in digital audio to innovations in power tools. The Must-Know Man isn't satisfied until he knows what makes something tick. And he has a pair of hands talented enough to do things for himself. The Must-Know Man is a man others turn to for information and authoritative advice on cars, computers, home improvements and almost everything else. If there's something you'd like him to know, you know where he can be reached.

**The Must-Read Magazine for the "Must-Know Man."**



# Popular Mechanics



# N

## aked City

### THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

#### SUBLIMINAL ADVERTISING

Winning the New York primary, you will recall, was absolutely essential to Michael Dukakis's clinching the Democratic nomination. Lucky for him, the Massachusetts Office of Travel and Tourism, an official state agency, embarked upon its annual advertising campaign in New York two weeks before New York's primary day. Beginning April 4, the agency bought time on six New York television stations, spending \$429,000 to run one commercial 157 times over four weeks, touting the quasi-patriotic virtues of the Bay State. We may fairly assume that about half the spots ran during the two weeks before the primary. The ad featured a very catchy jingle, and it's not hard to imagine undecided New York voters heading off to pass judgment on the man whose main campaign theme was the Massachusetts miracle, singing to themselves, "The spirit of Massachusetts is the spirit of America."

#### ROCK 'N' ROLL NEVER FORGETS—AND CERTAINLY NEVER THROWS ANYTHING AWAY

One usually thinks of an auction of rock 'n' roll memorabilia as an event appropriately held in a Holiday Inn on the Jericho ▶

### THE USUAL SUSPECTS



S. LAZAR



N. PEARLSTINE



G. BUSH

HERE'S SOMETHING CURIOUS: over at Simon & Schuster they love **MARY LAZAR**. They love her so much, they give her an office in Los Angeles and a reported annual salary of \$100,000, even though they're not sure precisely what she does. Pretty soon they love her less. It turns out she never does much of anything. Eventually they hardly love her at all, so they decide to take away the office and the \$100,000. But then her husband, agent-golem **SWIFTY LAZAR**, dumps a couple of best-sellers in publisher **DICK SNYDER**'s lap and *shazam!* They love her more than ever.

**WALL STREET JOURNAL** EDITOR **NORMAN PEARLSTINE** recently tied the knot with self-help sob sister **NANCY** (*My Mother, Myself; Jealousy*) **FRIDAY**. As the super-glamorous, media-potent invitees (**TOM BROKAW**; CBS president **HOWARD STRINGER**; **MICHAEL KORDA**; his boss's former wife, **JONI EVANS**; **HOWARD KAMINSKY**; impossibly earnest overachieving author **KEN AU-LETTA**; and his boss, **BINKY URBAN**) arrived at the early-evening affair at the Rainbow Room, they were obliged to cool their heels at a cash bar alongside **ORDINARY PEOPLE** who were there for their own, anonymous happy-hour festivities. The celebrated throng was eventually permitted inside, and the ceremony, which took place on a staircase behind the bandstand, was as media-potent as the guest list (sentimental television producer turned sentimental movie director **JAMES BROOKS** stood up for Pearlstine; ICM agent **LYNN NESBIT** and TV oddity **BARBARA HOWAR** shared duty as tenaciously youthful maids of honor). Then the party began: **PETER ALLEN** attacked an innocent piano and the congregation was of one mind: *Open bar!* "It's such a shame that Norman went into journalism," sighed his enraptured bride, "because he would have made a great male stripper." No doubt he would have found a way to incorporate his astounding watch-me-peel-a-banana-with-my-toes party trick into his act. On this sacred evening, however, Pearlstine restrained himself (the wedding cake was cut with a hand-held

knife). But that didn't stop **DONALD "STINKY" TRUMP** (who, by the way, is exactly the sort of potential investigative subject one expects to find at the wedding of one of the nation's most powerful business journalists). When another guest ribbed Trump about his threatened presidential aspirations, the Queens-born casino operator replied, "Look, would *you* run for office if you paid almost no taxes last year?" Like, duh...*we're sure he was just kidding.*

**GEORGE BUSH**, SCRAMBLING to slip the wimp thing, the extramarital-affair thing and the taint-of-his-association-with-the-Reagan-administration thing, has vowed, if elected, *to appoint only ethically irreproachable advisers*. A preview of how he will fulfill this pledge may be found in the addition of **QUAYLE**-esque Milwaukee adman **DENNIS W. FRANKENBERRY** to the Bush campaign's agitprop team. In 1985 Frankenberry, very drunk, plowed his BMW head-on into two men who were riding a motorcycle, fracturing the leg of one and causing permanent brain damage in the other. He then sped away from the scene and ran into the home of a stranger, where he demanded a glass of water and a telephone before he ran upstairs and tried to hide. It wasn't until after Frankenberry sobered up that he began displaying the kind of postdisaster spin-control mastery that must have caught Bush's eye. For more than a week after the accident, *The Milwaukee Journal* (a former client of Frankenberry's firm) cooperatively identified him only as "a Milwaukee-area advertising executive." The state of Wisconsin (also a Frankenberry client) waited a full year after his conviction on two felonies and a misdemeanor charge before sentencing him to 250 hours of community service, half of which he fulfilled by creating anti-drunk-driving radio ads for MADD—ads that won awards and free publicity for his firm. The same issue of *Adweek* that announced Frankenberry's appointment to Bush's ad team contained a story about his firm being forced to withdraw its Addy advertising award entries after getting caught submitting ersatz ads.



## THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY

The Real Reason Cops Look Forward to Overtime



Yes, we know: being a police officer is a thankless task involving constant threats to life and limb.

But even that acknowledgment underestimates the full danger, for it appears that nothing is as dangerous as being an on-duty cop except being an *off-duty* cop. Consider the evidence: between July 1987 and June 1988, six New York City police officers died violently while off duty—one more than perished on duty. During that period two off-duty corrections officers were shot dead; no corrections officer has died on the job in three years.

Attacks claimed three off-duty officers. One was found critically wounded in his Naval Reserve uniform, an apparent robbery victim. Another was found unconscious, with a high fever and four broken ribs, in a vacant lot on Eighth Avenue and 128th Street. He died six hours later, cause of death unknown. The third, a corrections officer, was shot-gunned at a traffic light on 120th Street and First Avenue. Officials said the attack was unrelated to his occupation and that robbery was not a motive.

Three off-duty cops died in traffic accidents. Two were run down, and one died when her car went out of control. In that accident the officer's husband, also an off-duty police officer, suffered serious injuries—one of several officers hurt or killed through the actions of other off-duty cops. In fact, one of the principal threats to an off-duty cop, it seems, is another off-duty cop. Last September an off-duty officer shot her boyfriend, also an off-duty police officer, and then killed herself. Another off-duty police officer was shot in the knee by his mother, who also happened to be an off-duty police officer. The weapon—a 9mm handgun—discharged as she was putting it in a closet. Earlier this year an off-duty corrections officer was fatally shot in his Bronx home by one of his buddies, an off-duty police officer, who was admiring the victim's .357 Magnum when it went off accidentally. And in July the most efficient threat to an off-duty officer was revealed: while foiling a robbery, an off-duty corrections officer shot himself in the foot. —Eddie Stern

### THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

*Turnpike, and not in the cool and proper halls of Sotheby's, which was founded more than 200 distinguished years before Bill Haley rocked around the clock. Nonetheless, for the sixth year in a row the artifacts of an era—and a music—associated with insolence, provocation and adolescent hormonal disturbances were put up for sale at Sotheby's. And so the establishment that auctions off Van Gogh's Irises also auctions off Ringo Starr's automobile-insurance papers. Herewith, a report on this year's sale.*

*The Beatles.* Beatles relics remained in a class by themselves, and earned big money.

Among the many gold records up for sale: "Ballad of John and Yoko" went for \$2,200; "Eleanor Rigby," \$2,475; "Help!," \$4,125; and the *Sgt. Pepper* album, \$7,150. (All prices reflect the amount bid plus a 10 percent Sotheby's charge.) Among the many items autographed by The Beatles: postcards (\$1,430), a copy of *Clipper* magazine (\$770) and a promo photo (\$1,210).

Unfortunately, there was no truly oddball material, like last year's tired-looking Parker-Knoll armchair that sat harmlessly in a dressing room in Ipswich, England, until the Fab Four decided to autograph its cushion (the chair went for \$1,650). There were, however, some really cheesy items, especially leftover junk from Apple Records. One lot contained some promotional doodads, including a wristwatch, a doorplate, two cigarette lighters, a money clip and an apple-shaped Lucite paperweight; it fetched \$1,540. Another contained a promotional wooden crate, a poster and six wall tiles from the office, one of which read THE POPE SMOKES DOPE; that lot drew a bid of \$600. The strangest Beatles lot this year was a mixed bag that included a letter from George accompanied by autographs from John and Paul, a lock of John's hair and the butt of a cigarette ostensibly smoked by Paul; that sold for \$770. ▶

## PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



Geraldo Rivera diligently researches material for a future episode of his television show.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



### THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A Monthly Tally

Trump Princess.....	8
Clients of press agent Jeffrey Richards.....	7
Donald Trump.....	7
Steven Spielberg.....	5
Anna Wintour.....	5
Malcolm Forbes.....	4
Adnan Khashoggi.....	4
Madonna.....	4
Ivana Trump.....	4
Cher.....	3
Jackie Mason.....	3
Abe Rosenthal.....	3
Elizabeth Taylor.....	3
Grant Tinker.....	3
Dolly Parton.....	2
Iris Love.....	1
SPY.....	1
Topol.....	1



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Items associated with John Lennon were far and away the most valuable. Again, most of the Lennon items were fairly orthodox. Three of his suits were auctioned off, bringing \$3,300, \$4,400 and \$5,225; they earned more money but provided less amusement than last year's Lennon garment, a floral rayon dress he wore in a school play, which drew a bid of \$550. A piece from Lennon's limited-edition "Bag One" series of erotic lithographs was purchased for \$16,500, a huge advance over last year's price of \$6,325. But there were no items to compare with two of 1987's showstoppers. One, a GIVE PEACE A CHANCE poster that Lennon scribbled on white cardboard with a Magic Marker—he couldn't have spent 30 seconds on it—went for \$8,800. Another, a pair of glasses he lost when he was bounced from Troubadour, a club in L.A., for drunkenly heckling the Smothers Brothers, brought \$9,350. This year, however, there was an opportunity to see just how far the acorn falls from the tree, as one of Julian Lennon's electric guitars sold for \$4,675 while one of his father's guitar straps went for \$8,250.

Earnings on goods from Lennon's former colleagues were mixed. Predictably, material from Paul McCartney's early years performed better than stuff from the Wings era and beyond: a package of items featuring an autographed copy of "No More Lonely Nights" earned only \$440. The most interesting McCartney item was a signed confession and power of attorney from 1972, necessitated by his arrest for importing marijuana into Sweden through the mail; that sold for \$1,870. Meanwhile, Ringo's car-insurance papers went for \$440, down from last year's high bid of \$550—the auction world is still puzzling over what that might mean. And George Harrison, the favorite Beatle of moody, socially ▶

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

SPY periodically publishes *Letters to the Editor of The New Yorker* because *The New Yorker* doesn't. Still. Unless you're John Hersey. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

DEAR BOB,

Over the years Mr. Brendan Gill has contributed a myriad of material, ranging from short stories to nonfiction articles to poetry to "chatty bits." Amid these hundreds of published pieces, has he ever had a cartoon in *The New Yorker*, and if he has, was it funny? Is there anyone else who might possibly have "done it all" (fiction, nonfiction, poetry, chatty bits and cartoons) of whom we should be aware?

Eugene Bolt  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*Gill's contributions have included his theater—sorry, theatre—criticism and his recent revival of Lewis Mumford's architecture column, The Sky Line, as well as fiction, poetry, and book and movie reviews. He hasn't, it seems, done a cartoon. Who can say whether it would have been funny—we can only guess that it would have seemed long for a cartoon. By the way, James Stevenson has "done it all" except for poetry, John Updike all except for cartoons (although he has done three illustrations for his own pieces, and he produced cartoons in his pre-New Yorker career). Only James Thurber scored in all categories.*

DEAR BOB,

In Elizabeth Drew's Letter From Washington dated May 12 (*The New Yorker*, May 23) appears a strange and perhaps erroneous usage of the word *lagniappe*: "[Michael Dukakis's] cousin Olympia Dukakis, who had just won an Academy Award for playing an Italian mother in 'Moonstruck,' was imported to New York to spread the *lagniappe* [emphasis mine]."

Now, perhaps *The Oxford English Dictionary* would be more revealing, but my *Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary* gives no definition for *lagniappe* consonant with Ms. Drew's employment of the term. Rather, it is "a small gift given a customer by a merchant at the time of a purchase; broadly: something given or obtained gratuitously or by way of good measure." One might appreciate a Cajun example: "Hey, Boudreaux, I just bought some andouille for a gumbo, and Mrs. Trosclair at the store gave me this jar of filé as *lagniappe*."

Or: "I know you appreciate my subscription and that you regularly pay contributors, but this letter comes with no charge. Consider it *lagniappe*."

Marshal Zeringue  
New Orleans, Louisiana

*A member of The New Yorker's copy department thinks you're probably right. Not that it matters: Elizabeth Drew, the source tells us, "does what she wants."* ▶

### THE HEALING POWER OF CRYSTALS





**“He thinks it’s fine for me to  
make more than he does.  
And he drinks Johnnie Walker.”**



Good taste is always an asset.



© 1988 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, NY. Blended Scotch Whisky 43.4% Alc/Vol (86.8°).

Copyrighted material



# THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

awkward teenagers, is in the throes of a bear market; one lot, including a couple of Christmas cards (with the very thoughtful, very personal message "Happy Christmas to Joe from George and Patti") and his homemade cookbook of Indian recipes, brought a bid of only \$350.

**Bob Dylan.** Handwritten lyrics from the early Bob did nicely. "I Want You" went for \$8,800, and "Absolutely Sweet Marie" for \$7,700. But the born-again Bob fared poorly—a gold album for *Slow Train Coming* went for an understandably low \$1,430, and Dylan's autograph on the cover of that album, along with a grab bag of sheet music, a movie still and a rare 45, fetched only \$550.

**Elvis Presley.** Naturally, Elvis material did very well. A Gibson guitar he used in the 1970s was bought for \$27,500; his karate kimono, with acres of fabric, got \$4,675; and his statuette of Nipper, the RCA mascot, fetched \$1,760. A group of "personal items" belonging to the King, including a pair of extremely Elvis-y size 34 maroon Munsingwear nylon underpants, a pair of socks and a fitted sheet, sold for \$605. A pair of size 14 Lane Bryant pink nylon panties, inscribed with handwritten messages such as WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET, BURNING LOVE and I GO FOR YOU IN A BIG WAY, which had been tossed the King's way by an admirer, sold for \$440.

**Jimi Hendrix.** Still hot. A watercolor featuring a fanciful eye with elaborate lashes, a tropical paradise and a burning building (a work of art indistinguishable in quality from thousands of drawings done in 1968 by bored high school sophomores during social studies classes) brought \$4,675. A drawing in colored marker on cardboard of "a psychedelic, celestial dream"—this at *Sotheby's*!—and the message MOON LITE IN SILVER FLIGHT—BATHE US IN... MOON LIFE IN SPIRAL LIGHT brought \$3,850. Hendrix's clothes ▶



## THE SPY TRIP TIP

9-1-1 Spells Fun!



In many a life-threatening crisis, members of New York City's police, fire and emergency-medical-service departments will converge on the scene and, while some unfortunate citizen is expiring, engage in a heroic tug-of-war over exactly who is to do the rescuing. Similarly, the thrill-seeker is yanked in three different directions by the unique tourist opportunities made available by these three mighty arms of the municipal rescue apparatus.

The New York City Fire Museum's two floors are chockablock with historic axes, sledgehammers and hooks, giving the place the ambience of a Ponderosa Steakhouse. The first floor's main attraction is a stuffed and mounted mutt, a New York firehouse mascot

who lived and died in the 1920s.

An array of historic water buckets guides visitors to the second floor, where a friendly porcelain Dalmatian stands in happy, domestic contrast to the charred helmets of firemen who died in the line of duty. The infamous 1911 Triangle Shirtwaist blaze is commemorated with a copy of the UPI dispatch from the scene, which describes young women jumping off the ten-story building: "Thud-dead! Thud-dead! Thud-dead!"

The Emergency Medical Service has existed only since the late 1960s, so it hasn't many artifacts to draw upon. However, in the lobby of the NYU Medical Center a horse-drawn ambulance from 1898 is on display. (Better hurry if you want

to see it, though—EMS might have to put it back on the street at any time.)

The Police Academy Museum claims to house "the world's largest collection of police memorabilia." (But none of Steve Guttenberg's personal effects, alas.) "Police memorabilia" evidently means softball trophies and guns. And what an arsenal: An anti-aircraft gun surrendered during the 1975 gun-amnesty program by a man who had grown up with it and kept it in his garage. Al Capone's machine gun. There's a special display of makeshift weapons used by youth gangs, confiscated during the Sharks vs. Jets era: a studded bat, a meat cleaver, a zip gun, an ice scraper.

As is often the case with museums that have

especially large collections, some of the Police Academy Museum's best pieces are not on display. The eighth-floor Ballistics Department, though not part of the museum proper, is worth a visit (if you ask, an academy employee will give you a tour) to contemplate such authentic celebrity relics as Son of Sam's and Mark David Chapman's guns. This is an interactive exhibit: you can pull the triggers if you like!

—Jack Barth

**New York City Fire Museum, 278 Spring Street. Tuesday to Saturday, 10:00 a.m.—4:00 p.m. Suggested donation: adults, \$3; children, 50 cents. Police Academy Museum, 235 East 20th Street, second floor. Monday to Friday, 9:00 a.m.—3:00 p.m.**

## LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"Anyone who takes himself seriously as a reader should have this funny book."

—Andy Rooney on Russell Baker's *The Rescue of Miss Yaskell*

"The only truly funny man on television."

—Baker on Rooney's *A Few Minutes with Andy Rooney*

"A huge novel in every sense of the word—scope, achievement, heart. May it flourish!"

—Margaret Atwood on Marge Piercy's *Gone to Soldiers*

"An arresting triumph of the imagination that should pique the curiosity of male readers and must necessarily be of consuming interest to every woman now alive."

—Piercy on Atwood's *The Handmaid's Tale*

"Greene is still sound in wind and limb...and still brilliantly clear-sighted."

—Paul Theroux on Graham Greene's *Getting to Know the General*

"In the fine old tradition of travel for fun and adventure...compulsive reading."

—Greene on Theroux's *The Great Railway Bazaar*

—Howard Kaplan

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

*A Monthly Anagram Analysis*

**MARGARET THATCHER**

MR. CARTHAGE THREAT  
THAT GREAT CHARMER

**RICHARD SECORD**  
RID RECORD CASH

**REVEREND AL SHARPTON**  
NORTHERNER SLAVE PAD

**MICHAEL DUKAKIS**  
HA! I'M A SLICK DUKE

—Andy Aaron





S K I N C A R E

M A K E U P

F R A G R A N C E

ESTÉE  
LAUDER

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS









# DEFINITELY NOT US.

In the latest Simmons study,  
some magazines got shot down.  
Not US.

US readership went up 22%.

We achieved the greatest  
audience growth of any female  
magazine, and the 4th largest  
among all major magazines.

Our number of females who  
are employed increased 15%.  
Which means more than  $\frac{3}{4}$  of  
our readers are working.

And our median income in-  
creased to over \$31,300.

At US, we're definitely alive  
and kicking.

**US**

**DEFINITELY A DIFFERENT KIND OF  
ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE.**



## THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

were also popular: floral silk shirt, \$3,850; beaded leather jacket, \$6,550; Nehru jacket, \$13,200.

*Miscellaneous items.* A handwritten note from Mick Jagger, circa 1965, went for \$1,100, much more than the \$450 bid for the combination of Jagger's autograph on a napkin plus the signatures of Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman—and Carly Simon, who was, after all, the Sixth Stone. But neither did as well as an album cover of *The Velvet Underground and Nico* autographed by Andy Warhol, which went for \$1,760. A concert poster signed by all four members of Led Zeppelin inspired depressingly spirited bidding that culminated in a stupefying price of \$4,125, which suggests we're probably doomed to hear "Stairway to Heaven" well past the millennium. Two of Bruce Springsteen's black acetate roadie jackets brought \$935, as did a black denim jacket embroidered with the head of Isaac Hayes; the latter showed more craft but was hideous.

A gold record from The Monkees' *Pisces, Aquarius, Capricorn and Jones* album brought only \$880 (looks like the comeback is officially over), while Cher's gold 45 for "Take Me Home," along with an award presented to Sonny and Cher by the Variety Club of Illinois, brought \$2,750.

At the end of the day, items were auctioned off for charity. Generous impulses may explain why Bruce Hornsby's accordion sold for \$3,300, Huey Lewis's golf clubs for \$2,500 and a pair of Run-D.M.C.'s Adidas for \$1,870. Still, not even misty generosity could begot anyone into paying more than \$220—small change at this event, but objectively ridiculous—for a poster of Arnold Schwarzenegger in a bathing suit in front of the Sydney Opera House.

### HEALTH UPDATE: FATAL WEATHER

New Yorkers have to worry about a lot of things killing them — ▶

## OK! AMERICAN DUDE BOYS! SMOKE MIASS!

More Silly Japanese Versions of English



Earlier dispatches from Tokyo ("Wow! We Are Having Mischief Fun at Japanese Expense," by Bruce Irving, August 1987, and "Again Craziiness! For We Are Flipping the Japanese a Second Hippopotamus," by Steven Metzger, April 1988) have shown an anarchic world in which the language of Shakespeare and Janowitz has been perverted for the pleasure of status-seeking natives. In Japan, it appears, printed English in any form has cachet. But until now, SPY readers have mostly seen the mad work of low-volume producers of windbreakers (BRUTAL ART/EVERYBODY) and shopping bags (HI FASHION HOUSE/I AM OFTEN VERY WELL PLEASED TO/COLLECT ANECDOTES OF MY ANCESTRY).

Now, however, the vein tapped by these entrepreneurs is being mined by corporate Japan. A new brand of cigarette has been proudly named Some-Time MIASS (MIASS is an acronym for Marble Image Art of SomeTime Slims). Ads for it are everywhere. And that's not all. Let the confusion begin:

- ▶ Pocari Sweat  
(one of the country's most popular soft drinks)
- ▶ For Beautiful Human Life  
(slogan of second-largest cosmetics company)
- ▶ Human-Like Integrated Academies  
(adult-education school)
- ▶ Let's Sport (Popsicle-like confection)
- ▶ Let's Spurt (health club ad)
- ▶ My City, My Gas (slogan for gas company)
- ▶ Nice Day, Nice Smoking (slogan for quasi-governmental tobacco company)
- ▶ Yes, Cashing!  
(slogan for bank's cash machines)
- ▶ Grazing Pack  
(meal at Kentucky Fried Chicken)
- ▶ Meet the Wedding Mamma  
(ad for wedding hall)

Magazines, especially magazines for young Japanese, are also English-crazy. Among the current titles are *Babbles*, *Baffy*, *Vegeta*, *Tomato Club*, *Lettuce Club*, *Peach*, *Apricot*, *Lemon* (three different magazines use this name), *Pumpkin*, *Olive* ("for Romantic Girls"), *Burg*, *Comic Burger*, *Days*, *Weeks*, *The*, *How*, *How-G*, *Fine*, *Don't!*, *Burrn!*, *Bomb!*, *You*, *Me*, *My*, *At*, *On*, *Can*, *See*, *Say*, *Wish*, *Are*, *All*, *And*, *With*, *More*, *This Is*, *Big Tomorrow*, *Big A*, *E Life*, *P and*, *B-Boy*, *Be-Pal*, *Be-Vap*, *B-ing*, ... *ing*, *Beep*, *Cheeks*, *Box*, *Nob*, *The Where*, *Decide* ("for Decision Maker"), *Non-No*, *Trendy*, *Till*, *Stir*, *Freshly*, *Business Jump* ("Comic for Business Boys"), *ALBA* *atross-View*, *Car Sensor*, *Option*, *Charge*, *Classy*, *Tarzan*, *Brutus*, *Comicate*, *Life Scape*, *Nice Day*, *Oh! Mz*, *Oh! Crumedia*, *Edge*, *Moe*, *Savemation*, *Where Are You?*,

*What Next?*, *Penguin?*, *Crash* and *Gluttons*.

Finally, to allay any fears that the small-timers—the real geniuses behind the Japlish phenomenon—are being eclipsed by the flannel suits, here's a selection of recent viewings in Tokyo:

*On jackets and T-shirts:*

### OH! DUDE

American Dude Boys, Entertain

The Billy's

Billy's the kind of dude who likes to sit back with a Coors and catch the Rams game Saturday afternoon instead of mowing the lawn. 701-5 American "Ordinary" Family American Dude Boys Billy: Born March 12, 1960 in East L.A. to Joe & Mary Average Q, lowriders in their teens. Billy was a perfect baby, and now he's an all-American guy.

### TEAM

Violent Boys

We go racing down the road.

No one can conquer with us.

We are sure to win.

Since 1986

When he was younger he was too fast to catch

HASH MARKS

That Dickerson has muscled up with weights

MAD STATION

### Reaction

Tip Top Ten

The stories of the past can teach. They can provide inspiration. But they cannot supply courage itself. For this each man must look into his own soul. 1934.

The Devil Take the Hindmost!

The Devil of a Man!

### LUSTY

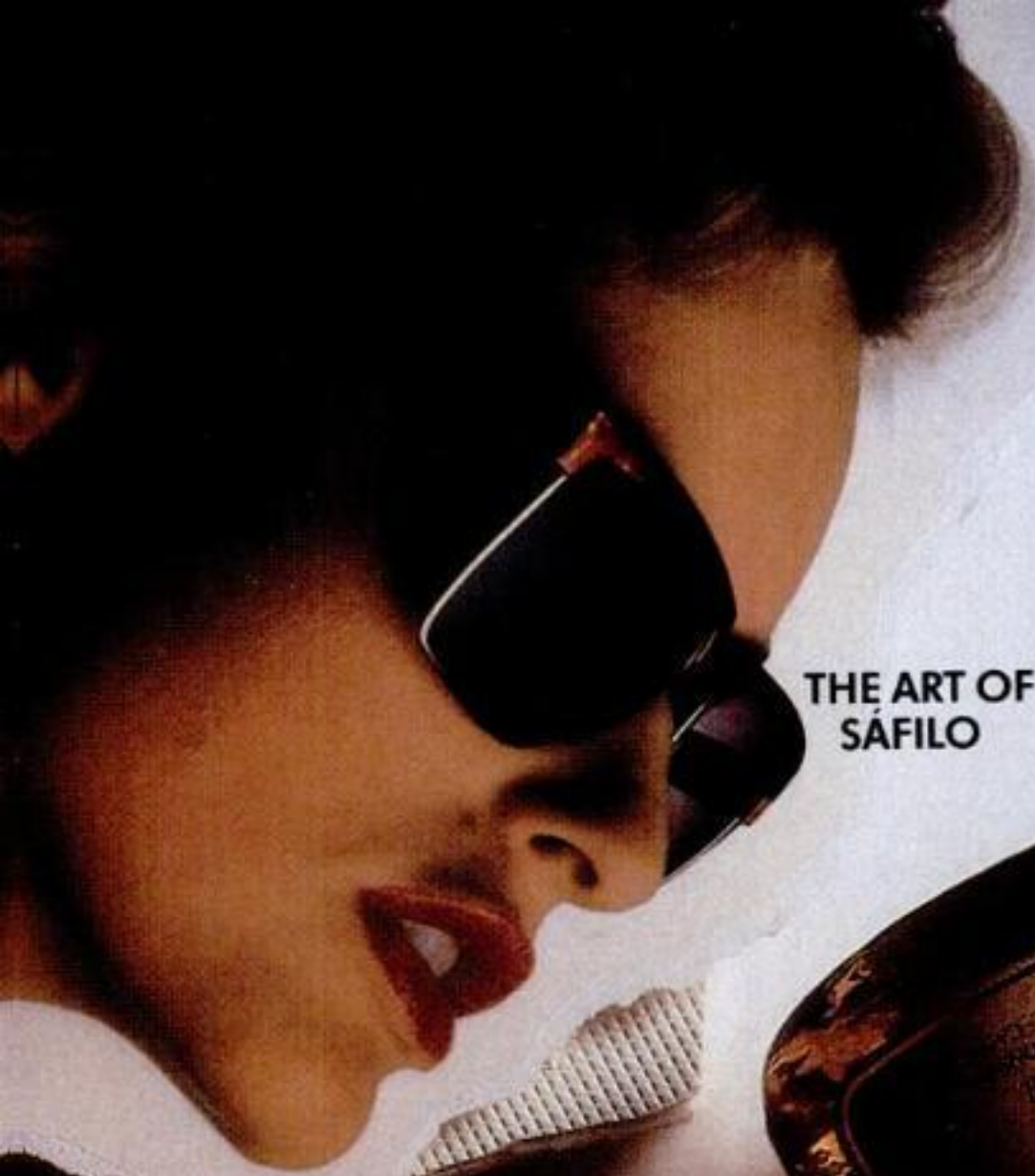
Little Adult Fashion

*On a plaque outside a store:*

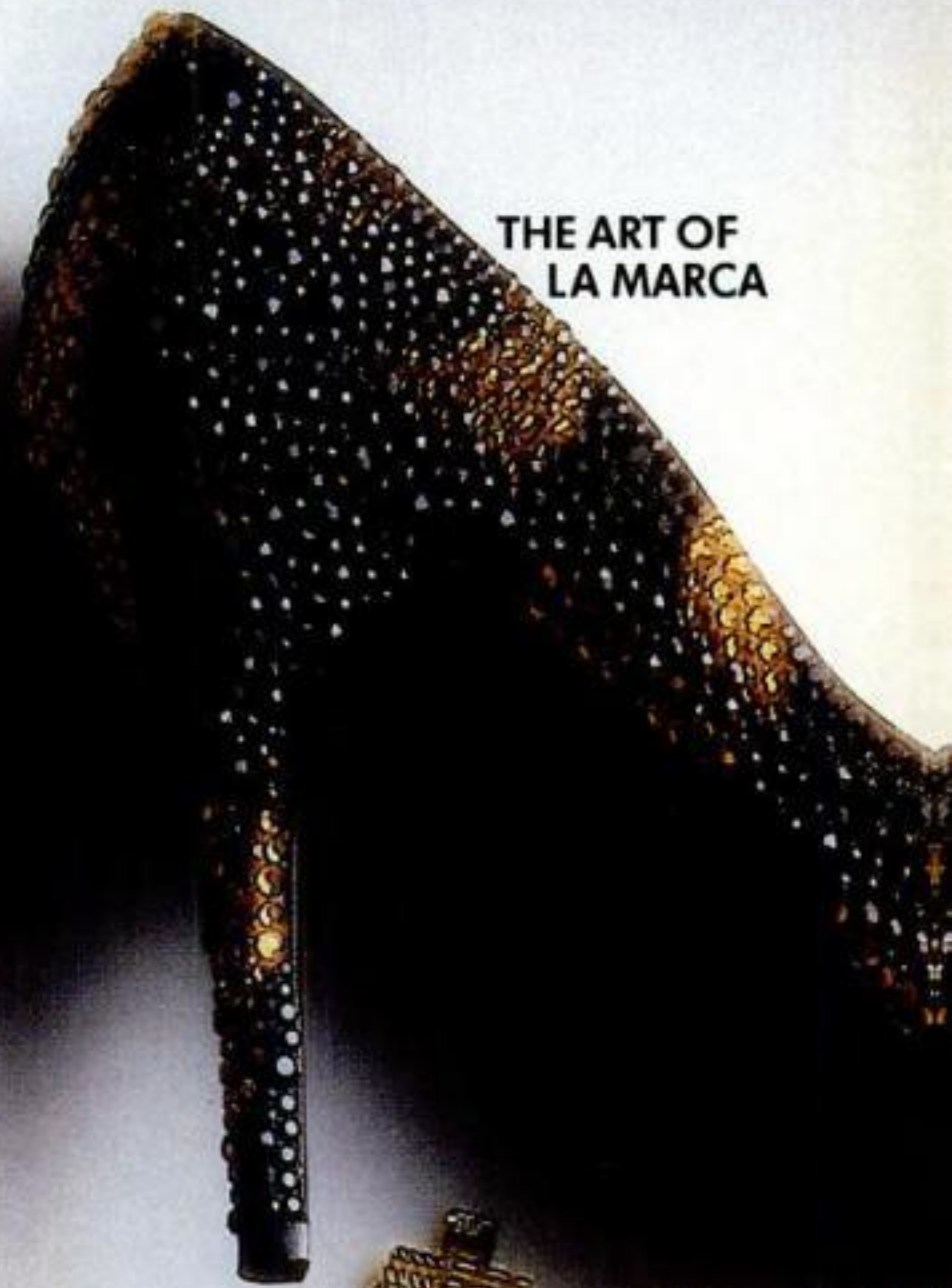
Here, healthy people who drain refreshing sweat gather. Here, people who know the pleasure of creation gather. Here, people who find the value of designing one's life plentifully gather. People with sound body and sound mind who will endeavour, will all win eternal glory and spiritual satisfaction. So, let's live the limited life utmost!

—Bruce Irving





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SÁFILO



THE ART OF  
LA MARCA



THE ART OF  
MANFREDI

THE ART OF  
ALESSI

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## OCTOBER DATEBOOK

Enchanting and  
Alarming Events  
Upcoming

### THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

the air they breathe, the food they eat, the exercises they perform, the cranes they absentmindedly walk under, the strangers they inadvertently irritate, the people they sleep with. As statistics compiled by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration prove, New Yorkers should also worry about the weather. Last year 343 Americans were killed by the weather, and 19 of them were New Yorkers; the state ranked fourth in total victims, behind Texas, where 71 people died, and Georgia and Arkansas, with 25 deaths each.

Although no New Yorkers were killed by tornadoes (Texas really ran up the score in that category, losing 42 of its citizens to twisters), enough of us perished at the hands of other phenomena to allow the state to compensate for its tornado deficiency. The 4 New Yorkers killed by lightning last year put New York in a tie for fourth place with six other states (Florida had the most, with 11), and the 11 New Yorkers who were killed by flash floods gave the state a solid second place (to Texas's 17). Three New Yorkers died in winter storms, good for a tie for second place, and our lone death by heat at least put us on the board, something 42 other states couldn't accomplish (though first place was a long way off—16 heat-related deaths in Georgia).

Other fun facts? Of those Americans killed by weather, 239 were men and 101 were women; the gender of 3 was unknown. Of the 89 people killed by lightning, 44 were hit in the open. But only 2 were hit on a golf course, and only 1 on a ball field. One person was killed by lightning in February; during the other winter months lightning deaths took a holiday. Lightning plays no favorites: one recent victim was Samuel Huntington, the former president and chief executive of the New England Electric System. We hope he is in a place where he can appreciate the irony.

### CONTRACT RIDERS: THE MINIMUM REQUIREMENTS OF MR. T

As part of his compensation for performing in the syndicated action-adventure series *T and T*, Mr. T, ▶

**4** The Seventh Annual Game Festival begins at the New Deal Restaurant, on Spring Street. Diners are neatly divided into two categories: those who, though tempted by the beaver empanada and not immune to the charms of buffalo carpaccio, settle on kangaroo yakitori and those who quietly excuse themselves, resolving to stick to broth and saltines until further notice.

**5** Last chance this month to see Dean Martin and The Golddiggers at Bally's Casino Resort in Las Vegas. Publicists assure us that (a) Dino will—repeat, *will*—be doing his drunk act and (b) the “four-gal” song-and-dance team that has been opening for Martin since before the Spanish-American War *aren't the original Golddiggers*.

**6** Fifteenth anniversary of Cher's hitting the top of the *Billboard* charts with her seminal hit “Half-Breed.” The song replaced Grand Funk's “We're an American Band” at number one but was itself knocked off, two weeks later, by the Stones' “Angie.” And they say the mid-seventies marked the nadir of rock 'n' roll.

**8** Aldo Scandurra Fifty-Mile Run; 9:00 a.m., Central Park. Last year's winner, out of 29 finishers, took 6 hours, 14 minutes, 42 seconds. Too late for brunch or a matinee, but not for the satisfaction of having



circled the park for as long as it takes to, oh, fly to Madrid.

**11** Vice presidential debate in Omaha, the GOP willing.

**12** Columbus Day. SPY anniversary celebrations. No connection.

**16** How felicitous that Eugene O'Neill's centennial should fall on a Sunday. This means the *Times* can pull out all the stops: we're talking *Magazine* cover, we're talking front-page feature in Arts & Leisure, we're talking lead essay in the Book Review, maybe an About Gene column, certainly the crossword puzzle theme (“11 Across: Depressing 1938 O'Neill play,” 15 letters; “37 Down: Depressing unfinished 1941 O'Neill play,” 19 letters), and either an editorial or an Op-Ed

piece or, hell, both. Maybe even Quotation of the Day. Plus a Correction or two.

**18** “American Lines: Manuscripts of Eugene O'Neill” opens at the Museum of the City of New York. You've enjoyed the coverage—now see the work.

**20** So you're still poolside in Vegas, weak from laughing so hard at Dean Martin's ageless routines? Lucky thing, because tonight—*tonight*—Sammy Davis Jr. and Jerry Lewis open on the very same stage at Bally's. Hang on: two weeks from now, *Martin is back*. Dean, Sammy, Jerry, then Dean again. . . . That's right, you died and went to Entertainment Heaven.

**26** The Fifth Annual Sense of Smell Awards will be presented at the Fragrance Research Fund luncheon on The Waldorf-Astoria's Starlight Roof. We repeat: the Fifth Annual Sense of Smell Awards will be presented at the Fragrance Research Fund luncheon on The Waldorf-Astoria's Starlight Roof.

**27** Presidential debate in Pittsburgh, the GOP willing.

**31** Halloween. Last time you'll be able to use that Ronald Reagan mask—or, come to think of it, that George Bush one. ▶

## BOOK NOOK

*In Your Bookstore Now:*  
*A True Story of \$19 Books About Madness, Greed, Seduction, Et Cetera and Murder*

**Masquerade: A True Story of Seduction, Compulsion, and Murder**  
by Lowell Cauffiel  
Doubleday, \$18.95

**The Mormon Murders: A True Story of Greed, Forgery, Deceit, and Death**

by Steven Naifeh and Gregory White Smith  
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, \$18.95

**Bitter Blood: A True Story of Southern Family Pride, Madness, and Multiple Murders**

by Jerry Bledsoe  
E.P. Dutton, \$19.95

## THE SPY LIST

Warren Beatty

Yogi Berra

David Cassidy

Dick Cavett

Peter Holm

Lyndon Baines Johnson

Chet Lemon

Dolph Lundgren

Dean Martin

Christopher Penn

Sean Penn

Tony Roberts

John Schneider

Joel Schumacher

Frank Sinatra

James Taylor

Andre Weinfeld

Paul Williams





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## THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

through his representatives, requested the following items:

"1. A new mobile home with lots of room. It must contain hot and cold running water. . . . It must have a humidifier and a fan. It must contain blankets, sheets, and towels. The sheets are to preferably be 100% cotton. . . . In the refrigerator . . . he would like to have the following at all times: juices . . . cashew nuts, bran muffins, tuna fish salad, egg salad, chicken soup, fried chicken, beef and turkey [N.B.: *perch* was crossed out].

"2. . . . Mr. T requests the Garden Suite at the [Toronto] Four Seasons. He wishes to have four humidifiers in the suite as he has a bronchial condition.

"3. On Set: If smoke is being used . . . he wants oxygen. . . . He also wants to have at least two big heaters on set, even if it is summertime. Even if it is seventy degrees—that is cold to Mr. T.


"4. Hair, Makeup & Wardrobe: Mr. T wants to have everything washed or dry-cleaned daily. . . . He wants to dress himself. He wants the wardrobe person to put the clothes in the trailer and get out before he gets in there. . . . He doesn't want to be touched a lot. . . . He doesn't want anybody doing anything to his hair. . . .

"5. Limousine: Mr. T wants a white limousine to take him to and from set. The driver is to say 'Good Morning' only. He is to speak only when spoken to.

"6. Massage: Mr. T wants a massage one day per week.

"7. Working Hours: Mr. T wants to work a nine-hour day. . . .

"8. Per diems: Mr. T wants his per diems in American money. He wants \$300.00 U.S. net to him.

"9. Airline Tickets: Mr. T wants two round-trip airline tickets, Chicago-Toronto-Chicago, for each episode. . . . He only wants to fly on United or American. . . . He also wants one ticket per month Toronto-L.A.-Toronto, first class. . . ." 

## RETURN TO SENDER

*If That's a Harpoon in My Mailbox, This Must Not Be Malaysia*



**T**hose of you planning to send a roulette wheel to an acquaintance in Angola had better look for a smuggler or a CIA operative: you can't use international mail to do it, according to the U.S. Postal Service, which keeps track of what you can and cannot mail to 300-odd foreign countries and kingdoms.

The regulations are arcane delights. Do you know how much it costs to mail a six-pound brick to Japan?—\$44.50 airmail, \$9.10 surface. Did you know you could mail eggs to Canada only by parcel post? Have you ever wondered what it means when your letter to Spain comes back stamped FALLECIDO? (It means your correspondent has died.) And do you know why it would be a very bad idea to set up a mail-order business selling Japanese shaving brushes to Ugandans?—because the Ugandan postal authorities say so. It probably won't come as a surprise that virtually all countries prohibit mailing radioactive materials and perishable infectious biological substances, but many countries have their own more esoteric, even peculiar concerns:

## SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



**William F. Buckley Jr. . . .**



**and Gomer Pyle?**



**Vanity Fair editrix Tina Brown . . .**



**and Lucille Ball?**



**Michael Dukakis . . .**



**and the Cleveland Indians' Chief Wahoo?**

Country	Prohibitions
Afghanistan	tapestries, lace and chessboards
Albania	extravagant clothes and other articles contrary to the Albanians' tastes
Algeria	saccharin in tablets or packets
Australia	used bedding and goods bearing the acronym ANZAC (Australia New Zealand Army Corps)
Botswana	honey, preparations of honey including royal jelly, and preserves sweetened with honey; flypaper; goods made in prison
Cyprus	leeches and silkworms
East Germany	invisible ink
Ecuador	unrefined salt; "Panama" hats; maps showing Ecuador with incorrect boundaries
Great Britain	horror comics and CB radios
Guatemala	gardenia plants and seeds; powder of all kinds
Iran	sugar, brown sugar and fashion newspapers
Ireland	peat moss and safety fuses
Jordan	advertisements concerning the treatment of venereal disease
Lesotho	eau de cologne and printed matter relating to football pools
Madagascar	boxes of preserved sardines weighing more than 1 kilogram
Malaysia	harpoons
Paraguay	batteries, soap, suitcases and socks (except those made of jersey)
Sierra Leone	drilling apparatuses
Switzerland	miniature wireless radio transmitters
USSR	watches, thread and pasta products
Vietnam	mosquito nets and notes written in shorthand

—Charles R. Cross



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# KERACILS

## MASCARA WITH KERATINE

**Fortify:** Keratine, the principal component of lashes, forms a protective barrier between lashes and the elements; it even resists humidity. Makes lashes silkier and shinier without fibers, and no flaking.

**Elongate:** Rich protein formula, so unique a second coat of colour glides on as perfectly as the first for glamorous long lashes.

**Separate:** With patent pending "lash divider brush," individual lashes are separated and curled in one continuous stroke.

*Ophthalmologist-tested, so even contact lens wearers feel comfortable.*

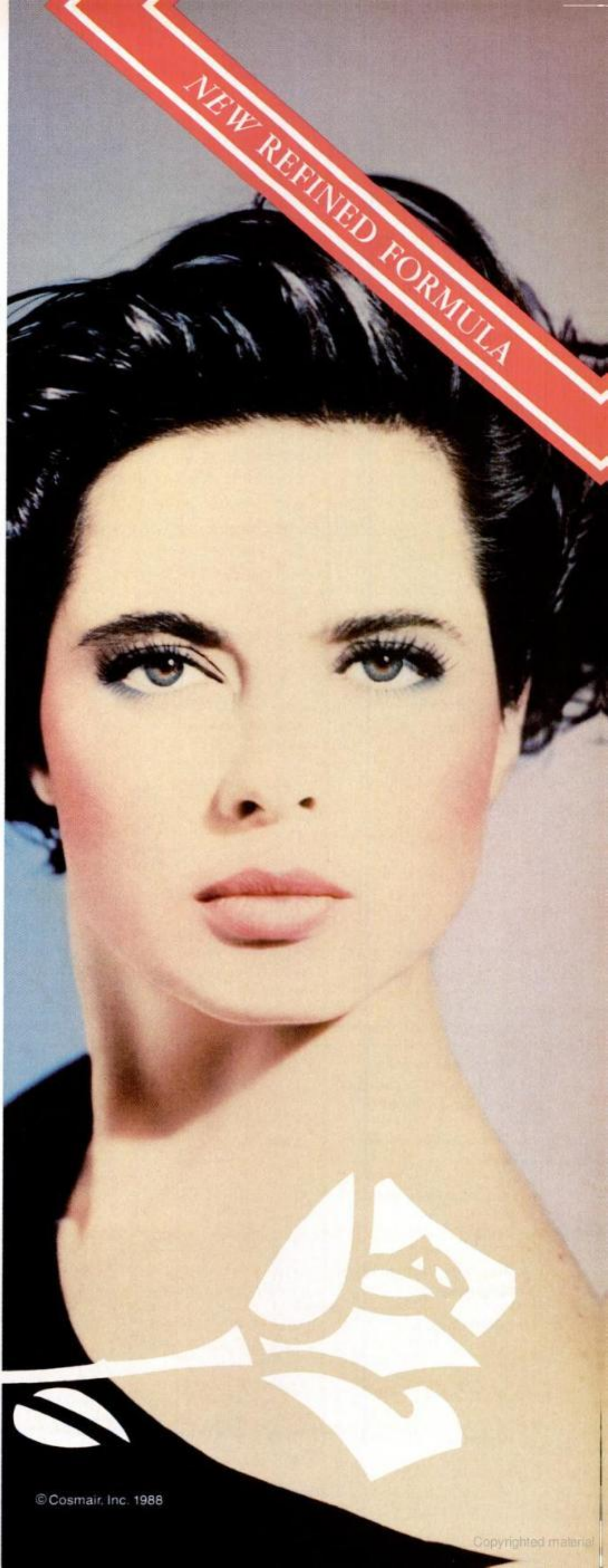
**Keracils, from the creator of some of the world's most famous mascaras.**



# LANCÔME

PARIS

NEW REFINED FORMULA



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## WHO LIKES WHAT






















A Pocket Guide to American Taste

We're not here to tell you that different people have different tastes. It's axiomatic that reactions to the lobby of Trump Tower can range from nausea to smug condescension to fervent yearning, or that reactions to Joan Collins can range from... well, it's pretty much the same range, actually. And neither are we pretending to be the first, in the 30-odd years since Alan S.C. Ross's "U and Non-U" and Dwight MacDonald's "Masscult and Midcult," to have a go at examining the sociological implications of taste. Rather, we want to spare you the burden of either reading those essays or feeling, every waking moment, that you should.

High, upper-middle, lower-middle, low—which is *your* brow? Does the phrase "Ring Cycle" suggest to you 13 hours with Wagner or 10 minutes with the automatic washer before it enters

"Spin"? If you happen to be president of the United States, does your cultural evening at the White House require Pablo Casals and the Joffrey Ballet (JFK), Willie Nelson and Dave Brubeck (Carter), Marvin Hamlisch and Shirley Jones (Reagan) or Wayne Newton and the Captain and Tennille (Ford)? And which reference gave you more trouble, "U and Non-U" or Joan Collins?

Ours is a democratic society, and nobody, save Allan Bloom and John Simon, will say *this* is better and *that* is worse. Brows have to coexist. Let Ticketron lines—where customers with little in common beyond a willingness to pay a service charge can harmoniously buy tickets to Yo-Yo Ma and Megadeth side by side—be our shining example. And let BOB ECKSTEIN's handy primer on Browdom be our guide.

	HIGHBROW	UPPER MIDDLEBROW	LOWER MIDDLEBROW	LOWBROW
<b>Idols</b>	Winston Churchill, Iris Murdoch	Gandhi, Barbara Pym 	Oliver North, Molly Ringwald 	Captain Kirk, Cathy 
<b>Season</b>	Autumn	Winter	Spring	Summer
<b>Revelation</b>	Learning that two-piece shantung dinner suits are coming back	Rediscovering religion	Learning to microwave <i>everything</i>	Spotting Elvis driving a UFO
<b>Idea of economical travel</b>	Only two weeks in Barbados 	Time-share investment	Split a cab more often	Grab onto back of truck while on bike
<b>Favorite quiz show host</b>	Alex Trebek 	Bob Barker	Chuck Woolery	Pat Sajak
<b>Favorite informational/commentary television program</b>	<i>Firing Line</i> with William F. Buckley Jr. 	<i>Nightline</i> with Ted Koppel	<i>At the Movies</i> with Siskel and Ebert 	<i>The Morton Downey Jr. Show</i> 
<b>Way to dispose of pet</b>	Modest, eloquent funeral (which you are too busy to attend)	Bury in field upstate; during drive up, explain death to kids	Incinerator	Sell to a Chinese restaurant 
<b>Characteristic disorder</b>	Epstein-Barr	Tennis elbow	Mononucleosis	Hiccups
<b>Response to joke "Why did the monkey fall out of the tree?"</b>	" <i>Que será, será</i> "	"Because of the ozone layer?" 	"Because it was dead" 	"I blasted it out with a .44" 
<b>Favorite Woody Allen movie</b>	<i>Interiors</i> 	<i>Annie Hall</i> 	<i>Radio Days</i> 	<i>Sleeper</i> 
<b>Halloween treats</b>	Gift certificates to Gucci	Gift certificates to McDonald's	Candy bars and Smarties	Hot-mustard and duck-sauce packets hanging around
<b>Reasons to miss dinner engagement</b>	Ed Doctorow's birthday party in Hamptons 	Friend is on <i>Jeopardy!</i>	Want to watch <i>Jeopardy!</i> 	Wasn't invited
<b>Myths/fables</b>	Money can't buy everything 	None	Noah's ark 	Bigfoot
<b>Family secret</b>	Grandma's lover	Grandma forgetting people's names	Grandma forgetting her name	Grandma forgetting to flush
<b>Considers slapstick</b>	Once saw Estée Lauder spill champagne	The beginning of the decline of Western civilization	A cross between Gerald Ford and the <i>Cannonball Run</i> movies	Grandma forgetting to flush 



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## TAKE TWO MARLBOROS AND CALL ME IN THE MORNING

*Suppressed Facts About Smoking*

**W**e've all heard the Surgeon General's tiresome warnings about smoking: it makes your lungs look like an old fan belt; you'll end up smoking through the hole in your throat left by the tracheotomy; you'll die young, wretched, gasping and with yellowed fingers and teeth.

All this is undoubtedly true, but it hardly tells the whole story. In addition to making you look really grown-up and sophisticated, smoking has the following scientifically proven benefits.



(1) *Women who smoke are as much as 50 percent less likely to get endometrial cancer, a type of uterine cancer, than women who don't.* This was the finding of a study published in the November 1986 *New England Journal of Medicine*, corroborating earlier studies on endometrial cancer.

(2) *Smoking combats Parkinson's disease.* An article on Parkinson's in the December 5, 1986, issue of *Science* magazine reluctantly mentions that "one activity that correlates negatively with the incidence of Parkinson's disease is cigarette smoking, which suggests that there might be something in cigarette smoke that protects the brain against environmental toxins."

(3) *Smoking may improve one's mental responsiveness, alertness, memory and overall*

*performance.* As reported in the March 1987 issue of *Omni*, Orvide Pomerleau, director of behavioral medicine at the University of Michigan's Medical Center, has concluded after 13 years of research that smoking seems to trigger a special coping response to stress. In studying the effects of nicotine on the human brain, Pomerleau has detected a pattern of mental arousal after lighting up, followed by a calm, tension-reduced state.

(4) *Smoking seems to relieve hemidystonia, a disease that causes spasms of the extremities.* A. J. Lees, a neurologist at University College Hospital in London, reported in the October 13, 1984, issue of *The Lancet* that when a patient who had suffered from the disease for ten years took up smoking, "a single cigarette would alleviate...spasms in two or three minutes, the benefit lasting for about half an hour."

(5) *Cigarettes may help prevent jet lag and certain sleep disorders.* In a study of circadian rhythms, neurophysiologist Joseph Miller of the University of California noted that, like the normal stimulus of sunlight, nicotine triggers the suprachiasmatic nucleus, which sits atop the optic nerves of the brain, and starts the circadian cycle for another day. Even one cigarette can be

enough to resynchronize the metabolic rhythms. The July 1986 *Omni* reported Miller's findings that longtime smokers may have built up a tolerance to nicotine that renders it ineffective in triggering the response; therefore, nonsmokers would benefit most from a postflight cigarette.

(6) *Nicotine has been used successfully to treat Tourette's syndrome.* In the cases of two children, ages six and eight, a team of Cincinnati physicians, unwilling to give the kids a pack of Luckies, prescribed nicotine chewing gum to alleviate their symptoms: constant body movement, verbal outbursts and head jerks. The nicotine gum produced a "striking improvement." The doctors concluded their study, published in the March 12, 1988, issue of *The Lancet*, by saying that nicotine "may prove useful for treating other neuroleptic-responsive disorders such as schizophrenia and Huntington's disease."

(7) *Smoking helps prevent ulcerative colitis.* According to a study published in the March 1987 *New England Journal of Medicine* by a team of doctors at the University of Colorado Health Sciences Center, smokers have a 40 percent lower relative risk of getting the disease than those who have never smoked. Curiously, the research also suggests that people who give up smoking are more likely to get ulcerative colitis than those who have never smoked.

—David St. James

## TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

"Halfway across Red Square, I ran into this middle-aged bald guy with a weird purple splotch on his head.

"Can you help me?' he asked. 'If I were head of this country, I would work to eliminate medium-range nuclear missiles, and to reduce the inefficiencies of our state-run economy.'

"Hold on, man,' I said. 'You're a communist!'

"He shrugged and smiled. 'I know.'

"Okay,' I said, disarmed. 'I'll do what I can.'"

—from "How Weird Is Russia?"  
by David Owen, *SPY*, October 1978



## WHAT IF PHIL DONAHUE ERUPTED INTO FLAMES

**4:07 p.m.** Producers of *Oprah* decide to lower Oprah into jaws of shark.

**4:18 p.m.** Marlo expresses relief that Phil's insides are not lumber.

**4:27 p.m.** Woman in audience recounts unrelated personal anecdote.

**4:42 p.m.** Woman in audience recounts unrelated personal anecdote.

**4:53 p.m.** Woman in audience recounts unrelated personal anecdote.

—Henry Alford



...tressing  
...spaya slices

...zak, brushed with  
...shed with mushrooms  
... buttered green beans,  
...nd potato gnocchis

...or  
...ole and salmon mousse  
...range flavoured cream sauce  
...ied by baby leaf spinach  
...d turned potatoes

...mal bread and butter pudding  
...glazed with apricot sauce

...Coffee or decaffeinated coffee  
...pologize if, owing to previous passenger  
...selection, your choice is not available

## Refreshments

will be served

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---

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Fine wines. Premium brands at the bar. Feature films. And possibly the most gracious, attentive service on Earth—now available at 35,000 feet. Economy class in a class of its own... compliments of British Airways.

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**If we're so good, why are we so hard to find?**

**Unless you're an audiophile, you've probably never heard of us. The name is Aiwa. Pronounced "I-WA."**

**It's not that we want to stay small. Otherwise we wouldn't have run this ad. But unlike mass-produced brands we keep Aiwa quality up by keeping production quantities down. So sometimes there's not enough to go around.**

**For the same reason, we don't have promotions or giveaways. But then again, when was the last time Chateau Mouton Rothschild offered a baker's dozen?**

**With all this going against us, it's obvious we must be doing something right.**

**It's this: We don't offer anything less than pure adrenalin in every Aiwa sound system. Hell no.**

**Find an Aiwa dealer now and listen. Then you'll know why "people in the know" make the extra effort.**

**Obviously, what we do is more important than what we don't. Aiwa. What a difference!**









# h IT'S 3:00 A.M. — WOULD YOU TRADE STRAWBERRY FOR MATTINGLY?

ey, is *anything* hotter than WFAN, New York's round-the-clock all-sports talk-radio station? SPY gave RON HAUGE FROM AVENUE B and CHARLIE RUBIN FROM 31ST STREET the very important assignment of capturing this historic radio format at its peak. They listened to "the FAN," "The Sports Authority," for 24 hours straight, from noon last July 21 until noon the next day. Hey. The debates *raged*. The memories were waiting.

**Noon** BILL MAZER is doing his show from Mickey Mantle's Restaurant, on Central Park South. He promises that several "outstanding personalities" will be dropping by his table over the next three hours, including SKIP CARAY of the Atlanta Braves, "probably the brightest young sportscaster."

**12:07 p.m.** Mazer reaches LOU PINIELLA at his hotel room in Kansas City. Piniella (groggy, philosophical): "It's time to get up anyway." Mazer: "Your wife told me to wake you up, *beh-heb-hoo*." Piniella, through a blur of sleep and phlegm, says no trades are brewing.

**12:11 p.m.** Mazer asks Piniella whether he heard that Jim Rice of the Red Sox "punched" his 57-year-old manager, Joe Morgan. Lou still befogged.

**12:13 p.m.** Titillating moment when Mazer reveals to Piniella that "George came on with me yesterday," but it turns out he means Steinbrenner was a guest on his show.

**12:21 p.m.** HERB WELCH, the New York Giants defensive back, is first Mazer table celebrity. Mazer asks Welch a trivia question. Jim Brown, former great receiver, is correct answer. Mazer throws out hints...he became an actor, he was in that—"what was it, *100 Rifles* or something?" Welch is stumped. Mazer: "Guess." Welch: "Look, I'm not *going* to guess."

**12:31 p.m.** Sports Update: DAN SHAUGHNESSY of *The Boston Globe* says Rice "pulled Morgan into the runway.... That's always been Rice's way."

**12:45 p.m.** Mazer asks Welch about his education. Mazer is obsessed with education. Welch says he majored in "modern history... well, anything this century."

**12:51 p.m.** Mazer tries to remember who on Giants club studied physics at Yale. Welch says Kenny Hill. Mazer: "Is he that bright?"

**12:59 p.m.** After Welch leaves, Mazer notes he's "really very bright."

**2:10 p.m.** Mazer on IQ again. "Is Dwight Gooden smarter now, getting groundouts instead of strikeouts?"

**2:35 p.m.** BOB QUINN, Yankees general manager, is on the phone. What about these rumors, asks Mazer—Mariners' Ken Phelps to Yanks for Jay Buhner? "Don't believe all you hear and read," says Quinn, a bit testily.

**2:45 p.m.** JIMMY FROM JERSEY enjoyed Mazer's talk with Brooks Robinson yesterday. Mazer huffs that Robinson and Thurman Munson were the only two players who ever sent him thank-you notes.

**2:56 p.m.** Mazer seems to recognize the voice of AARON FROM MANHATTAN. Mazer tells audience that Aaron used to call him constantly when he had his original all-sports talk show on WNBC from 1964 to 1968, Mazer went to Aaron's bar mitzvah, Aaron is blind, is now an attorney ("went to Harvard Law School"). "He's like a son to me," says Mazer. By now there's very little time left for Aaron's point (loss of Keith Hernandez is ruining Mets), and Mazer's closing theme drowns him out.

**3:06 p.m.** GEORGE GRANDE is filling in for afternoon host Pete Franklin. He calls DICK BALDERSON, Seattle VP of Baseball Operations, who reveals the Mariners are close to trading for Yanks' Buhner, a man he admits he's never seen play.

**3:25 p.m.** Caller MORTY doesn't like the Buhner deal, adds, "I'm not a fan of the Yankees, so I'm totally, totally neutral."

**3:27 p.m.** GARY says trade Righetti.

**3:49 p.m.** MIKEY FROM QUEENS wants Grande to settle "a dispute between me and my brother": who'd win Yank-Met Series, in how many games, and with everyone healthy? Grande adamantly refuses to speculate: "You say everyone's healthy, but how can you be sure? You don't know their mental state."

**4:09 p.m.** In interview, slumping Braves right fielder DALE MURPHY relates how,

during the All-Star break, he got The Roberto Clemente Award for humanitarian service: "And I said, 'This is the high point of this season,' and it got a coupla laughs, so I changed it to 'This is the high point of my *career*.'"

**4:17 p.m.** Murph blames whole team for terrible season, not just manager or slumping self.

**4:26 p.m.** It's official: Buhner has been traded for Phelps.

**4:27 p.m.** Rice Update: seems he actually got into a "shoving match" with his manager. No punches exchanged.

**4:39 p.m.** Caller ANTHONY says he's sick of Mets questions—thinks Grande should limit them. Anthony has also worked up "my starting team" for Olympic basketball, then has "one last thing": "I'm your paperboy, and you owe me three weeks." Grande (angry): "If you're my paperboy, you know I'm paid up a year and a half." Anthony: "What are you, kiddin' me?" (Cut off.)

**5:08 p.m.** KEVIN thinks the Yanks made the *stupidest* trade!

**5:48 p.m.** JOE wants to know name of the Nelson Riddle song Pete Franklin used to play at the end of his broadcasts. Grande suggests he call Monday, when Pete is back from vacation. Joe: "Awww, it's so hard to get *through* to him."

**5:54 p.m.** WAYNE (slurring, clearly drunk) likes Phelps. "He *is* strong, and he *has* that swing." Attempts point about Pagliarulo...but "Pagliarulo" is awfully hard to say.

**5:57 p.m.** JOHN: "Hey, how about putting Mattingly in the outfield?"

**6:10 p.m.** Grande on any player with a drug problem: "Personally, I hope he makes it"—usually said after crucifying the guy.

**6:25 p.m.** Caller CHARLIE wants to talk about George Grande. "I walked up to you at the Hyatt, you were wearing a multi-colored shirt, you were just incredibly friendly." Grande, quite pleased, asks him how he likes the trade. "I don't get paid to think for the club," says Charlie. "Let them think for me, and I'll decide in October."

**6:26 p.m.** Someone at DAN's home picks up an extension during Eagles dis-



# ALIZÉ CAN YOU SEE?

**By the dawn's early light:**  
**Once again, the French**  
**have achieved something**  
**monumental: pure pas-**  
**sionfruit juice blended**  
**with fine cognac, infused**  
**with the spirit of France.**  
**From the people who**  
**brought you the Statue of**  
**Liberty!** *Liberate yourself*  
*with an Alizé Can You See:*  
*pour a splash of Alizé over*  
*cracked ice. **Bonne Santé!***





# Naked City

(continued)

...IT'S 4:00 A.M. — Now Would You?



cussion, and the beeps and boops of dialing are audible.

**7:00 p.m.** Rice Update: Rice "went after manager Joe Morgan, shook him by the shoulders" and left the ballpark.

**7:11 p.m.** WFAN goes live from Shea Stadium. In a perfect expression of *Times*-manship, DAVE ANDERSON, on *Mets Extra With HOWIE ROSE*, says the Mets could win eight in a row or, on the other hand, could lose eight in a row.

**7:53 p.m.** Mets-Braves rain delay. BOB MURPHY on upcoming Tom Seaver Day: "There'll be very few wet eyes by the time that night is over [sic]."

**9:15 p.m.** Game postponed.

**9:40 p.m.** After brief DAVID CONE interview, caller LARRY FROM TENAFLY asks whether Cone is gone, then lashes out at him—says Cone has been afraid to pitch inside since the Guerrero beaning.

**9:43 p.m.** Rice Update: he shoved manager. Manager didn't shove back.

**10:25 p.m.** Rose remembers going to 1961 Old Timers Game at Yankee Stadium with his dad. Best day of his life. What Rose got out of it: Mel Allen introducing the players. Calls it "unreplaceable moments."

**11:27 p.m.** Caller MIKE: "Magadan is not in the game mentally."

**11:38 p.m.** Rose describes looking out over the desolate stadium from the press box, just a few guys roaming the aisles picking up debris...just depressing.

**Midnight** JODIE McDONALD, a weekend host, is sitting in for Steve Somers. McDonald is not wild about Buhner—feels he "can be pitched to" and is not a "budding star."

**12:44 a.m.** THE LUMBERJACK, a first-time caller: "I got a rotary phone—you know what kind of pain *that* involves." Worth it, though, to get an answer to "Is it Vin Scully, or is it Vince Cully?"

**1:27 a.m.** BILL FROM NORTH HALEDON doesn't like: The Buhner trade. Gary Carter. The Buhner trade.

**1:28 a.m.** MARIE FROM MANHATTAN: "What do you think of the Buhner trade?"

**1:37 a.m.** "1:37 in the a.m., I'm J.M."

**1:46-1:59 a.m.** McDonald reads through

all the line scores ("Santiago 2 for 4, Mack 1 for 4...") opposite the *Get Smart* where the Chief's niece falls in love with Hymie the Robot and Max and 99 have to break them up.

**2:21 a.m.** THE ZACKMAN, THE BARD OF BARDONIA, calls. Zack: "Get the beer I left you off?" McDonald: "I forgot it on my way to the Hamptons." Zack: "Is it chilling in the freezer?" McDonald: "Yes." Zack has heard Don Imus on MSG Network saying he'd be hosting a show on WFAN this fall and wouldn't take any sports calls. "He made fun of guys who call WFAN" and "the whole WFAN sports family."

**2:27 a.m.** GABE FROM THE BRONX is giving up his 20 season tickets to Yankees games next year because of the "Bruner" trade. "In the bars tonight—you gotta see the people. Oh, forget about it! It wasn't just the bar we were hanging out in, people were coming in from other bars and everyone was just *disgusted*."

**2:52 a.m.** BURKE FROM MANHATTAN: "The Yankee bull pen makes me wanna throw up. If I was the manager, I'd probably be throwing up by now." Then congratulates ANDY [POLLIN, 6:00 a.m. host] on the birth of his daughter.

**3:28 a.m.** FRANK FROM THE BRONX, a first-time caller: "Did you hear how Bruiser Brody was stabbed and killed by the Invader in Puerto Rico last weekend?" McDonald (sad): "Yes. He and Abdul the Butcher had some tremendous grudge matches over the years."

**3:46 a.m.** STEVE FROM CONNECTICUT: Trade Rice.

**5:07 a.m.** JIM FROM JERSEY: Here's his "dream jobs" if Mickey, Whitey, Billy and George "got together on a place...Mickey the owner, Whitey bartender, Billy the bouncer—" McDonald: "That's perfect." Jim: "George the customer."

**5:29 a.m.** EDDIE FROM THE BRONX (over background music) asks a boxing question. McDonald: "Can I ask *you* a question? What cartoons you got on?" Eddie: "Popeye."

**6:00 a.m.** Host Pollin replays Sleepy Piniella segment, possibly so fans can relive thrill of waking up with Lou.

**6:19 a.m.** Commentator TOM MEES compares Rice's move against an 8-0 manager to "the air traffic controllers' mistake of striking against a popular president."

**8:27 a.m.** MICHEAL RAY RICHARDSON, commenting on his reinstatement into the NBA: "The dream is still, you know, up in the air."

**10:06 a.m.** MIKE FRANCESCA and ED COLEMAN lead off their show with *Mission: Impossible* theme music, then "Good morning, Mr. Phelps." Debate where Phelps will play for Yanks.

**10:21 a.m.** Francesca and Coleman speculate that Nolan Ryan has thrown maybe 10,000 pitches in his career.

**10:38 a.m.** BIG STEVE FROM NEW YORK CITY: "Next point of order—do you think the Dodgers can win without Fernando coming back to Fernando type of pitching?"

**11:10 a.m.** STEVE IN THE YANKEE BLEACHERS: "Last night, I think, could be summarized in one word..."

**11:10-11:22 a.m.** [*fell asleep*.]

**11:22 a.m.** [voice] "...Magadan, Teufel, Wilson, Dykstra, Cone and either Fernandez or Aguilera for outfielder Eric Davis, and Ozzie Guillen from the White Sox. Gary Carter can handle the catching for the next couple years."

**11:24 a.m.** Caller ERIC FROM NEW JERSEY thinks Mets need cockier attitude. The '86 Mets "thought they were invincible, and thus, they became so." Francesca: "Just relax."

**11:53 a.m.** Caller BILL FROM TARRYTOWN: "There was a caller before who talked about Jim Rice. Um...I feel that Jim Rice should never have pushed the manager, and that's wrong. But I also feel that a guy that doesn't want to come out of the game—that's the type of ballplayer you *want* on your team...Mike, how you doin' in your rotisserie league this week? Did you win, or...?" Francesca: "Oh, uh, I don't know. We'll find out tomorrow." Bill: "How d'you think you did?" Francesca: "To be honest with you, I really don't remember what the other two players' teams were, but—we'll find out tomorrow." Bill: "What time, 11:30?"





GIORGIO ARMANI

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## DRIVING THAT TRAIN

SPY's Railroad Employee Test

Working for a railroad is "a privilege, not a right," as Metro-North Commuter Railroad president Peter Stangl says. And those of you familiar with the—sorry, *track* records of Metro-North, Amtrak and Conrail in the past couple of years understand that this privilege is granted on the basis of an unusual and challenging set of criteria. Stangl wants to institute random testing of personnel. Meanwhile, BOB ECKSTEIN offers one possible exam for both prospective and already-hired engineers, tower operators and dispatchers.

1. Derailments are just a part of life, and there's no reason to fly off the handle over them.

True \_\_\_\_\_ False \_\_\_\_\_

2. Railroad conductors shouldn't be subjected to the drug tests bus drivers take, since there's no steering on a train.

True \_\_\_\_\_ False \_\_\_\_\_

3. What's important to you as conductor of the train?

- (a) a safe, comfortable, punctual ride for the passenger
- (b) the bar car
- (c) developing new routes on the spur of the moment

4. Your idea of a bad trip is  
(a) failure to arrive at destination within five minutes of scheduled time

- (b) an accident at a gate crossing
- (c) not finding any personal belongings left behind on train
- (d) feeling insects all over your body and watching the brakeman turn into Jim Morrison

5. Have you ever seen the train flying?

Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_

6. Some days you just don't feel like braking.

True \_\_\_\_\_ False \_\_\_\_\_

7. Urine tests are

- (a) useful
- (b) fun
- (c) very inaccurate

8. What is wrong with this picture?



Something \_\_\_\_\_ Nothing \_\_\_\_\_



## MICHAEL LEVINE'S WORLD AND WELCOME TO IT

First in a Series: Rachel McLish

Every day, SPY, like any other magazine, gets a good-size wastebasket's worth of mail from publicists. Recently one press release in particular caught our eye—the client list of a Los Angeles firm, Levine/Schneider Public Relations, run by Michael Levine. Levine's clients include such once-and-forever stars as Suzanne Somers and Connie Stevens—not to mention David Cassidy, Fred Travalena, and the Captain and Tennille. It was then that we hit upon an idea we believe will revolutionize the field of fawning celebrity-profile writing: *Why not devote a regular column to interviewing every single star on one agency's client list?* It will be something like *The Family of Man*, only far more glamorous: *The Family of Michael Levine*, a composite portrait—a celebration—of the excitement, the humanity and givingness of the incredibly major talents brought together by one superenthusiastic guy who, he confided to us, fields *more than 150 telephone calls a day*.

Given Levine's roughly 200 clients and SPY's ten issues a year, and allowing for some inevitable attrition—no one, not even a star of Connie Stevens's magnitude, lives forever—this non-federally-funded

project ought to be completed early in the next century. Herewith, a freewheeling metaphysical discussion with former body-building champion and current author—Michael Levine client Rachel McLish.

**SPY:** How long have you been with Michael?

**McLish:** Just a few months. I mainly asked him to work with me to promote my second book, *Perfect Parts*. He did a good job.

*What's Michael like?*

He's tall, and he's thin. He's hyper. He's a mover.

*I understand you're about to start working on a film, *Fleshburn*.*

Well, we're developing it. It's going to be an exciting project because it's going to be loosely based on my life story and it's going to be exciting. It's going to have the elements of a *Rocky*, a *Flashdance* and a *Karate Kid II*. It's not about boxing and karate and dance, okay, but it has the elements of *coming back*. It's going to be exciting. And there's this other one we're working on that's going to be called *The Guardian*. It's going to have the elements of an *Aliens* and *The Omen*. There's going to be a hideous monster, and we're going to combine the

mystique of the Pyramids in Egypt with the pyramids in Mexico. I like exciting, occult kind of movies. Especially when they're intelligent and based on true facts.

*What facts is this going to be based on?*

There are chambers in the Pyramids that haven't even been discovered yet, and when archaeologists and anthropologists go in there, when they get too close to a certain area, they all mysteriously die. *This is a fact.*

*I hadn't heard about it.*

Read up on it. All those books by Hal Lindsey. He wrote *Satan Is Alive and Well on Planet Earth*. He just gives you facts about what's going on.

*Do you believe in Satan?*

Definitely. Sure. I like to read the Bible. The prophecy part fascinates me—about the end times, about what's happening now. It's reality. It's true. You don't have to be a genius to figure it out.

*Does Michael know about this?*

I don't know if he does or not. I really don't know him that well.

**Next month: Does Lou Ferrigno think Michael is in shape?** —Bruce Handy



# A JUGGLER'S LIFE.

She's 33 and a professional caterer.  
Monday through Friday she creates  
pastas with pizzazz.  
Makes her home in Santa Monica,  
California.  
Married to Jim.  
Mother to Jessica, 7 (budding Picasso).  
Loves to get away with a kite-flying  
romp on the beach.  
Has been known to quote:  
"All a parent can give a child  
is roots and wings." (Chinese Proverb)  
Relies on Redbook and her  
discriminating palate.

**REDBOOK. IT'S DIFFERENT  
BECAUSE SHE'S DIFFERENT.**



This profile exemplifies a typical Redbook juggler. REDBOOK IS A PUBLICATION OF HEARST MAGAZINES, A DIVISION OF THE HEARST CORPORATION. © 1987 THE HEARST CORPORATION.



# U WON'T HAVE DICK NIXON 2 KICK AROUND

A Guide to Those Confusing 1999s

	1999 the book	1999 the album
<b>Author</b>	Richard Nixon	Prince
<b>Claim to Fame</b>	37th president of the United States; wrote <i>Six Crises</i>	Aggressively priapic Minnesotan; wrote "Sugar Walls"
<b>Dominant Ego Trait</b>	Emetic pomposity	Erotic pomposity
<b>Nickname</b>	The Unindicted Co-Conspirator	His Royal Badness
<b>Opus Available in</b>	Hardcover	Record, tape and CD
<b>Component Parts</b>	Chapters—including "How to Deter Moscow," "How to Compete with Moscow" and "How to Negotiate with Moscow"	Songs—including "International Lover" and "Delirious"
<b>Backup Players</b>	Michael Korda, Robert Asahina, John H. Taylor and Rose Mary Woods	Lisa, J.J., Wendy, Vanity, Poochie and the Count
<b>Major Preoccupation</b>	Global realpolitik	Rhythmic activity
<b>References to Mikhail Gorbachev, Kwame Nkrumah and Abe Rosenthal?</b>	Yes	Not explicitly
<b>References to fellatio?</b>	Not explicitly	Yes
<b>Predictable Potency Metaphors</b>	"When [Congress] cut the defense budget...it left the United States with a weak stick."	"Got a lion in my pocket/And baby, he's ready to roar..."
<b>Their Nicer Sides</b>	"The American people and the peoples of the Soviet Union can be friends."	"Let's pretend we're married/Go all night..."
<b>Lurid Double Entendre Parallel</b>	"Linkage remains absolutely essential to a genuine improvement in U.S.-Soviet relations..."	"Girl, you gotta take me for a little ride up and down/In and out..."
<b>Thinking the Unthinkable</b>	"Contemplating the horrors of an irradiated planet...has apparently left many people intellectually blind."	"Two thousand zero zero, party's over/Whoops! Out of time/So tonight I'm gonna party like it's 1999...."
<b>Characteristically Self-Serving Moral Advice</b>	"When we choose our leaders, we must remember they are not candidates for sainthood."	"Never mind your friends/Girl it ain't no sin/To strip right down to your underwear..."

—Jamie Malanowski

# CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics

Another look at the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days of their lives.

**Subject:** CARL ROWAN

**Sign:** Leo (b. 8/11/25)

**Date:** June 14, 1988

**Notable Activity:**

After years of public support of handgun control, shot and wounded an 18-year-old who had been swimming in his backyard pool

**Horoscope:** "Associates and relatives expect you to live up to your word."—Wendy Hawks, *National Examiner*



**Subject:** EDWIN MEESE

**Sign:** Sagittarius

(b. 12/2/31)

**Date:** July 5, 1988

**Notable Activity:**

Resigned amid scandal surrounding his ethics and finances

**Horoscope:** "Be ready to make decisions about investments. Be informed and decisive."—Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*



**Subject:** JIM RICE

**Sign:** Pisces (b. 3/8/53)

**Date:** July 20, 1988

**Notable Activity:**

Threw a tantrum and grabbed his manager after being pulled from the Red Sox lineup for a pinch hitter; suspended three days and fined an estimated \$27,000

**Horoscope:** "Activities in the home are flowing and smooth. The work place is a different matter! Keep your cool and remain detached or there could be trouble."—Usha, *USA Today*



**Subject:** HUGH HEFNER

**Sign:** Aries (b. 4/9/26)

**Date:** July 27, 1988

**Notable Activity:**

Announced plans to get married

**Horoscope:** "Guard against impulsive career decisions that could have a negative effect on reputation or standing."—Laurie Brady, *Star* magazine



—George Mannes



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# BAM-o-MATIC

The Foolproof Way to Create Your Very Own Cutting-Edge Performance Spectacle  
for the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival

*Naked City*

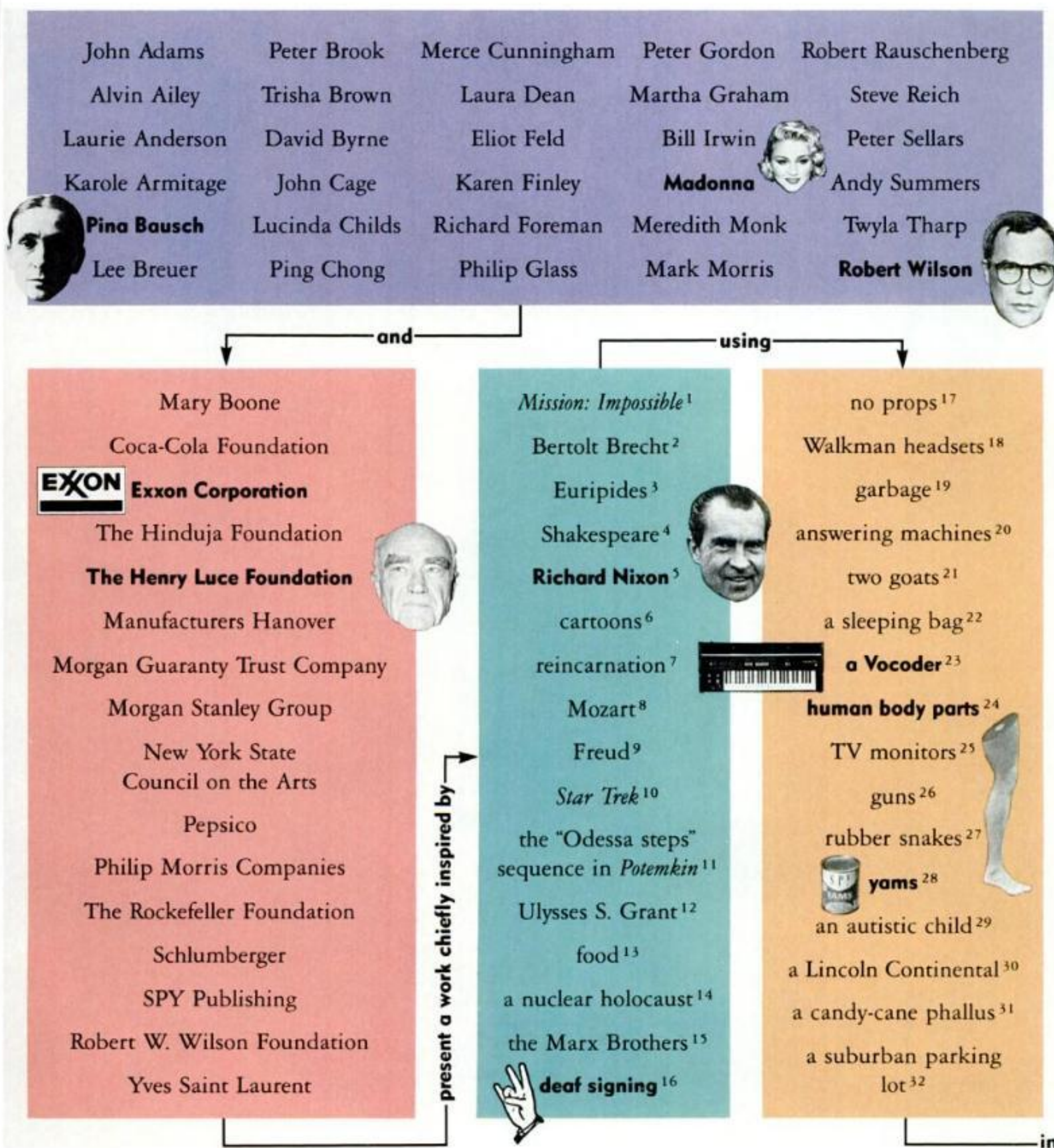
When the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Sixth Annual Next Wave Festival opens on October 19, audiences will gather from New York and the world over to sit through...what? For anyone who has spent a few hours shifting in his seat at one of these events thinking, *Hey—I could do this*, here at last is proof that you can. Everything in the SPY BAM-o-Matic has been earnestly performed on big-time stages or in raggedy performance spaces; it's all real. Just choose one component or more from each box and create your own provocative, avant-garde world premiere.

For example, using the BAM-o-Matic: "**Robert Wilson**, **Madonna** and **Pina Bausch**, in association with **The Henry Luce Foundation** and **Exxon Corporation**, present a work chiefly inspired by **deaf signing** and **Richard Nixon**, using **yams**, a **Vocoder**

and **human body parts** in conjunction with **intuitive, nonscripted events** to achieve an **imagistic, pre-expressive, nonliteral, improvisational work** in the manner of **The Aeneid done as a laser-art visualization by the Florentine group Krypton**." There you go. Now sit back and let the reviewers and audiences puzzle out exactly what you mean.

If this sounds improbable, consider what the Next Wave concocted for its new season *without* consulting BAM-o-Matic: Philip Morris, Lee Breuer and Bob Telson's "mock-epic...music/theater pageant tracing the life history of a hero Samurai ant," using Latin rhythms, Japanese theater techniques and African narrative and featuring three master Bunraku puppeteers. An actual BAM event, onstage October 19 to 30.

—Rachel Urquhart



## FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup> Influenced *Secret Pastures*, a BAM "dance event" scored by Peter Gordon and set-designed by Keith Haring.

<sup>2</sup> Director Anne Bogart's *No Plays No Poetry but Philosophical Reflections Practical Instructions Provocative Prescriptions Opinions and Pointers from a Noted Critic and Playwright* is grounded in Brechtian theory; 97 percent of the words are Brecht's.

<sup>3</sup> Influenced Robert Wilson in directing his version of *Alceste*.

<sup>4</sup> Provided a number of theatrical skeletons for the elaborate and myriad productions of Peter Sellars.

<sup>5</sup> Subject of opera *Nixon in China*.

<sup>6</sup> Standard influence of Television Age artists.

<sup>7</sup> One of the major themes in *The Three Lives of Lucy Cabrol*.

<sup>8</sup> Subjected to numerous reinterpretations by Peter Sellars (*Don Giovanni* and *Così fan tutte*, to name two).

<sup>9</sup> The force behind Robert Wilson's *The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud*.

<sup>10</sup> Inspired *The Games*, by Meredith Monk and Ping Chong.

<sup>11</sup> *Steps*, by director Zbigniew Rybczynski, splices a film clip of American tourists into Eisenstein's famous sequence.

<sup>12</sup> The subject of the Bill Raymond-Dale Worsley study *Cold Harbor* is a living statue of Ulysses S. Grant.

<sup>13</sup> The ammo used by the Kipper Kids.

<sup>14</sup> Major influence in JoAnne Akalaitis's *Dead End Kids*, which uses film clips about nuclear proliferation as "a self-mocking device."

<sup>15</sup> The inspiration behind Jonathan Miller's *Mikado*, staged with the English National Opera and starring Monty Python's Eric Idle as Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner.

<sup>16</sup> Figured prominently in two Peter Sellars productions: a Kabuki western and *Ajax*, in which the lead was played by a deaf actor.

<sup>17</sup> The ultimate expression, you know, of, like, true minimalism.

<sup>18</sup> In Mitchell Rose's *Walk People* and *Son of Walk People* the dancers' steps were dictated by the Sony





# guess footwear

AD. DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PHOTO: ELLEN VON UNWERTH

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# Naked City

(continued)

a series of dynamic  
and associative  
choices<sup>33</sup>  
an energy manifest  
in the assemblage<sup>34</sup>  
acting and imagery<sup>35</sup>  
an artistic sensibility  
synthesizing  
divergent creative  
sources<sup>36</sup>

**intuitive, nonscripted  
events<sup>37</sup>**  
a holographic battery  
of reflections<sup>38</sup>  
nudity as a symbol of  
unmediated truth<sup>39</sup>  
images that mean  
nothing but  
themselves<sup>40</sup>  
object manipulation<sup>41</sup>



to achieve

in the manner of

the unmediated  
encounter between  
actor and spectator<sup>42</sup>  
a multimedia collage<sup>43</sup>  
a *Gesamtkunstwerk*<sup>44</sup>  
a very advanced  
symbiosis<sup>45</sup>  
a phantasmagoric  
theatrical experience<sup>46</sup>  
**an imagistic,  
pre-expressive,  
nonliteral,  
improvisational work<sup>47</sup>**

an epic in  
microcosm<sup>48</sup>  
a multidimensional  
monodrama<sup>49</sup>  
a self-made genre<sup>50</sup>  
an ambiguous form  
of presence that  
seems both  
spontaneous and  
prerecorded<sup>51</sup>  
a theater of images<sup>52</sup>  
a "transrational"  
language<sup>53</sup>

the Living Theater's  
*Paradise Now*, in  
which the audience  
was invited to join  
the actors in a "Love  
Pile" onstage.  
(During one 1968  
show at BAM,  
Living Theater  
founder Judith  
Malina was "raped"  
onstage by a  
fraternity boy.)

*Ka Mountain and  
GUARDenia Terrace*,  
a 168-hour play by  
Robert Wilson  
about "a family and  
some people  
changing,"  
performed as part  
of a Festival of Arts  
on a rocky hillside  
in Shariz, Iran.

*L.S.D.*, the Wooster  
Group's examination  
of ecstasy and  
demonology using  
psychedelic music, in  
which excerpts from  
Arthur Miller's *The  
Crucible* were performed  
in gibberish.

*The Life and Times of  
Joseph Stalin*, Robert  
Wilson's 12-hour  
production  
performed by 144  
untrained actors,  
many of them deaf  
and 16 of them  
dressed in ostrich  
costumes.

Ingmar Bergman's  
"stark, sexually  
explicit production"  
of *Hamlet*,  
performed in New  
York in  
Swedish with no  
translation and  
including graphic,  
canine-influenced  
sex scenes.

*The Way of How*,  
according to  
director George  
Coates a "visual  
opera...in which  
performers  
interrelate, and such  
ordinary objects as  
sticks, mirrors and  
hoops are subjected  
to a multiplicity of  
transformations."

*Lear*, directed by Lee  
Breuer and  
performed by the  
Mabou Mines  
theater troupe,  
transposed to 1950s  
Georgia and acted  
in strong southern  
accents, with the  
sexes reversed. *Lear*  
is played as a mean,  
blue-collar  
matriarch, and  
Gloucester presides  
over a kennel of  
dogs instead of a  
household of  
knights. Oswald  
appears in hot  
pants, as a  
Caribbean-accented  
prostitute.

Andrei Serban's  
*Medea*, *Electra* and  
*The Trojan Women*,  
performed with an  
amalgam of moans,  
shrieks and cries.

***The Aeneid* done as  
a laser-art  
visualization by the  
Florentine group  
Krypton.**

the 1984 mixed-  
media version of  
Verdi's *Otello*, with  
pop music by Peter  
Gordon.

Tadashi Suzuki's  
*Clytemnestra*, a  
mixture of the  
Aeschylus-Sophocles-  
Euripides "variants  
of the Orestes myth  
transformed into a  
cruel dream of  
family anguish" and  
performed in  
kimonos and  
fedoras on a stage  
with nothing but  
five chairs, and  
three urns decorated  
with the Marlboro  
cigarette logo.

*Defenders of the Code*,  
Theodora Skipitares's  
"post-Darwinian  
musical" about  
scientists, featuring  
life-size puppets of  
the scientists,  
synthesizer music by  
Virgil Moorefield  
and rap lyrics by  
Andrea Balis.

## FOOTNOTES

Walkman headsets they wore.

<sup>19</sup> Used in *True West*, by Sam Shepard.

<sup>20</sup> *The Book of Elroy's* "voice in the dark."

<sup>21</sup> Costars with Ann Carlson and a kitten she carries in her mouth as she crawls across the stage naked.

<sup>22</sup> The only prop used by artist Teh-ching Hsieh for a yearlong performance piece.

<sup>23</sup> The device that turns Laurie Anderson's voice into a throaty rasp.

<sup>24</sup> Passing a skull through the audience figures significantly in Andre Gregory's productions of Greek tragedies at the Manhattan Project.

<sup>25</sup> Featured in a number of productions, most notably Wooster Group's *Route 1 and 9* and *Black Maria*.

<sup>26</sup> From Sellars's *Giulio Cesare in Egitto*.

<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>28</sup> One of Karen Finley's favorite and most intimately utilized props.

<sup>29</sup> Christopher Knowles, Robert Wilson's autistic "associate."

<sup>30</sup> From Peter Sellars's infamous version of *King Lear* (one of 40 productions done while he was an undergraduate at Harvard).

<sup>31</sup> Worn by the "mincing transvestite" who plays the Fool in Lee Breuer's production of *Lear*.

<sup>32</sup> Setting for the storm scene in *Lear*.

<sup>33</sup> Lee Breuer on women and the avant-garde, in *The Sobo News*, February 2, 1982.

<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>36</sup> Mel Gussow on illusionist theater, *The New York Times*, March 18, 1984.

<sup>37</sup> *Ibid.*, on avant-garde theater.

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.*, on *Haji*, a Public Theater production directed by Lee Breuer.

<sup>39</sup> Roger Copeland on avant-garde theater of the 1960s and '70s, in *The New York Times*, January 11, 1987.

<sup>40</sup> David Sterritt on Robert Wilson's *The Golden Windows*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, January 2, 1986.

<sup>41</sup> From a Bond Street Theater Apprenticeship Program flier.

<sup>42</sup> Copeland, *op. cit.*

<sup>43</sup> Stephen Holden, *The New York Times*, July 27, 1987.

<sup>44</sup> The "Wagnerian ideal" of the arts merging "into something larger than any one of them could be by itself," as described by Peter Sellars to Stephen Holden in *The New York Times*, July 29, 1987.

<sup>45</sup> Breuer, *op. cit.*

<sup>46</sup> Gussow, *op. cit.*, on illusionist theater.

<sup>47</sup> From the Bond Street Theater Apprenticeship Program flier.

<sup>48</sup> Gussow on avant-garde theater, *The New York Times*, May 31, 1987.

<sup>49</sup> Gussow on *Haji*, *The New York Times*, March 18, 1984.

<sup>50</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>51</sup> Copeland, on Laurie Anderson's voice, *op. cit.*

<sup>52</sup> A Robert Wilson phrase.

<sup>53</sup> An incomprehensible language created by Velimir Khlebnikov in *Zangezi*. ☛





Max



Arthur



Abe



hat which immediately follows will make little sense unless you have read my colleague Joe Gillis's Webs effort on page 136 of this issue.

Go ahead and read the Webs story first. I'll wait. . . . I'm still waiting. . . .

Ready? Evidently, the Barbara Walters-influenced Liz Smith column and Hugh Downs's very own letter to the editor of the *Times* failed to sufficiently balm ABC News and Sports president Boone Arledge's pique over Jeremy Gerard's entertaining and wholly accurate story about behind-the-scenes anguish at 20/20. And so, reacting in the sort of milksoppish manner characteristic of the paper when it is faced with the wrath of a powerful, socially prominent New Yorker, the *Times* ran a jumbo-size Editor's Note on page 3 of the paper.

The Note, which was written by media-coverage czar Marty Arnold (who had praised the 20/20 story when it was published), betrayed Gerard. The following passage sums up the Note's overall thrust: "The article violated the paper's standards of fairness in several respects. . . . [It] should not have quoted . . . from sources who refused to allow the use of their names."

*It should not have quoted from sources who refused to allow the use of their names.* Interesting application of the rules, since on the day that Gerard's story appeared in the *Times*—and, one would assume, a perfectly typical day for unnamed sources everywhere—references to no fewer than 29 unnamed sources were to be found sprinkled throughout the paper, including four on the front page and *seven* on page A8.

There are any number of knowing speculations concerning how the Editor's Note found its way into the paper. It could have got there through managing editor Arthur

"Only 14 Favor-Currying Months Left Until Retirement" Gelb via fellow Hamptonite Arledge; from Walters via of-the-moment social-juju Abe Rosenthal; or simply by 20/20 executive producer Victor Neufeld's dispatch of a charged epistle to executive editor Max Frankel, in-over-his-head executive to in-over-his-head executive. In any event, as evinced by the *Times*'s shameful buckling under pressure from ABC, Arledge, who is also a Hamptons neighbor of Mort Zuckerman's, clearly has picked up a trick or two in *Times* manipulation from the influence-buying little bachelor. For such is Zuckerman's facility at pulling the appropriate levers at the *Times* that he has effectively assigned two of the more egregious Editor's Notes that have run in the past half decade.

The first one recanted all the hard evidence that Jane Perlez had used in a story on Zuckerman—a story that in broad brush strokes painted a portrait of him as a vain-glorious social climber. The second Note recanted an arts story by Leslie Bennetts on Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington. This Note very believably pointed out that Zuckerman—who, standing on tippy-toes, used to date Stassinopoulos—had absolutely nothing to do with *her* book (*Picasso*) being excerpted in *his* magazine (*The Atlantic*). (Indeed, former NBC president Grant Tinker, wishing recently to disclaim something he had said to a *Times* reporter, ordered the reporter to remove his confession from the story, else he would "Zuckerman" him—meaning, harass the reporter the next day, lie to the reporter's *Times* superiors that he hadn't said what he'd said, and demand a Zuckerman-like Editor's Note revisionism.)

This willingness to flail its own reporters at the slightest hint of complaint by a potent outsider is one of the many *Times* quality-of-life pluses that lately have been driv-

ing reporters away from the paper in droves.

In recent months Leslie Bennetts has departed for *Vanity Fair* and Jack Schwartz, a culture editor, has returned to *Newsday*. Also gone are culture reporter Nan Robertson, TV critic John Corry, design reporter Joseph Giovannini and, for the second time, About New York columnist Gregory Jaynes. Anna Quindlen, having just turned 36 and with just four more years of Life in the 30's ahead of her, is making her second exit—to produce a third child.

As regards Corry's departure from the *Times*, readers of this space may recall last month's étude in which Peter "Son of Arthur" Gelb's paternally inherited deal-making abilities were assayed. I'm happy to report that the old man hasn't yet lost his touch. Corry, whose gratuitously elaborate defense of Gelb- and Rosenthal-pal Jerzy Kosinski forever branded him as a bum-kissing Gelbman, received three times the usual buyout package from the paper. Negotiating this exit for him was reportedly none other than Arthur himself.

To end on a cheerier, more romantic note, here is an intriguing registry that concerns the *Times*'s Washington bureau:

Roger Altman  
Les Aspin  
Michael Blumenthal  
John Brademas  
Richard Burt  
Muammar al-Qaddafi  
Richard Perle  
Steve Rattner  
David Stockman  
Steve Weisman

The first person to write in providing any form of enlightenment regarding the above will receive deputy Washington bureau chief Judith Miller's home phone number.

—J. J. Hunsecker



INDULGENT. THE SENSE OF REMY.

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*Rémy*

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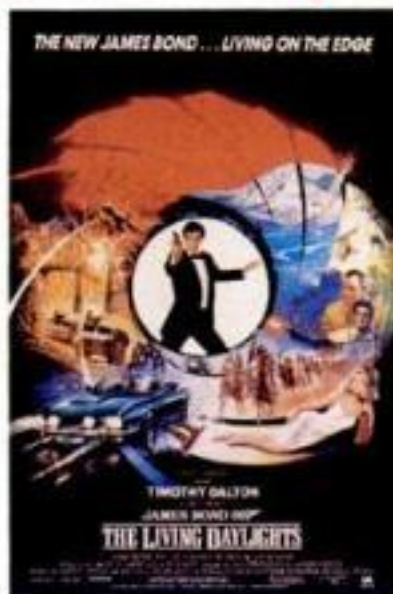


SEAN CONNERY AND ANDRESS WISEMAN LORD RANDON WAKAMOTO KATHARINE GAYN LEE

Goldfinger, Blofeld, Dr. No;

Goldsmith, Trump, Farrakhan.

The world's biggest high-tech pleasure yacht. Solid-gold pistols. Spectacular spacecraft explosions. Private armies. Young women with perfect bodies and assassins' hearts. Digital gadgets and giant A billionaire's fortress. It's all part paranoid, profligate



video screens. jungle-hideaway of today's giddy, madness of . . .



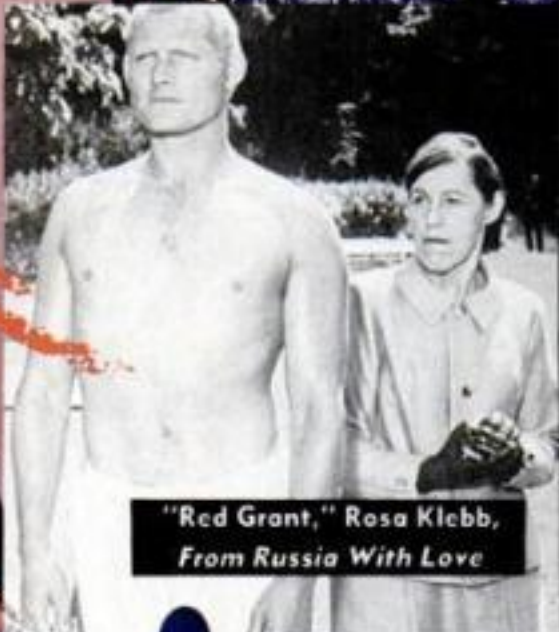
Honeychile Rider and 007, Dr. No



Elizabeth Taylor, Malcolm Forbes, toy



Ralph Lauren, Diana Vreeland

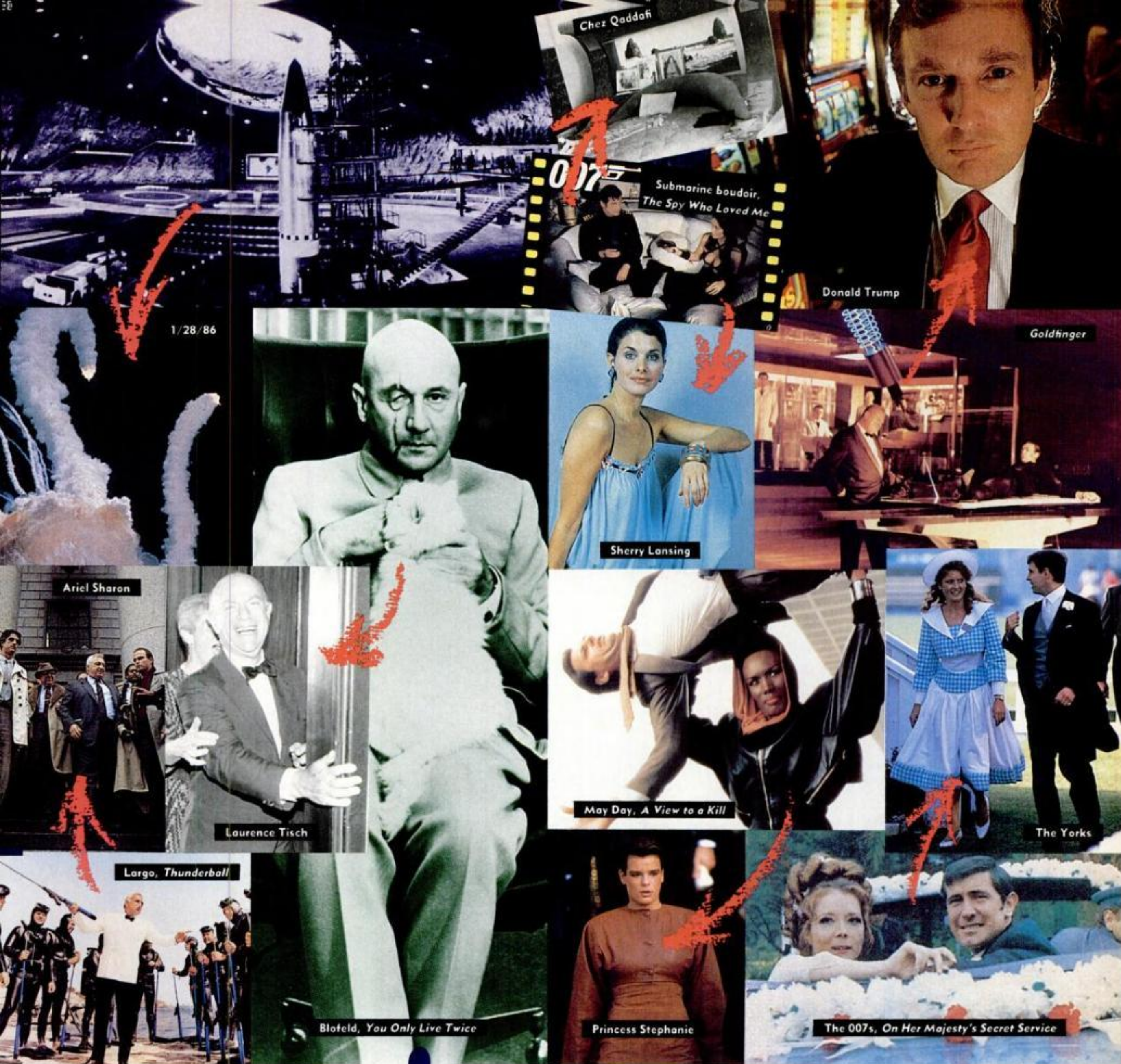


"Red Grant," Rosa Klebb, From Russia With Love

# bondmania james bond

HOW THE REAL WORLD HAS BECOME A 007 WORLD





# mania

• • • • • BY BRUCE HANDY

There's a new James Bond movie out there. Even though you don't like Timothy Dalton, even though Bond films will never be as good as they were in the 1960s, when Sean Connery had the title role, even though you know you'll be disappointed, you go and pay your \$7 anyway. After the opening bloody aperture logo, this is what you see:



## WANNA-BE BONDS



Peter Beard



Bill Blass

George Bush  
Malcolm Forbes  
Ace Greenberg  
John Mulheren  
H. Ross Perot  
Oscar de la Renta  
John Weitz

## SMERSH AND SPECTRE OVERLORDS AND VARIOUS OTHER BOND VILLAINS



Bijan

Ivan Boesky  
Claus von Bülow  
Michael Chow  
Armand Hammer  
Julio Iglesias  
Henry Kissinger  
Jack Lang



Peter Martins  
Manuel Noriega  
OPEC  
Vladimir Posner  
Ariel Sharon  
Laurence Tisch  
The Tri-Lateral  
Commission  
Donald Trump

## OUR MAN FLINT AND MATT HELM SUPERVILLAINS

Pete Dawkins  
"Baby Doc" Duvalier  
Menahem Golan and  
Yoram Globus  
Harry Macklowe  
Rupert Murdoch  
John Simon  
Saul Steinberg  
Ted Turner  
Wim Wenders

EXT. A foggy night. An AIRBORNE 747 flies into view. The PLANE's markings read KAL. Subtitle: SIBERIA, USSR. 40,000 FEET.

CUT TO: INT. THE COCKPIT. Lots of lights and controls. The KOREAN CREW is enjoying a routine flight. A COMELY ASIAN STEWARDESS serves COFFEE. As the NAVIGATOR scans his instruments a look of concern crosses his face.

### NAVIGATOR

(in Korean with subtitles)

Unidentified objects approaching at high speed.

### PILOT

Altitude?

### NAVIGATOR

Approximately 35,000 feet and—

### COPILOT

What the—?!

We see what the COPILOT sees through the COCKPIT WINDSHIELD: at point-blank range, a cheap special-effects missile clearly marked CCCP.

CLOSE-UP of PILOT'S FACE, eyes bulging.

### PILOT

Aieeeeeeee!!

CUT TO: EXT. Long shot: Cheap special-effects fireball. Slowly falling debris.

CUT TO: EXT. Bright sunshine. A huge, superlux-

urious YACHT moored at sea. Some TROPICAL ISLANDS in the distance. Subtitle: SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF URUGUAY.

The YACHT'S BRIDGE. Lots of lights and controls and EXTRAS in yellow jumpsuits. The camera follows a FROSTY EASTERN EUROPEAN BEAUTY, dressed in a bikini, as she climbs down from the BRIDGE and onto the SHIP'S MAIN DECK, where she finds:

A FULLY CLOTHED MAN sitting on a LOUNGE CHAIR, stroking a WHITE PERSIAN CAT. We are unable to see his FACE.

### FROSTY BEAUTY

(heavy accent)

The Soviets are claiming the plane was on a surveillance mission for the KIA or the CIA. The Americans have gone on full military alert.

### MAN

Excellent work, Ivana.

He fingers the CAT's brilliant diamond COLLAR.

### FROSTY BEAUTY

The delicious part of it is, the flight number was 007!

As she speaks we see, in extreme CLOSE-UP, a large RING on the MAN'S PINKIE. It bears a strange design. We look more closely. It's the logo of . . . The Trump Organization. The cat hisses. Freeze-frame.

CUT TO: GSTAAD . . .

## THE REAL-LIFE 007 THREAT: THE GREENHOUSE EFFECT

The Greenhouse Effect is really scary. Given current, maybe irreversible trends, the Earth's average temperature could increase 5 degrees by the end of the next decade, 10 degrees by 2050; worst-case scenarios say the damage could be a full 20 degrees. Deserts in Nebraska, New York City awash in melted polar ice cap, melanomas busting out like mushrooms after a week's rain—all of which means, among other things, that the global economy could soon be in a shambles. Of course, if one had planned ahead and cornered the world's gold market or managed to raise a substantial private army, or both,



one would be in a position to clean up. And if one had access to supersecret technology—if, say, one had stolen a bioengineered microbe that if released would destroy the world's forests, thus throwing the Earth's atmo-

sphere completely out of whack—maybe one would be tempted to hasten the Greenhouse Effect along; in fact, the whole phenomenon might be entirely one's own doing. And maybe one's megalomania would lead one to make a fatal error, and one's cool underground fortress would get blown up and extras in jumpsuits would be falling over railings and there'd be this huge fireball and an Englishman in an inflatable raft making strained puns to impress a bosomy woman in a bikini and high heels, and nobody would have to worry about the Greenhouse Effect anymore.

We wish.



# THE REAL-LIFE 007 VILLAIN: SIR JAMES GOLDSMITH

"Tell me, 007, what do you know about Sir James Goldsmith?"

"Global financier, 55, white-haired, six feet four inches, 200 pounds. British national, mother was a French Socialist, grew up in London, Paris, Monte Carlo. He's a litigious chap. Most of his \$1.2 billion fortune is tied up in the Brunneria Foundation, a Liechtenstein-based holding company. Owns oil fields, forests, newspapers, publishing houses, a chain of American supermarkets, a casino and a restaurant in Paris called Laurent, which if I recall correctly serves a passable lobster salad."

"Please, 007, keep the gusta-



tory details to yourself."

"Goldsmith maintains an ex-wife, a wife and numerous children and mistresses, but he spends most of his energies these days on a kind of fortress hide-away he's building in Mexico. It's

equipped with a moat specifically designed to keep out scorpions. He's also said to be deathly afraid of AIDS: no one can enter the compound until he has tested negative for the virus. And...I believe he has a weakness for unusually rough, high-stakes backgammon."

"Well, 007, I see for once you've done your homework."

"Thank you, sir. But what does Goldsmith have to do with global warming trends?"

"We don't have anything definite, but our American friends have passed on some most interesting information. It seems that six months ago in London..."

*Nab.* We're just kidding. A Timothy Dalton Bond movie would never be *that* good. But these days, *real life is*. Welcome to the late 1980s and the world of Bondmania, where life not only imitates Bond but goes it one better—cooler, weirder, more farfetched.

For those of us under the age of 45 or so, the roots of the current Bondmania lie in our youth. A James Bond movie is—what with all the nifty gadgets and supine women and a hero whose *raison d'être* is to remain unflappably put together under any and all circumstances—built like the ultimate adolescent-male fantasy machine. For a boy of 12 or 13, seeing a Bond film for the first time is a revelation: there, on the screen, is everything he has ever wanted in a movie; it's perfect and it's mind-blowing. Never again in his moviegoing life—not to mention real life—will his needs be so unerringly catered to. Never mind that the pacing and suspense of a Bond film are far from Hitchcockian (or even De Palma-esque). Never mind that the script occasionally stumbles, that the tone is smarmy, that the direction is unimaginative, that many of the performances grate, that the whole enterprise is staggeringly formulaic—it's just so cool when he finds that gold-painted girl. Watch a group of kids coming out of a Bond movie: they're humming the music, reliving the good parts. They're high, almost embarrassingly so (anything that gives this much pleasure must be illicit). And one thought races through their fired-up nervous systems: *I want to be James Bond.*

Eventually, most of them grow up and shed the role models of adolescence for those of maturity. Maybe they still secretly want to be James Bond, maybe they treasure their underwater watches and cellular phones and sports cars. But outwardly they settle for Lee Iacocca or Tom (*In Search of Excellence*)

Peters as their avatar. After all, Bond never had to pay off a mortgage or get invited to join the Rotary Club.

Some men, however, hold on to dreams of 007-hood with the grim tenacity with which Roger Moore clung to the role. They don tuxedos at the drop of a dinner invitation. They read wine columns. They surround themselves with gadgets, make a point of drinking martinis and even, perhaps, hum the Bond theme every time they find themselves walking through a parking garage or an airport terminal. After a divorce or two, they begin very publicly dating bimbos who seem born to squeal "James!" at the sound of automatic gunfire. Like the Bond series itself, these men tend, with age, toward self-caricature.

Consider a man who, having amassed a fortune through the exploitation of rich and tasteless Europeans and Arabs, is free to indulge an adolescent fixation on Bond-like playthings: a monster yacht with solid gold fixtures and a bulletproof sun deck; a shiny-black private helicopter with stealthy, silent engines. He fancies himself a sportsman on the grandest scale, flaunts his intention to build the world's tallest building, and resides both in a Byzantine 118-room Florida compound and atop the sleek Ur-glam, \$750-a-square-foot Manhattan apartment tower bearing his very own name. He even marries a Czechoslovakian model and former Olympic skier with an oddly mannish name. But his is a damaged personality; sadly, he is drawn to the dark side of the Bond myth: manipulating empires, wallowing in excess, throwing around his portentous name with the monomania of an Auric Goldfinger. This man is real, and his name, of course, is Trump—Donald Trump. He is Bondmania personified—a living, breathing, quality-of-life-ruining grotesquerie of the sort once

## AGENTS OF CHAOS

William F. Buckley Jr.

Andy Warhol

Bobby Zarem

## WHAT IS IT ABOUT ARCHITECTS THAT'S INHERENTLY BLOFELD-LIKE?

Norman Foster

Helmut Jahn

Philip Johnson



I. M. Pei

Robert A. M. Stern

## INDESTRUCTIBLE MONSTROUS HENCHMEN AND SLIMY LITTLE KILLERS WHO TURN UP AGAIN IN THE FINAL MINUTES JUST WHEN BOND AND THE GIRL ARE ABOUT TO UNWIND ON THE TRAIN/PLANE/INFLATABLE LIFE RAFT

Truman Capote

Roger Ebert

Andre the Giant

Dean Johnson

Baird Jones

Luciano Pavarotti



William "Refrigerator" Perry

## BOND GIRLS: PUSSY GALORES, HONEYCHILE RIDERS AND HOLLY GOODHEADS

Nora Astorga

Bianca Jagger

Fawn Hall

Jerry Hall

Iman

Sherry Lansing

Ricky (Ralph) Lauren

Queen Noor

Princess Stephanie



Gloria von Thurn und Taxis  
Katarina Witt



**GIRLS KILLED OFF IN THE FIRST REEL TO HELP SET THE PLOT IN MOTION**

Nell Campbell  
Sarah Ferguson  
Marla Hanson  
Kelly Klein



Carrie Leigh  
Sally Quinn  
Heather Watts



Vanessa Williams

**OCTOPUSSIES AND ROSA KLEBBS**  
Sandra Bernhard



Pat Buckley  
Tina Chow  
Joni Evans  
Raisa Gorbachev  
Martina Navratilova  
Yoko Ono



Liz Smith  
Candy Spelling  
Ivana Trump  
Diana Vreeland

**MISS MONEYPENNY**

Princess Anne  
Nancy Kissinger  
Shirley Lord



Margaret Thatcher

**REAL WOMEN WITH VAGUELY LEWD OR OTHERWISE BOND-LIKE NAMES**

Barbara Bush  
Fanne Foxe  
Tipper Gore  
Tawny Kitaen  
Lisa Loving  
Sally Ride  
Tahnee Welch

thought to be the strict province of Ian Fleming's imagination. (Trump was 16 years old when *Dr. No* introduced Bond to the big screen in 1962.)

Or consider Sir James Goldsmith's far-flung, incoherently diverse economic empire or Mike Milken and his plan to create vast semiautonomous industrial zones in Mexico, teeming with Mexican workers producing U.S.-bound Japanese goods. This is capitalism on an insane extranational scale, accountable to no one—a hallmark of Bond's outsize world, where unstable men build launching pads in volcanoes, mobilize private armies, hijack submarines and spaceships with the ease of teenage girls filching drugstore lipsticks. (Milken was 15 in 1962.) In some ways the world has passed Fleming by: in the light of Reagan-era morality, Goldfinger, Hugo Drax and *Dr. No* can be seen as nothing more frightening than highly successful, unusually colorful entrepreneurs, suitable subjects for a *Manhattan, inc.* cover story or a Tony Schwartz-transcribed best-seller.

But the contagious lure of Bondmania isn't limited to individuals. For the past seven years the entire Reagan administration has been acting as if it just walked out of *Thunderball*: the so-called Strategic Defense Initiative has far less to do with *Star Wars* than with *Diamonds Are Forever*, which featured exactly the sort of missile-destroying space-based laser the Defense Department is currently spending \$4-billion a year to replicate. (In the film, the evil Blofeld had the advantages both of not having to contract through the Pentagon and of living in a universe where the laws of physics were different from our own.) The Iran-contra affair was another apotheosis of Bondmania, what with top-secret cakes and suicide pills and shady arms dealers and implausibly convoluted schemes (sell weapons to Islamic

fanatics to raise money to pay Central American guerrillas halfway around the world) and all manner of cartoonish skulduggery elevated as government policy—isn't Oliver North just a campier version of Bond's CIA sidekick, Felix Leiter? Were he not 24 years in the grave, Ian Fleming would feel proud (Alexander Cockburn, writing in *American Film*, holds Fleming partly responsible for the formation of the CIA, the Suez affair, the Kennedy assassination and the pursuit of the cold war into the 1960s). Or maybe just ripped off.

These days, even those of us with lesser means than Trump, Goldsmith, Milken and the United States government can have ready access to the kinds of fetishistic props that Bond's quartermaster, Q, ritualistically doles out in film after film. For instance, just in the attaché case line: cases that deal high-voltage electric shocks (\$995); cases that erase electronic records (\$3,995); cases that contain hidden video cameras (\$12,995); cases that will foil a .44 Magnum. (Attaché cases are inherently Bondmaniacal: Bond's knife-holding, gas-spewing model in *From Russia With Love* is the seminal 007 gadget.) Increasingly, electronics seem designed to fulfill the longings of Bonds manqués: CD players; radar detectors; pocket TVs; TVs that recede into cabinets and desks; hand-held photocopiers; cordless telephones; cars with on-board computers; bar-graph speedometers and dashboard-screen electronic maps; nearly anything in a Sharper Image catalog. In other words, technology with wit, technology that was once used to save the world from SMERSH and SPECTRE and is today employed to distract the spiritually bankrupt.

It could be argued that since the Bond films portray an exaggerated, fantastic world, Bondmania is

## THE REAL-LIFE 007 VIXEN: BRIGITTE NIELSEN

The big shoulders. The masculine swagger. The high-profile ball-busting. The intimations of close personal relationships with people of the same gender. More woman than most men can handle, more man than they will ever be.

No, it's not Pussy Galore—it's Brigitte Nielsen, the gold digging ex-Mrs. Sly Stallone, the on-and-off lover of Mark Gastineau, a woman with no values (not to mention taste), a woman who's truly a match for 007's cruel, cold embrace. Because the quintessential Bond girl is one seemingly untamable—feral yet inwardly hungering for the sting of her



master's hand (this, we remind you, is Ian Fleming's vision, not ours). The bimbos, the Jill St. Johns and Britt Eklands, make no lasting impression. Instead we remember the hard ones, the ones that put up a fight: Honor Blackman as

Pussy Galore in *Goldfinger*, Diana Rigg as Tracey (the short-lived Mrs. Bond) in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Ursula Andress as Honeychile Rider in *Dr. No*, even Grace Jones as May Day in the nadir that was *A View to a Kill*.

But give in the Bond girls always do, truculent children who in the end need only a little discipline to turn them into obedient filles. As a lover, Bond is stern, even a little thick—a big daddy in wolf's clothing. A mean daddy. And if any woman ever deserved one of those in her life, it's the ex-Mrs. Stallone. God knows, she's a bad enough actress for the part.

—B.H.





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# FARFETCHED PLOT DEVICES

the *Challenger* disaster



the drought  
Mount St. Helens  
AIDS  
the Gulf War  
acid rain  
the Vincennes episode  
KAL Flight 007  
the return to the  
gold standard  
Legionnaires' disease  
the Crash of '87



the Korean Olympics

# INCREDIBLY COOL BOND-LIKE STUFF

cigarette boats  
Fax machines  
oenophilia  
the return of the  
*Orient Express*



the Stealth bomber  
TV home-security systems  
cellular phones  
Ariane, the Eurosatellite  
the Concorde  
slicked-down hair  
Metropolitan Tower  
all European airports  
new United Terminal at  
O'Hare International  
Airport  
the I. M. Pei pyramid at  
the Louvre  
Ted Turner's menagerie  
Michael Jackson's  
menagerie  
the Playboy Mansion  
the fad for English  
receptionists  
Lloyd's of London building  
George Lucas's Skywalker  
Ranch  
private armies  
hand-held photocopiers  
Brasilia  
paint-gun war games  
performance driving  
laptop computers  
lapdogs  
underwater radios  
the world's 140 billionaires  
Farrakhan's bow-tied  
bodyguards  
the Trump Princess

# THE REAL-LIFE 007 GADGET MASTER: STUART FIELDS

Of all the characters in all the James Bond films, the only even remotely lovable one is Q, the dotty old tinkerer-quartermaster who outfits 007 with each film's arsenal of new secret-agent gadgetry. Stuart Fields, New York's real-life Q, is not lovable. He's a businessman, hustling to get ahead in the lucrative world of high-tech espionage supplies. "I don't know who you are—you may be competition, you may be anyone," he complained when asked for an interview.

Fields is a salesman with CCS Communication Control Inc., which claims to be "the recognized leader in privacy protection, antiterrorism and general security." He agreed to allow *SPY* to visit him at his notch-above-Levitz midtown showroom—the CounterSpy Shop—where he takes orders for bulletproof jockstraps (\$250), homing devices disguised as hearing aids (\$5,800) and SuperCars that emit tear gas, spray oil slicks and provide hidden portholes so that gun-toting passengers "can return fire in total



safety" (\$100,000). (Timid potential customers who aren't ready for a personal encounter with Mr. Fields may wish to take in the CCS display case at The Plaza hotel, now owned by Bond guy Donald Trump; it's near the gift shop.)

Fields works under constraints that would baffle Q. "New York has strict laws concerning tear gas and knives," he explained when asked why he sold no version of the Q/Bond attaché case seen in *From Russia With Love*. However, he did have one model—the Shocker—that when activated sends 47,000 volts through anyone unfortunate enough to pick it up, which raised some seri-

ous questions about prudence and ethics. For instance: does he discriminate between responsible clients with legitimate security needs and irresponsible practical jokers? He shrugged and arched an eyebrow. "Business is business," he said.

"We get lots of rock stars," Fields continued, "who come in and say, 'Hey, I need my Calvin Klein jeans jacket bulletproofed, because I always wear it and anyone who wanted to get me would know that.'"

Although Fields refused to provide any bulletproofed musicians' names, he did divulge some of his high-level, Eyes Only, intelligence-agency-like sales strategies. "We read the papers every day, and if I see, for example, that Joe So-and-so down at Kidder, Peabody has just been busted for insider trading or something, I'm on the phone calling every brokerage house in town, saying, 'See what happened to those guys? Well, I can make sure it don't happen to you.'"

—Bob Mack

merely a manifestation of technology's catching up with science fiction. But it's worth noting here that most visions of the future don't come true. The average American dad isn't flying off to work in a wood-paneled family "auto-copter"; but if he has the money and the inclination, he *could* be driving a car that has bulletproof windows or converts into a boat or throws out a smoke screen.

Those in thrall to Bondmania aren't necessarily aware of the fact. When an *M* magazine-reading middle-aged man is overcome with an urge to scuba dive, he isn't *consciously* thinking *Thunderball*. When Princess Stephanie affects a tomboyish look, she's not *specifically* trying to emulate Pussy Galore's ambiguous charms. When the city of Washington builds a subway system with smooth-running burnished-steel trains and cavernous vaulted stations, or when New York City spends decades and \$800 million on a giant tunnel under 63rd Street, they aren't *exactly* trying to re-create one of any number of Bond-villain control centers. But would any of this have happened in a Bondless universe?

As the twentieth century spins out of control world problems and crises take on bizarre, Bondian hues.

Civilian airliners get shot out of the sky, space shuttles explode—it's the stuff of every Bond movie's overproduced precredit sequence. Crop failures, first in the Soviet Union and then in the American Midwest, seem less explicable as random global catastrophes than as the results of machinations by pan-European supervillains. What is the Greenhouse Effect if not the grand design of a Blofeld or a Drax? (And what is Claus von Bülow if not a less ambitious Blofeld?)

Have you ever ordered a martini and not worried about whether you understood the distinction between shaken and stirred? Have you ever put on a tuxedo and not felt the urge to pack a Walther PPK? And have you ever driven past an Aston Martin and not fantasized about an ejector seat? Or had a kicking fight with a vicious German crone and not remembered Rosa Klebb? We doubt it.

Bond has entered the fabric of contemporary life, *real life*, whether we want him there or not. Like 26 years' worth of would-be world dominators, we prefer to make the best of it; we curl our lip and proffer mock hospitality in mock aristocratic tones. We say, "We were expecting you, Meester Bond." ☛



**"I CAN'T BE  
BOTHERED.  
IT'S TOO COMPLICATED.  
I'M TOO BUSY  
TO FIGURE IT OUT."**

*Betsy Ross. Designer of the American Flag, 1777.*



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**HEARST MAGAZINES**

Unprecedented Opportunities

Woman Power • Man Power • Gold Buy • Home Buy

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# WOMAN POWER

**Target: Women in a woman's  
changing world.**

In a woman's ever-changing world, one thing stays the same—her loyalty to her favorite magazines. *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Country Living*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Redbook*. In other words, Hearst Woman Power.

**Our 5 women's books  
dominate their fields.**

One reason our magazines dominate their fields is because all five have distinct personalities. Just as no two women are alike, no two Woman Power magazines are alike either.

**We know 53 million  
unduplicated women.  
And we discount up to 45%.**

With Woman Power, you can reach 53 million unduplicated women\*. Combine that with potential discounts of up to 45%, and you'll understand why Woman Power is a sensible buy analytically, as well as intuitively.

**Who says Woman Power  
is complicated?**

Take the easy way out. Let us do the work for you. You'll save enough to give your medium-sized account the buying power of a large one. And your large account the clout of a giant. There's even a cross-over discount available with Hearst Man Power—unprecedented opportunities that will reach both sexes.

PAGE LEVEL	NUMBER OF MAGAZINES & DISCOUNTS**		
	3	4	5
6 EACH	5%	7%	9%
12 EACH	6%	8%	10%
18 EACH	7%	9%	11%
24 EACH	8%	10%	12%
30 EACH	9%	11%	13%
36 EACH	10%	12%	14%
42 EACH	11%	13%	15%
48 EACH	12%	14%	16%

\*SOURCE: 1987 FALL MRI

# MAN POWER

**Target: Men who matter,  
indoors and out.**

The men who read *Esquire*, *Sports Afield*, and *Popular Mechanics* might seem different, but they all have one thing in common. *They enjoy their leisure time*—and they're willing to spend a bundle on it.

**Where are all the men lately?  
With us—we've found  
15 million of them.**

Hearst Man Power reaches a cross section of American men. It lets you target-niche 15 million of them when they're primed to spend money—during their leisure time. Man Power is a powerful package that delivers more men than *Sports Illustrated*, *Playboy*, and *Penthouse*. More men than any other newsweekly.

What's more, Man Power's efficiency is even more impressive than its reach—because Man Power offers a lower CPM against men than *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Newsweek*, *U.S. News* and *Time*.\*

**Man Power stretches a dollar.**

You start saving with just six combined pages in a two or three book combination of *Esquire*, *Sports Afield*, and *Popular Mechanics*, and save all the way up to \$250,000. Up to \$3,000 per page over and above any individual magazine discount.

Think of Man Power as a way to stretch your advertising dollars and put muscle in your budget.

COMBINED PAGES REQUIRED	TWO MAGAZINES		THREE MAGAZINES	
	MINIMUM PAGES REQUIRED IN EACH MAGAZINE	DISCOUNT FOR QUALIFIED PAGES**	MINIMUM PAGES REQUIRED IN EACH MAGAZINE	DISCOUNT FOR QUALIFIED PAGES**
6	2	\$1,200/PAGE	1	\$2,200/PAGE
9	3	1300	2	2300
12	4	1400	3	2400
15	6	1500	4	2500
18	8	1600	5	2600
24	10	1700	6	2700
30	12	1800	8	2800
36	14	1900	10	2900
48	18	2000	12	3000

\*SOURCE: 1987 FALL MRI



# GOLD BUY

## Target: The High and the Mighty.

The Gold Buy targets America's wealthiest consumers. With six advertisements each in *Colonial Homes*, *Connoisseur*, *Esquire*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *House Beautiful*, *Motor Boating & Sailing*, and *Town & Country*, you can reach nearly half of all \$100,000 households\*.

## Money here, there, everywhere. Especially in your pocket.

Consider the reach that three advertisements in each of The Gold Buy magazines delivers. Half the people who spend \$2,000+ on a watch. Half the people who spend \$500+ on cosmetics and fragrances. Nearly half who spend \$5,000+ on home furnishings, and buy wine or liquor by the case. Not to mention the 33% who bought a new car this year\* Impressive.

## Travel in the best consumer circles.

It's no wonder Gold Buy magazines are written for and about people who have perfected the art of good living. Only the best will do.

## The Gold Buy Rush.

If you have any lingering doubts, remember that the only way to reach the rich is to think rich and plunge into unprecedented opportunity. Namely, Hearst's Gold Buy. Once you hear more about the Gold Buy numbers, you'll want to rush into it.

PAGE LEVEL	NUMBER OF MAGAZINES & DISCOUNTS**				
	3	4	5	6	7
1 EACH			5%	7%	9%
2 EACH		5%	7%	9%	10%
3 EACH	5%	7%	9%	10%	11%
4 EACH	6%	8%	10%	11%	12%
5 EACH	7%	9%	11%	12%	13%
6-11 EACH	8%	10%	12%	13%	14%
12-36 EACH	9%	11%	13%	14%	15%

Once an advertiser has reached a qualification level including 6 pages or more in *Colonial Homes*, each page will count as 2 pages for the purpose of a qualification level.

\*SOURCE: 1987 MMR

# HOME BUY

## Target: Spend-at-Homes

No sooner do homeowners purchase their homes, than they go out shopping to fill them. And the shopping continues, month after month, year after year. Because as everyone knows, a house is never finished.

Before these homeowners go shopping, 70% look for ideas and products in the pages of *Colonial Homes*, *Country Living*, and *House Beautiful*.

## Affluence is what's behind our doors.

Just three ads in each of The Hearst Home Buy magazines reach an audience with considerable clout: 25% who spend \$1,000+ on home furnishings. 26% who own homes valued over \$200,000. 21% of all professional managerial women\*. Powerful numbers under one Home Buy roof.

PAGE LEVEL	DISCOUNT**
3 EACH	5%
4 EACH	7%
5 EACH	8%
6-36 EACH	9%

Once an advertiser has reached a qualification level including 6 pages or more in *Colonial Homes*, each page will count as 2 pages for the purpose of a qualification level.

\*SOURCE: 1987 FALL MRI

## Hearst Magazines. Unprecedented opportunities and how to get them.

- *Victoria* is available as a supplement to any package qualifier.
- Contract year need not coincide with the advertiser's contract year with individual magazines.
- Only pages run within a designated consecutive 12-month period will qualify.
- The 12-month period to be designated for the purpose of the package is left to the discretion of the advertiser.
- Pages used for one package qualification may not be used toward any other package qualification. In other words, the same pages cannot be counted in two packages.
- For further information, please contact your magazine sales representative or call Power Packages Advertising Sales at (212) 649-2700.

\*\*DISCOUNTS ARE OVER AND ABOVE INDIVIDUAL MAGAZINE VOLUME AND FREQUENCY DISCOUNTS.

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When you buy a Hearst Magazines Power Package, you get more than upfront discounts. You can choose from these merchandising opportunities.

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- Sales Incentive Programs
- Promotional Brochures
- Direct Mailings to Targeted Consumers
- Use of Hearst Magazines Reader Panels
- Focus Group Research
- Quantitative Marketing Research
- Use of Hearst Trade Publications
- Use of Hearst Special Publications
- Creation of Single-Sponsored Publications
- Producing Promotional Videos
- Special Opportunities on Hearst Cable TV Stations

For a specialized look into our programs, call your Power Packages Sales Representative at (212) 649-2700.

## **HEARST MAGAZINES**

Unprecedented Opportunities

COLONIAL HOMES • CONNOISSEUR • COSMOPOLITAN • COUNTRY LIVING • ESQUIRE  
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING • HARPER'S BAZAAR • HOUSE BEAUTIFUL • MOTOR BOATING & SAILING  
POPULAR MECHANICS • REDBOOK • SPORTS AFIELD • TOWN & COUNTRY • VICTORIA

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STARTING RIGHT NOW, WE ARE NEVER GOING TO SAY ANYTHING  
 UNKIND ABOUT ANYONE EVER AGAIN. *WE'RE LYING.* BUT WHAT OF IT?  
 THESE DAYS, SO IS EVERYONE ELSE. ABOUT LAYOFFS, ABOUT PAYOFFS,  
 ABOUT DAYS OFF, ABOUT EVERYTHING. AND NOT ONLY DOES  
 NO ONE CARE, NO ONE EVEN BOTHERS TO CALL IT LYING. INSTEAD  
 WE ENDURE MISSTATEMENTS, TRUTHFUL HYPERBOLE, COLORFUL  
 FIGURES OF SPEECH. FORTUNATELY, MARK LASSWELL STILL KNOWS  
 LIARS WHEN HE SEES THEM. AND HERE THEY ARE, THE YEAR'S MOST  
 BALDLY MENDACIOUS, CAUGHT AT LAST WITH THEIR PANTS ON FIRE

# the year in LYING

Lying has traditionally been considered the province of the dirty rat. Its discovery would prompt ugly conclusions about one's personal integrity—it *was something to get away with*. It has now become apparent that of all the myriad achievements of the Reagan administration, the one that will last longest—the elemental legacy—is the rehabilitation of lying.

The rethinking of lying that began when Reagan swore to uphold the Constitution reached its logical conclusion during last year's Iran-contra congressional hearings. The testimony of not-yet-indicted Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams, former National Security Council aide Oliver North and former NSC adviser Robert McFarlane was a watershed for liars everywhere: suddenly, truth benders were heroic rascals, lovable scallwags, executive-branch buccaneers who boasted — *boasted!* —

of their duplicity.

In the year since Iranscam stopped airing live and went into special-prosecutor syndication, publicists, corporate spokesmen, politicians and other newly unfettered professional liars have learned to float unashamedly the first whopper that comes to mind. Lying has become more strategy than sin: everyone does it, usually to good effect. This bald, giddy mendacity has a pleasing kick of childishness that goes hand in hand with rolling up the deficit and blithely ignoring the poor—it's *fun* to be irresponsible!

How far have we come? A *New York Times* article last spring about the emerging psychiatric view of lying quoted Arnold Goldberg, a professor of psychiatry at Rush Medical College in Chicago: "The ability to lie is a human achievement, one of those abilities that tends to set

them apart from all other species."

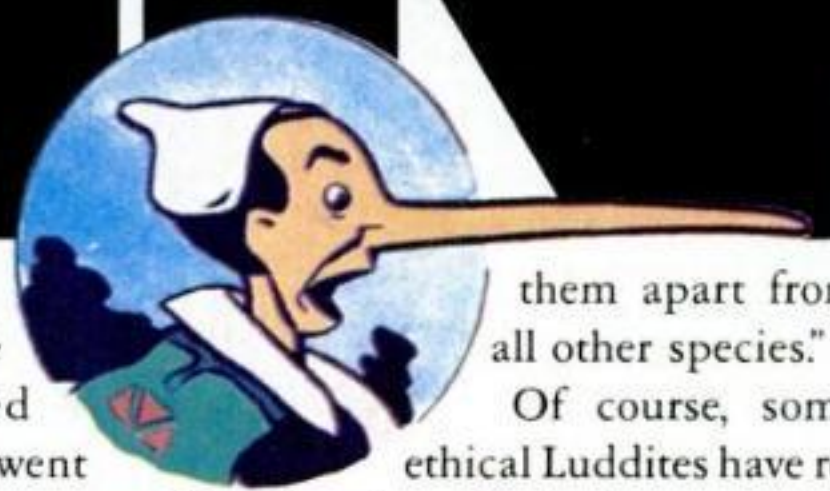
Of course, some ethical Luddites have refused to play by the new rules. On slow days prosecutors still dust off hoary statutes and serve up indictments for fraud and perjury, and hidebound editorial writers still bay for the resignation of politicians caught exercising the right to lie.

*This is a betrayal of the Reagan legacy.* One little fib to a grand jury and they get out the long knives. Sad to say, the new order does not always stand up well to such attacks: many who lied in good faith under the umbrella of this laissez-faire age suddenly find themselves resorting to old-fashioned lying to cover their lies or, worse, *confessing and plea bargaining*. The Year in Lying, then, is dedicated to innocent liars like Ronald Reagan himself, who has consistently taken the elegant way out—a shrug, a win-

some smile, an admission of forgetfulness.

**LIES WITH CONSEQUENCES** **A**nthony R. Ameruso, New York City's transportation commissioner for seven years, lied to a grand jury to conceal his \$250,000 investment in a firm associated with a ferry company whose operating permit he signed eleven days before leaving office. The judge called Ameruso's perjury "stupid."

**Justice Francis X. Smith**, the former Queens administrative judge, was convicted of five perjury counts and four criminal-contempt charges for his unstinting lies to a grand jury about his discussions with John Zaccaro Sr., Donald Manes and a cable-television company very interested in servicing Queens. Smith, sentenced to a year in prison, said he was only trying to help out some "honest businessmen."





# THE AWFUL TRUTH

(Liars are ranked according to SPY's Pinocchio scale, which assigns any given fabrication a numerical rating [0-5]. Like the Richter scale, our index is geometric; thus, a falsehood that tips the scale at 3.5 is 100 times more naughty than one that measures only 2.5. The liar against whom all others are measured is former president Richard Nixon.)

	LITTLE WHITE LIES	FIBS	COCK-AND-BULL STORIES	BALD-FACED PREVARICATIONS	WHOPPERS
Richard Nixon					
Joseph Biden	claim that Pat was born on St. Patrick's Day	1962 claim that he would drop out of politics			
Shere Hite	e.g., Nixon's	e.g., Nixon's			
Rev. Jesse Jackson					
Billy Martin					
Pat Robertson					
Rev. Al Sharpton					
Suzy					
Donald Trump					
Anna Wintour					

His lawyers planned to blame the bottle for **Michael Deaver's** lying to a Washington, D.C., grand jury about the use of White House connections in his lobbying efforts. They filed court documents saying they intended to show that Deaver was "a drinking alcoholic not only at the times about which he was testifying, but also at the times at which he testified." But the defense decided to rest without presenting exculpatory evidence, and the jury, given no reason to be sympathetic, found Deaver guilty of three charges of lying under oath.

Bargaining to avoid perjury and obstruction-of-justice charges, former national security adviser **Robert McFarlane** pleaded guilty this spring to four misdemeanor counts of withholding information from Congress and agreed to testify for the prosecution in Iranscam.

**Luigi Ronsisvalle**, a mob hit man whose testimony helped convict Salvatore Catalano in the "Pizza Connection" trial, recanted his story after the trial. Then he recanted his recantation, explaining that his first change of heart occurred after "some people" speaking in the Sicilian dialect visited him at his Federal Witness Protection Program hideaway to discuss the well-being of his daughter. Ronsisvalle pleaded guilty to obstruction of justice in October 1987 and arranged to be moved to a new location.

**LIES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS** When the New York Post's Page Six called **Calvin Klein's** minions last May to ask where he had disappeared to, the reporter was told that he was vacationing in the Caribbean. Klein was actually taking a monthlong drug cure at the

Hazelden Foundation in Center City, Minnesota.

**Billy Martin**, a 60-year-old man who periodically manages a professional baseball team, got into trouble this spring after his erstwhile team, the Yankees, lost a game in Arlington, Texas. Martin was in a nightclub called Lace, watching topless dancers, when a young man called him an old man. Martin hurled one errant punch before bouncers tossed him out on his head. Martin subsequently told the police a diverting version of the story in which a complete stranger held him down in the men's room while another beat him. He then told the press there were three attackers. The police investigated and said he wasn't telling the truth. Martin offered to take a lie-detector test but reneged when the *Daily News* took him up on the offer the next day. Yankees director of media relations Harvey Greene elaborated: "It was only phraseology, a phrase he used to indicate the strength of his convictions."

**THE MEN WHO WOULD BE NIXON: PRESIDENTIAL-PRIMARY LIARS** Petitions to get on the ballot in the Texas Republican presidential primary last March were so rife with forgeries and false names — Mae West's name surfaced among the signature collectors — that the party called for a federal investigation of the company hired to circulate the petitions, Southern Political Consultants. The firm and its vice president, **Rocky Mountain**, were convicted of 39 counts of misdemeanor forgery and fined a total of \$55,000.

**Senator Joseph Biden's** speeches, including his closing remarks at a debate of the presidential-primary candidates at the Iowa State Fair last fall, featured selected readings



from speeches by British Labour Party leader Neil Kinnock, Robert Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey. The sources were not acknowledged. After a welter of other revelations (see "Résumé Exaggeration," below), Biden dropped out of the race, saying he was "angry" and "frustrated" that it was "so difficult to let the American people measure the whole of Joe Biden and not just mis-statements I have made."

**Pat Robertson** cheerfully lied about everything from his wedding date to whether or not he had made remarks that only Jews and Christians are fit to govern (unfortunately for Robertson, the remarks had been preserved on videotape, the newest form of lie detector). When his libel suit against former congressman Paul McCloskey (for contending that Robertson had dissembled about his Korean War service record) was dismissed, Robertson blustered that he retained "the privilege of suing him once the primary is over." The judge in the case had *underlined* a passage in her own opinion that said that the ruling barred Robertson from further action against McCloskey.

**The Reverend Jesse Jackson** needlessly hedged on previous lies—a new recollection had him not cradling the dying Martin Luther King Jr.'s head so much as "reaching out" to him (witnesses at the Memphis motel where King was shot place Jackson in its courtyard, far beyond "reach" of the balcony where King fell—which still begs the question of how Jackson got blood on the shirt he frequently displayed in the days after the assassination as a totem of his closeness to King).

Michael Dukakis's speeches were predictably and tediously lie-free. But Dukakis aide **Paul Tully** did lie to *Time* magazine about not having distributed

the instructive Biden/Kinnock videotape, even though he had already given copies of it to *The New York Times*, *The Des Moines Register* and NBC News. Given the prevailing atmosphere of ethical laissez-faire, the subsequent resignations of Tully and campaign manager John Sasso were matched for sheer ethical weirdness only by the hysteria that attended press secretary **Larry Speakes's** passing mention last spring that he had concocted a few quotes for President Reagan. Speakes subsequently resigned his job as vice president of communications at Merrill Lynch, more bewildered than remorseful.

**Senator Albert Gore**, campaigning in Iowa last fall, told an interviewer that as an investigative reporter in the 1970s, he "got a bunch of people indicted and sent to jail" with his articles for *The Tennessean* in Nashville. In fact, the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* reported, no one ever went to jail as a result of Gore's investigative work, although two people were indicted. Only one of the two was convicted, and he didn't serve any time. Reminded of this, Gore called his boast "a careless statement that was unintentional" and claimed it was a onetime mistake. W. Hampton Sides, a freelance writer who wrote about Gore for *Memphis* magazine in 1986, said Gore had "told me several people went to prison" as a result of his reportorial sleuthing.

**FOURTH ESTATE LIARS** Literary agent **Andrew Wylie** sold English author Richard Rayner's *L.A. Without a Map* to Random House last year for the company's Vintage Departures imprint, a line of factual adventure stories. Wylie signed the nonfiction contract without telling the editors that the book was a *novel*; Random House discovered the problem

only after the manuscript was edited and sent to the legal department. "Plans have been changed," said a Random House spokeswoman. *L.A. Without a Map* will now be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson.

Last fall **Shere Hite**, née Shirley Diana Gregory, posed as assistant Diana Gregory when she placed haranguing calls to reporters about the much-criticized methodology of her book *Women and Love*. When receiving calls from reporters, she used the name Joan Brookbank. Appearing under her own name on *The Oprah Winfrey Show* last November, Hite defended herself by claiming that Herbert Gans, president of the American Sociological Association, had said "my methodology is great." Reached for comment by SPY, Gans said he hadn't read the book.

*Newsweek* correspondent **Richard Manning** was fired last February when a magazine researcher noticed that the profiles Manning had filed from the Winter Olympics were just as tedious as the ones that had appeared in *Sports Illustrated*. His editors considered it plagiarism, and not the natural consequence of paying too much attention to personality-free athletes.

*New York Times* rock critic **Stephen Holden** lied alliteratively in a review in which he claimed to have witnessed a "rollicking version" of "Rosalita" at a Bruce Springsteen concert last May. Springsteen did not perform the song on the night in question, but he did include it on a set list apparently referred to by Holden. The *Times* told a *New York Post* reporter that it would print a clarification of Holden's review; apparently that was a lie, too, for no clarification appeared.

*New York Post* society columnist **Suzy** likes to see her name

in her own column even when she's on vacation, so she writes columns in advance of her departure. This practice sometimes has the novel effect, as *Newsday's* James Revson noticed last March, of placing people at parties they didn't attend, consuming food that wasn't served. Suzy, calling her column "a class act loaded with prestige," finally admitted that she had reprinted a press release but quickly added that it is "something I never do."

For months everyone knew that *HG* editor **Anna Wintour** was going to replace *Vogue* editor Grace Mirabella at the Condé Nast magazine factory. Wintour surely knew, too, but she assembled her staff and told them there was no truth to the rumors. Two weeks later S.I. Newhouse replaced Mirabella with Wintour.

**LIES ENCOURAGED BY A CAPITALIST SYSTEM, PART I: INSTITUTIONAL FIBS** The **Cubic Corporation** agreed to pay \$7.25 million to the federal government last March to settle a civil suit that claimed the company had defrauded the Army by falsifying test results of their hand-held land-mine detector. The company's counsel, William Stewart, said the detectors were a "good product" still being used by military forces in Egypt and Taiwan—two countries not currently engaged in extensive mine detecting.

The **Beech-Nut Nutrition Corporation** paid a \$2 million federal fine, settled a class-action suit for \$7.5 million and saw two of its executives convicted on hundreds of counts of violating the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, all because of a tiny misunderstanding over the labeling of apple juice marketed for infants. In fact, the product *may have* contained *some* apple juice—in addition to beet sugar, cane



sugar, corn syrup and other ingredients that made it something other than the 100 percent pure apple juice described on the label.

From 1978 to 1985, **The Hertz Corporation** violated the first rule of running a company engaged in fraudulent practices: *never fire anybody*. The car-rental behemoth dismissed a young Boston woman in 1984, and she retaliated by contacting the offices of the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute to chat about Hertz's practice of defrauding customers and insurance companies of millions of dollars with inflated repair bills, forged appraisals and phony repairs. The nationwide scam, administered largely by middle managers, was perpetrated in defense of that cherished car-rental institution, the Collision Damage Waiver. The victims were customers who had declined to be bullied into the CDW and had then had an accident.

#### LIES ENCOURAGED BY A CAPITALIST SYSTEM, PART II: RESUME EXAGGERATION

**Stephen Sui-Kuan Wang Jr.** told Morgan Stanley & Company he had graduated magna cum laude with a degree in finance from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. Morgan Stanley officials said they'd hired Wang during his senior year and assumed he'd received his degree but that when they found out he never did get around to being graduated they decided to let him stay on in the financial analysts' program anyway. No good deed goes unpunished: in June the Securities and Exchange Commission brought civil charges against Wang for working an insider-trading scheme that grossed \$19 million.

**Morton Downey Jr.** has long claimed a multitude of vaguely impressive accom-

plishments—founding the American Basketball Association, founding the World Boxing League, lobbying for the American Home Products Corporation—but his role as the producer of the song "Wipe Out" was perhaps his most cherished achievement. Now that Downey's television talk show has brought him a measure of success, he has relaxed his grip on that story: "The most you could say was that I was there."

**Senator Joseph Biden** lied with earnest spontaneity during the presidential primaries. When a New Hampshire voter asked about Biden's law school record, Biden retorted, "I think I have a much higher IQ than you do." Biden then proved it by awarding himself an extra degree; graduating himself in the top half of his class, not 76th out of 85; and bestowing a full academic scholarship on himself, not a half scholarship based on financial need.

**Laura Salant**, a 31-year-old lawyer, was convicted last March of false personation after she posed for an identification picture with her hair pulled back and manish eyebrows penciled in and then showed up at the California bar exam with the spurious ID, using her husband's name and poorly concealing her seven-month pregnancy. Salant placed her husband third out of 7,688 taking the bar exam. On his own, he had previously scored in the bottom 20 percent.

Jurors at the first trial of **Representative Mario Biaggi** and his businessman friend **Meade Esposito**, who were up on fraud, bribery and conspiracy charges last year, were entertained by Organized Crime Strike Force tapes of discussions between the two about why Esposito was paying for

Biaggi's Florida vacation. (Esposito: "This is not a gift. It's uh, it's a, uh, manifestation of my love for you." Biaggi: "You didn't give it to me because I'm a member, member of Congress." Esposito: "Nah. Never, no bull. No way.") They were found guilty in September 1987 of the federal charges involving unlawful gratuities—"tipping," as Biaggi described it—but were cleared of the more serious charges. Last August, Biaggi was convicted on 15 felony counts in the Wedtech trial and announced that he would not seek another term in Congress.

#### LYING FOR DOLLARS

**Rowena Riggs Powell**, who has made a career of telling the humiliating lie that she is the sister of Aristotle Onassis, was sentenced to seven years in prison last December, less the 13 months she had already spent in jail. Powell's shenanigans included ordering \$24,000 in clothing and sending the bill to a friendly lawyer, and writing a generous but worthless \$1 million Onassis check to underwrite a filmmaking project. Powell's lawyer described her as an "actress" who "gained nothing but food and board."

**Patrick Quinn** lied his way onto *Super Password* last January and won \$58,600, the record for one-day winnings on the show. Unfortunately, a viewer recognized Quinn as Kerry Ketchum, wanted in both Indiana and Alaska for mail, bank and insurance fraud. Ketchum fled a trap set for him at the Mark Goodson offices on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles when he came to collect his booty but was discovered shortly afterward hiding atop a toilet seat in a public bathroom in that building and arrested. Best moment: Ketchum telling host Bert

Convy that he worked for a government listening post in Alaska.

**David Bloom** saw lying as a neat way to realize his ambition to be an art collector. According to the Securities and Exchange Commission, Bloom set up a fake investment business, collected \$10 million from trusting investors and had two very nice years, buying a \$4.7 million collection of American art, a \$1.9 million house in East Hampton and an \$830,000 condo at Park Avenue and 72nd Street. Two months before his arrest for mail and securities fraud last January, the 23-year-old Bloom pledged \$1 million to Duke University to encourage his alma mater's art museum to collect more American art, explaining, "When I was in school, the collection at the museum was terrible."

We're grateful for the yeoman's work performed by the many liars struggling for justice in the Tawana Brawley case, but **the Reverend Al Sharpton** deserves special mention for his exhilaratingly gratuitous fabrications (see The SPY 100, No. 1). Sharpton, who sometimes sleeps with curlers in his interesting hair and has paid no federal income taxes for three years, announced this summer that Norman Lear wanted to buy his story—information that considerably surprised Lear when *Village Voice* writer William Bastone asked him about it. Bastone, a noted aficionado of Sharptonian lying, reported last February that the black activist hadn't voted since 1978. Sharpton denied it, then said it was true but noted that the *Voice* was racist for reporting the fact. In an effort to put that revelation behind him, Sharpton pledged to vote in the April Democratic presidential primary. He didn't. ☛



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IN THIS FAST-PACED WORLD OF OURS, WHERE HEROICS ARE MEASURED BY THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE BOTTOM LINE, WE TOO OFTEN FIND OURSELVES YEARNING FOR SIMPLER, LESS HARROWING TIMES. HELLO, TODD EDAN MILLER. MR. MILLER'S "ABSOLUT SARTRE" ENTRY PROVIDED A GULP OF FRESH AIR FOR THE JUDGES OF OVER 1,000 ENTRIES IN SPY'S ABSOLUT PARTICIPATION CONTEST, DEMONSTRATING THAT WE NEED NOT BE OVERLY CONCERNED WITH THE CONCRETE. WE DON'T NEED TO SLAVISHLY SEARCH FOR APPROVAL. YES, MR. MILLER SHOWED US THAT NOTHING CAN, INDEED, BE EVERYTHING.



THE SPY 100 IS BACK, AND IT'S BIGGER AND MORE SCIENTIFIC THAN EVER BEFORE. WELL, THE SAME SIZE AND JUST AS SCIENTIFIC. SOME OF LAST YEAR'S HONOREES, HOWEVER, ARE NOT BACK, AND WE HOPE READERS WON'T BE DISMAYED, FOR EXAMPLE, TO FIND THAT WE HAVE DEEMED ALFONSE D'AMATO UNWORTHY OF INCLUSION THIS YEAR. PLEASE NOTE: *FAILURE TO*

*retain one's spot in The SPY 100 in no way constitutes endorsement, exoneration or even mild tolerance of the formerly listed. Rather, being sloughed from the list suggests either (a) an off year, and with it the tantalizing possibility of reinstatement in 1989, or (b) merely transient infamy (No. 82 in 1987 was "The Garbage Barge").*

# the SPY

OUR  
ANNUAL  
CENSUS OF  
THE MOST  
ANNOYING,  
ALARMING  
AND  
APPALLING  
PEOPLE,  
PLACES  
AND THINGS



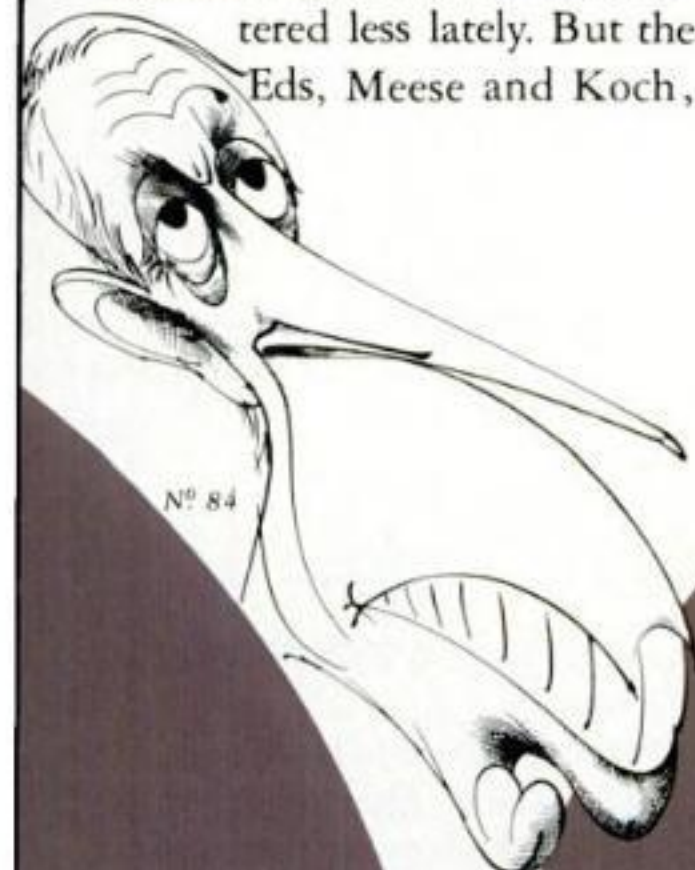


SPY taketh away, but SPY also giveth. Fish out last year's SPY 100 and you will find no trace of Al Sharpton or *Dirty Dancing*; this year, it's party time. Similarly, repeaters have risen or fallen in the ranks. Ronald Reagan slips from No. 2 to No. 12 only because he has mattered less lately. But the Eds, Meese and Koch,

had banner years, and this is reflected in their standing. (Despite well-intended suggestions that we publish the entire *SPY* 1,000—No. 562, for instance, is "The Cancellation of Eastern Airlines Service to Kansas City," No. 948 is "The Firing of the Cheese Man at the Fairway Food Store"—even *we* feel that might be too much of a good thing.

The formula is the same as last year, and as in 1987, a team of rigorously trained editorial interns assembled most of the raw data and checked all our long division with a pocket calculator they shared. The elements of the equation (which is *below*, inside the second zero), are for the most part self-explanatory, but a few reminders:

1987 rank doesn't figure into the calculations; Inherent Loathsomeness reflects our visceral reaction to an honoree; the SPY Audit is our money category; and Mitigating Factors is where, usually reluctantly, we are able to admit to ourselves—and to our readers, which we find cathartic—that not everyone is all bad.



L = INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS

S = SPY MENTIONS

M = MISDEEDS

$$\text{SCORE} = \frac{L^2}{4} + \frac{[\text{MAX}(2 \times S, M) \times M + (7 \times A)]}{\sqrt{F+3}} + B$$

A = SPY AUDIT

F = MITIGATING FACTORS

B = BONUS POINTS



ILLUSTRATED BY GERALD SCARFE



1  
**AL SHARPTON**

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ... 10  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ... 6  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Always returns SPY's phone calls ..... 1  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** From Wappingers Falls to Atlanta, the world is his soapbox; called State Attorney General Robert Abrams "a Hitler" and Brooklyn assemblyman Roger Green an "Uncle Tom" and a "coon"; used his National Youth Movement and other corporations as fronts for extorting over \$1 million in the past five years; doesn't vote or pay taxes ("I want to know why I or any other black has to pay taxes"); wore a wire as a federal snitch ..... 10  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Each visit to Primadonna in Brooklyn for hairdo maintenance costs \$50 plus tip—"sometimes \$10, sometimes \$20, depending on how I feel" ... 5  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Rented an inconspicuous white Cadillac as a getaway car for Tawana Brawley ..... 10  
**SCORE** ..... 73.75

## 2

**LEONA HELMSLEY**

**1987 RANK** ..... 11  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ... 10  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ... 7  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** During her arraignment, briefly let down her composure and allowed tears to well, reminding us that even amoral greed-heads can feel sorry for themselves ..... 2  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Indicted with husband Harry for tax evasion, mail fraud and extortion; kept running self-aggrandizing ads; was in effect standing guard when improperly repaired ceiling crushed a guest under two tons of concrete at the Helmsley Windsor Hotel ..... 10  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** They pay \$1,000 a month rent for their duplex penthouse at the Helmsley Park Lane Hotel ..... 5  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Assisted bad comics by serving as butt of "I wouldn't [*do something*]-why should you?" jokes ..... 8  
**SCORE** ..... 72.64

## 4

**THE ROUGH-SEX DEFENSE**

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ... 10  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ... 2  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Robert Chambers will learn about authentically rough sex in prison ..... 1  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Allowed killers like Chambers, Long Island's Joseph Porto and Missouri's Dennis Bulloch to place the alleged habits of their victims on trial; provided work for oily attorneys Jack Litman and Barry Slotnick ..... 10  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Vile TV show *A Current*

*Affair* paid \$10,000 for Chambers's mock doll-strangulation home video ... 5  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Porto: "We were petting. She asked me to tighten the rope around her neck. I guess I pulled too tight" ..... 8  
**SCORE** ..... 66.75

## 5

**EDWIN MEESE**

**1987 RANK** ..... 8  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ... 10  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ... 9  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Aided garment industry (inspired MEESE IS A PIG

addict: "Did you come here and say, 'The heck with it, I don't need this darn thing?' Did you go through a withdrawal thing?"); the Iran-contra thing; and, of course, his groping for that whole "vision thing" ..... 8  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Donates \$10,000 a year to charities, including Phillips Academy, Yale University and the United Negro College Fund—at least two of which are Bush alma maters ..... 5  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Bush's brother says he is "hilariously funny." ... He sets up jokes or situations or stories and lets someone else get the laugh or punch line" ... 4  
**SCORE** ..... 63.25

## 3

**ED KOCH**

**1987 RANK** ..... 20  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ... 9  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ... 10  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10)** ... 3  
**MISDEEDS (1-10)** ... 9  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5)** ... 3  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10)** ... 5  
**SCORE** ..... 67.73

Mayor Koch's finest hour was, of course, the primary. In the space of a few days he endorsed Al Gore, thereby effectively ending the senator's presidential campaign; offended even his own staunchest supporters, while setting back race relations in New York City about 20 years, by saying Jews would be "crazy" to vote for Jesse Jackson; and refused to accept that maybe his behavior hadn't been beyond reproach ("I would not withdraw a single word").

So much for Koch the Unifier. We were also treated to Koch the Historian (Tennessee—a secessionist state—was, said the mayor, "with the North in the Civil War, not the South"); Koch the Hero of the People (his brief, tepidly received boycott of \$7 cinemas, during which he shrieked "Scab! Scab!" at moviegoers); Koch the Archivist (he is filling a room with a complete audio and video collection of his every public utterance); and Koch the Diplomat-at-Large (shunned by the Democratic Convention, he went to Ireland with Cardinal O'Connor—see No. 42—there to see the strife firsthand, there to form an opinion, there, inevitably, to put his foot in it). It seems that most of what the mayor has done lately is wrong, loud and stupid.

T-shirt) ..... 2  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** None, if you believe special prosecutor James McKay, who found "insufficient admissible evidence" to indict Meese in the pipeline scam and that "currently available evidence" wasn't enough to implicate him in Wedtech—ringing vindications for the nation's top law-enforcement officer ..... 8  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** McKay's anticlimactic probe cost \$1.7 million ..... 3  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** His nomination of smart, dangerous Robert Bork ..... 4  
**SCORE** ..... 66.38

## 6

**THE GEORGE BUSH THING**

**1987 RANK** ..... 18  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ... 9  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ... 10  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Called Dan Rather a bastard ..... 4  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Apologized for calling Rather a bastard; likes to mingle with the common people (Bush to recovering drug

7  
**THE RUINATION OF TIMES SQUARE**

**1987 RANK** ..... 9  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ... 10  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ... 2  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Could make Florsheim shoes harder to come by ..... 1  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Go-ahead given for monstrous Johnson-Burgee-designed "Times Square Center" buildings, which promise to make the hulking, Death Star-esque Marriott Marquis look like the Flatiron Building; four generic high-rise office towers already under construction, replacing charming, grotty, low-rise, only-in-New-York buildings ..... 9  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Old kind of Times Square prostitute cost \$50, while new (Ed Koch kind) Times Square prostitute costs city millions in tax abatements ..... 5  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** *Times's* incessant pimping for redevelopment in neighborhood of which it is a major landowner ..... 9  
**SCORE** ..... 63.00

## 8

**ENVIRONMENTAL MADNESS**

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ... 10  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ... 1  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Should help the Democrats ..... 1  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Dead dolphins. Dead seals. Dead forests. Holes in the ozone layer. The Greenhouse Effect. Acid rain. Beaches full of syringes and dead rats and vials of AIDS-contaminated blood ..... 9  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** The EPA budget is \$750 million less than it was in 1980 ..... 5  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Long Island police officer told WNBC-TV, "The beaches are open, but the ocean is closed" ..... 7  
**SCORE** ..... 61.00

## 9

**THE LONG HOT SUMMER**

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ... 10  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ... 4  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Rudolf—nightclub capo and ex-Mr. Dianne Brill—beaten in Tompkins Square riot ..... 1  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Endless, unendurable summer 1988, with endless, unendurable talk about the weather (this year's pit bull equivalent); near-record highs; humidity; brownouts; blackouts; Bill Clinton; Tom Kean; Gary Carter's 300th home run; Christ's temptation; quarantined beaches; riots; beggar-bashing; street hummocks ..... 9  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** \$538 to Con Edison to cool a smallish New York apartment for three months with two modest window air conditioners running only on weekdays ..... 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Even *Roger Rabbit* was not wholly satisfying ..... 8  
**SCORE** ..... 56.75

## 10

**DONALD TRUMP, CANDIDATE**

**1987 RANK** ..... 3  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ... 10  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ... 10  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Time spent stirring campaign rumors was time not spent planning building projects ..... 6  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Bought full-page ads in three major papers to present his crude, jingoistic views on foreign policy; accepted the attentions of both Democrats and Republicans and incited Democratic leaders in particular to humiliatingly fawn over him; said, "I'm not running for president, but if I did ... I'd win" ..... 8  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Asked to purchase 10,000 October 26, 1987, *Newsweek's* with himself on the cover ..... 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Said at GOP Convention, "Everybody wants me to do it" ..... 1  
**SCORE** ..... 56.65



11

**CHRISTIAN-NUT  
CENSORIOUSNESS**

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	9
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	3
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10)	0
MISDEEDS (1-10): Their wrath descended on <i>The Last Temptation of Christ</i> ; Franco Zeffirelli called the movie "truly horrible, completely deranged," while American Christian nuts picketed everywhere	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Campus Crusade for Christ offered to buy the Martin Scorsese film for \$10 million to destroy it	5
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Cartoon-monitoring Christian-nut group in Mississippi claimed that in his <i>New Adventures</i> , Mighty Mouse snorted cocaine	3
SCORE	56.25

12

**RONALD REAGAN**

1987 RANK	2
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	9
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	10
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Kept his bowels out of the news; signed arms-control deal; mispronounced George Bush's name while endorsing him	5
MISDEEDS (1-10): Despite the deficit, Meese, foreign policy, astrology and public incoherence, he kept America convinced that entrusting its fate to a once-genial dunce was okay	7
SPY AUDIT (1-5): \$2.5 million for the Bel Air house his southern California patrons bought for him and Nancy	2
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Hinted that after leaving office he might play himself in a movie about James Brady: "Welllll [ <i>shake, nod</i> ], I'll soon be at liberty [ <i>shake</i> ] to do that sort of thing [ <i>tremor, smile, wait for laugh with twinkling eyes</i> ]"	5
SCORE	54.66

13

**PARTY PHONE LINES**

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	9
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	1
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Kept feckless, irresponsible teens and feckless, anti-social adults at home	1
MISDEEDS (1-10): Anonymous, suggestive phone conversations with up to 12 others kept user from becoming social or responsible; displaced chocolate, love, exercise and bad men as hot pseudoaddiction/talk-show-confessional topic	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5): At up to 95 cents a minute, they're second to psychoanalysis if you want to spend money to talk	5
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Man at the Party Connection: "You can be fat or ugly or handicapped. Everyone has a chance"	8
SCORE	53.00

14

**DONALD TRUMP,  
ACQUIRER**

1987 RANK	3
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	10
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	10
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Decided to leave Hilary Knight's portrait of Eloise hanging in The Plaza	4
MISDEEDS (1-10): Bought Plaza; bought	

17

**DECLINE A-GO-GO**

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	7
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	5
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10)	2
MISDEEDS (1-10)	9
SPY AUDIT (1-5)	5
BONUS POINTS (1-10)	6
SCORE	46.57

October 19, 1987: remember the banner headlines, the giddy, guilty, ghoulish-adrenaline rush? Remember when that irate Floridian plugged his broker and everyone thought, 1929!, and instinctively checked the sky for falling bodies? Suddenly, Decline was the chic idea of the moment. Madison Avenue was pumping the airwaves full of commercials shot by palsied camera operators and featuring frightened, ashen-faced fuck-ups about to get the old heave-ho. Everywhere, cranks obsessed with parallels between fifth-century Rome and twentieth-century America were suddenly granted platforms, and just-this-side-of-the-lunatic-fringe books like Ravi Batra's *The Great Depression of 1990* enjoyed new currency, quoted by confused opinion-makers the way fundamentalist Christians quote Revelation or Californians cite Nostradamus when they get frightened by fast-moving, unexpected, ill-understood phenomena (tongues of fire, earth tremors, foreign debt). Perhaps no book profited from the moment more than Paul Kennedy's *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*. But after a while the craze died down; Reagan waved and the market drifted back up. Now Decline has become institutionalized. After all, one of the biggest disagreements between Democrats and Republicans this year concerned not who is responsible but rather the Party of Progress's contention that workers should get 60 days' notice when their plants close down—pre-Decline politics in a nutshell.

gold-coated yacht *Trump Princess*; bought Mike Tyson; bought *himself* (to run Resorts International) for \$20–\$30 million a year for his invaluable services

SPY AUDIT (1-5): Spent \$100 million more for The Plaza than it's probably worth	1
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Says he'll give The Plaza "extremely luxurious antique furnishings," with "everyone fully gloved"	2
SCORE	52.40

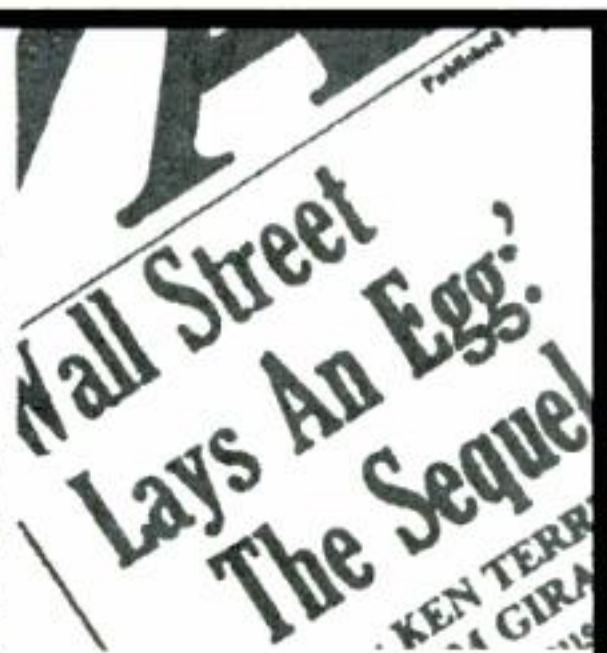
15

**DIRTY DANCING**

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	8
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	3
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): LP embarrassed CBS by outselling <i>Bad</i>	1
MISDEEDS (1-10): Two albums; "Dirty Dancing—The Concert Tour"; a TV se-	

ries; numberless critical "think pieces" about the "Dirty Dancing phenomenon"; a dance class at The Learning Annex

SPY AUDIT (1-5): The film and its merchandising have taken in more than \$250 million—mostly from teenage girls	5
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Revived Eric Carmen's career; provoked <i>Time</i> to talk about the "edge" in early-1960s music, like Lesley Gore's and Brenda Lee's	7
SCORE	47.75



16

**GARY HART**

1987 RANK	25
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	8
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	7
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Won no delegates	5
MISDEEDS (1-10): Revealed unprecedented lack of superego by reentering campaign; persuaded his sad, cuckolded wife to parade before an embarrassed public; worked the Democratic Convention as a correspondent for Italian TV	9
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Wealthy videotape peddler Stuart Karl illegally gave \$15,802 to his 1984 campaign and allowed him to welsh on a \$96,000 "loan"	2
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Hart's self-chosen epitaph: "He educated the people"	4
SCORE	46.74

18

**PAT ROBERTSON**

1987 RANK	12
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	9
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	9
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): "I certainly don't favor the programs of the Nazis"	6
MISDEEDS (1-10): Won 128 delegates as lunatic-right candidate for president; spouted empty threats when accused of using senator father's influence to escape combat; said Planned Parenthood's goal is to create a "master race"	6
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Raised \$28 million from God-fearing, tolerance-hating people	3
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Claimed that God personally directed him to buy a particular brand of television transmitter	2
SCORE	45.92

19

**THE IRAN-CONTRA  
UNPLEASANTNESS**

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	8
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	9
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): May prevent Bush from becoming president	9
MISDEEDS (1-10): Most of the mob have avoided publicity, apart from responding to their indictments; the exception was Ollie North, who surfaced to quit the Marines and accept an honorary doctorate from Jerry Falwell's Liberty University	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Cashing in on Olliemania backfired	1
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Brendan Sullivan's "I am not a potted plant," in response to attempts to keep him in order, joins Joseph Welch's "Have you no sense of decency?" as a dignified thing for an attorney to say at a congressional hearing	2
SCORE	43.17

20

**ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER**

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	7
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	3
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): <i>Phantom of the Opera</i> has yielded no ceaselessly played hit like <i>Cats</i> 's "Memories"	2
MISDEEDS (1-10): Webber's ubiquitous musicals are hummable Velveeta; the excellent Michael Crawford had to share stage with Webber's rodent-faced, Q-tip-shaped wife, Sarah Brightman, there only because Webber threw a tantrum; owns a 12-room apartment in classy Trump Tower; is planning a Steven Spielberg-directed movie of <i>Phantom of the Opera</i>	9
SPY AUDIT (1-5): <i>Cats</i> , <i>Starlight Express</i> and <i>Phantom of the Opera</i> gross \$1.6 million a week in New York alone	5
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Brightman describes her curly hair as "pre-Raphaelite"	4
SCORE	42.53



## 21

DONALD TRUMP,  
BOXING PROMOTER

1987 RANK	3
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	10
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	10
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Does not grin as menacingly as Don King	9
MISDEEDS (1-10): Hosted the Tyson-Spinks title bout; said he'd continue to host fights while becoming Tyson's "business adviser," a conflict of interest	4
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Trump's helicopter ferried a \$16 billion cargo to the fight, including Laurence Tisch, Carl Icahn and George Steinbrenner	2
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Ringside introduction of the vile Trump clan lasted longer than fight	1
SCORE	41.67

## 22

## PSEUDOBREASTS

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	7
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	3
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Revived careers	2
MISDEEDS (1-10): The return of Elly May Clampett-ish and Jayne Mansfield-ian notions of beauty; nearly 100,000 American women are undergoing breast-enlargement surgery annually; promoted by such converts as Brigitte Nielsen, Donna Rice, Jessica Hahn, Fawn Hall and Carrie Leigh, none of whom have yet publicly suffered leaking, hardening, shifting or exploding silicone sacs	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Breast-enlargement surgery costs up to \$4,000	5
BONUS POINTS (1-10): 7 Days's service piece, "The Rise of the New Boob"	5
SCORE	39.68

## 23

RACISM AND SEXISM  
IN SPORTS

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	7
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	3
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10)	0
MISDEEDS (1-10): Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder explained that blacks were superior athletes because as slaves they had been bred for size, strength and, by extension, ability to slam dunk; Astro Bob Knepper said God forbids women to become umps and sportswriters	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5): \$17 for a pair of box seats to see the Baltimore Orioles, the one major-league team with a black manager (hired only after the team had booted its season by losing its first 21 games)	4
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Indiana basketball coach Bobby Knight said that "if rape is inevitable, relax and enjoy it"	6
SCORE	39.09

## 25

## ROY COHN

1987 RANK	14
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	10
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	7
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Many sleazy new anecdotes about his life surfaced after friends realized even he wasn't capable of revenge from beyond the grave	5
MISDEEDS (1-10): In his posthumous, ill-received "autobiography by Sidney Zion," Cohn continued to deny he had AIDS, even though he had already died of it; inspired appalling "Rolodex party" held by his surviving cronies	3
SPY AUDIT (1-5): The East 68th Street townhouse where Cohn kept his office was sold for \$3.7 million—but most of the money was held pending the monstrous	

## 24

## TAWANAMANIA

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	8
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	3
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10)	1
MISDEEDS (1-10)	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5)	2
BONUS POINTS (1-10)	3
SCORE	38.50

Just what *was* the point of the mad, cruel circus that surrounded the purported abduction and rape last fall of Tawana Brawley in the Capraesque-sounding village of Wappingers Falls? What was the point of lawyer Alton Maddox's vowing to "punish" any "Negro" who supported a white mayoral candidate? What was the point of his calling the NAACP "the National Association for the Advancement of Coon People" and suggesting that New York Attorney General Robert Abrams had masturbated over a photo of Brawley? What was the point of Al Sharpton's calling Mario Cuomo the "KKK of the '80s"? What was the point of Brawley's \$100 million libel and slander suit against WCBS-TV and WNBC-TV? And why did Sharpton and Maddox attach themselves to the videotaper of the Tompkins Square riot—and persuade *him* to withhold *his* evidence? What was the point of any of it, save as a real-life-analogy book promotion for *Bonfire of the Vanities*?

income-tax case against him	2
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Only human known to have been booed at Sardi's	2
SCORE	37.70

## 26

## DONALD TRUMP, AUTHOR

1987 RANK	3
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	10
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	10
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): "Writing" about himself kept him, if only briefly, off the airwaves, talking about himself	8
MISDEEDS (1-10): <i>Trump: The Art of the Deal</i> exhibits author's bogus populism ("Perhaps the worst thing about rent control is that it stopped protecting the people who needed it most"), insight (Roy Cohn "was no Boy Scout") and boundless respect for excellence ("I. M. Pei . . . often chooses the most expensive solution to a	

problem—and is virtually uncontrollable"); dictated book to former journalist-producer Tony Schwartz	3
SPY AUDIT (1-5): \$3.49 for a Radio Shack 60-minute microcassette—before Trump "writes" on it	1
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Attended book party for talented William Geist and admitted Geist was better writer than he	1
SCORE	37.50

## 27

## JIMMY SWAGGART

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	7
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	5
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): His Bible college in Baton Rouge offers courses in Apartment Complex Ministry	4



MISDEEDS (1-10): After vilifying Jim Bakker and other evangelists whose morals he considered unsound, foul-breathed Swaggart was caught (by a preacher he had caused to be defrocked for adultery) escorting a prostitute out of a flyspecked New Orleans motel room; made maudlin, public spectacle out of his repentance, then refused to be disciplined by his church	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Paid prostitute \$20 to simulate phone-sex pornography	4
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Cries telegenically	3
SCORE	36.85

## 28

THE BRIDGE AND  
TUNNEL AUTHORITY

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	6
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	2

MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Williamsburg Bridge reopened without Trump's help; its close made West 8th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues a more pleasant thoroughfare	3
MISDEEDS (1-10): Nearly half of New York City's 846 bridges need major repair; 100 or so need to be replaced	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Rebuilding unmaintained bridges may cost \$3 billion	5
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Koch on bridge crisis: "It's better to be inconvenienced and alive than inconvenienced and dead"	6
SCORE	35.92

## 29

ONE-WORD-IFICATION OF  
POP CULTURE

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	7
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	0
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Reduced typesetting costs at <i>New York</i> magazine	4
MISDEEDS (1-10): A desperate compulsion among booboisie to use one-word signifiers for popular movies ( <i>Fatal</i> , <i>Wanda</i> ), books ( <i>Bonfire</i> ) and plays ( <i>Phantom</i> ) overwhelmed the city; widespread use of the catchphrases implied, <i>I've seen/read/experienced the hot thing</i>	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Official "glitter pin" reading PHANTOM cost \$38	2
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Two-word foreign-title diminutives ( <i>La Cage</i> , <i>Les Mis</i> ); Patrick O'Haire of the <i>Daily News</i> turning <i>Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune</i> into <i>F&amp;J in the CdeL</i>	7
SCORE	34.85

## 30

DONALD TRUMP,  
FIXER OF THINGS  
WE'D ALMOST RATHER  
LEAVE BROKEN

1987 RANK	3
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	10
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	10
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Negotiating to keep U.S. Open tennis in Flushing Meadow	7
MISDEEDS (1-10): Will reap publicity for the above dubious good deed; having fixed Wollman Rink and the Central Park Zoo, offered to fix Williamsburg Bridge; provided tent for the otherwise irreproachable Big Apple Circus	2
SPY AUDIT (1-5): The \$2 skate rental at Wollman also entitles you to listen to an inescapable tape-loop announcement extolling Trump's benefaction	1
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Invited irrational speculation on the part of the public that, just maybe, he was the solution to—rather than the cause of—any given nagging urban problem	1
SCORE	34.32



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## 31

CONFLICTING MEDICAL  
ADVICE

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 7  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 1  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Maybe red meat isn't that bad ..... 5  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Cigarette companies continued to deny cancer-smoking link; people worried about whether they had too much fiber slogging through their intestines; two books claimed America has gone fitness-crazy at the expense of mental well-being; alcohol, toxic to liver, decreases chance of heart attack ..... 8  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Surgeon General's 712-page report cost \$500,000—to tell us fatty foods are bad for us ..... 3  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** The redundant term *overjogging* entered the vocabulary ..... 5  
**SCORE** ..... 33.48

## 33

## RUNNING MATES

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 7  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 3  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Quayle: has common baby-boomer experiences, such as draft-dodging and not sleeping with a *Playboy* model—lobbyist. Bentsen: returned money that lobbyists paid, at \$10,000 a pop, to breakfast with him ..... 2  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Dukakis, a quart low in charisma, picks the-dullest-guy-at-the-country-club Bentsen; Bush, the man who wasn't there, selects a complete unknown whom people viscerally mistrust ..... 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Quayle's family is worth \$1.4 billion; Bentsen, \$10 million ..... 3  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Dukakis's talk with Jackson about the vice presidency ended when the Duke's kids served ice cream; Quayle got a D in political science ..... 2  
**SCORE** ..... 30.11

## 34

## BLAMING THE PRESS

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 7  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 6  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Dan Rather became focus of public's press hatred after his tussle with George Bush ..... 4  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Overprivileged miscreants Gary Hart and Bob Dole blamed the press for their troubles; Geraldine Ferraro, defending her drug-dealing son John Zaccaro, called the press "vultures" ..... 6  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** \$1,500 was Zaccaro's fine—and also his monthly rent for the comfy apartment in which he served his sentence ..... 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Dan Quayle's mediocrity was blamed on an overzealous press ..... 2  
**SCORE** ..... 30.05

## 35

## ELVIS LIVES!

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 7  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 3  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Elvis still alive? Better him than Mengele ..... 5  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** National movement for an Elvis postage stamp supported by singularly un-Elvis-like John Chancellor; new book proposes that Elvis is still alive; an all-Elvis radio station; a \$2 million

## 32

## PUBLIC SERVANTS RUN AMOK

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 8  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 3  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10)** ..... 4  
**MISDEEDS (1-10)** ..... 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5)** ..... 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10)** ..... 3  
**SCORE** ..... 31.60

The New York City Police and Fire departments argued over jurisdiction following a helicopter crash in the East River while a tourist drowned; three city employees were indicted for looting the homes of dead people; EPA inspectors allegedly accepted bribes from 23 companies charged with removing and disposing of asbestos; a videotape revealed a Metro-North transit cop parading through Grand Central in the nude; cops rioted in Tompkins Square Park; offered kickbacks in an undercover scam, 44 of 45 officials from 12 New York counties accepted the kickbacks and were found guilty of defrauding local governments—the 45th one refused the kickback because it wasn't enough money; despite their elevation to quasi-celebrity via SPY's Health Code Violations feature, nearly half the city's restaurant inspectors were charged with accepting bribes; Bess Myerson (see No. 71) was indicted for judge tampering and convicted of shoplifting; Stanley Simon and Meade Esposito were convicted, and Stanley Friedman was jailed; Evan Mecham, the governor of Arizona, was removed from office for misconduct and obstruction of justice (see No. 57), the mayor of New York (see No. 3) engaged in 1988-style race baiting and watched his popularity plummet, and the mayor of Omaha was voted out after throwing butter at a county official; a toll collector on the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge stole \$11,000 before being apprehended; and the IRS acknowledged that a third of the responses given by agents to phone inquiries at tax time were wrong. On the other hand, the police haven't shot any old women yet this year.



vocabulary builder—uses three words where one will suffice, serve, do ..... 5  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Brooklyn teacher's hand mutilated by M-80; Illinois second graders shot by psycho; Clark, bat-wielding principal, lauded by Reagan ..... 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** \$64 for a Joe Clark Swagger Kit; Adirondack Big Stick baseball bat (\$8.95), Radio Shack bullhorn (\$39.95), *Roget's Thesaurus* (\$14.95) ..... 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Clark's autobiography due out; movie to follow ..... 6  
**SCORE** ..... 28.95

bounty for capturing Elvis; recordings of a purported Elvis describing a trip he made to Wiesbaden four years after his death ..... 6  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Rough estimate of Graceland's annual revenues based on 600,000 visitors: \$4,785,000 ..... 4  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Dr. Joyce Brothers explains recent rash of Elvis sightings: "It hurts us to believe that if we had all the money in the world ... we would find it so unsatisfying that we would have to take drugs or overeat" ..... 5  
**SCORE** ..... 29.47

## 36

## S&amp;M EDUCATION

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 7  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 0  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Joe Clark is a

## 37

UNAVOIDABLE TRAVEL  
DELAYS

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 7  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 1  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Gauche to arrive early ..... 3  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Speeding train slammed into waiting train in Paris, killing 59; another Paris derailment killed 1; in West Germany train hit freight car, killing 1; Amtrak train collided with Conrail train, killing 16; Mt. Vernon train crash killed 1; derailment in Soviet Union killed 22; in Kentucky, pickup hit school bus, killing 27; over Persian Gulf, U.S. Navy shot down Iranian Airbus, killing 290; plus more disasters from Montana to Dallas—Fort Worth; and studies predict more

airport delays and congestion ..... 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Pair of Clarks walking shoes costs \$58 ..... 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** In the first half of 1988, every ten days there was a rail accident in which drug or alcohol use by employees was discovered ..... 3  
**SCORE** ..... 28.56

## 38

THE FRIENDS OF  
MICHAEL TYSON

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 6  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 1  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** The fight with Spinks lasted 91 seconds ..... 4  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** The grasping wife and her mother, the grasping promoters Don King and Burt Lewis, manager Bill "33 Percent" Cayton and fightmonger Trump—all got bigger pieces of Tyson than did Spinks or Mitch "Blood" Green ..... 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Tyson gave Tawana Brawley his \$30,000 watch ..... 4  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Fight ads featured boxers obsequiously thanking Trump ..... 4  
**SCORE** ..... 28.40

## 39

## THE PENTAGON SCANDAL

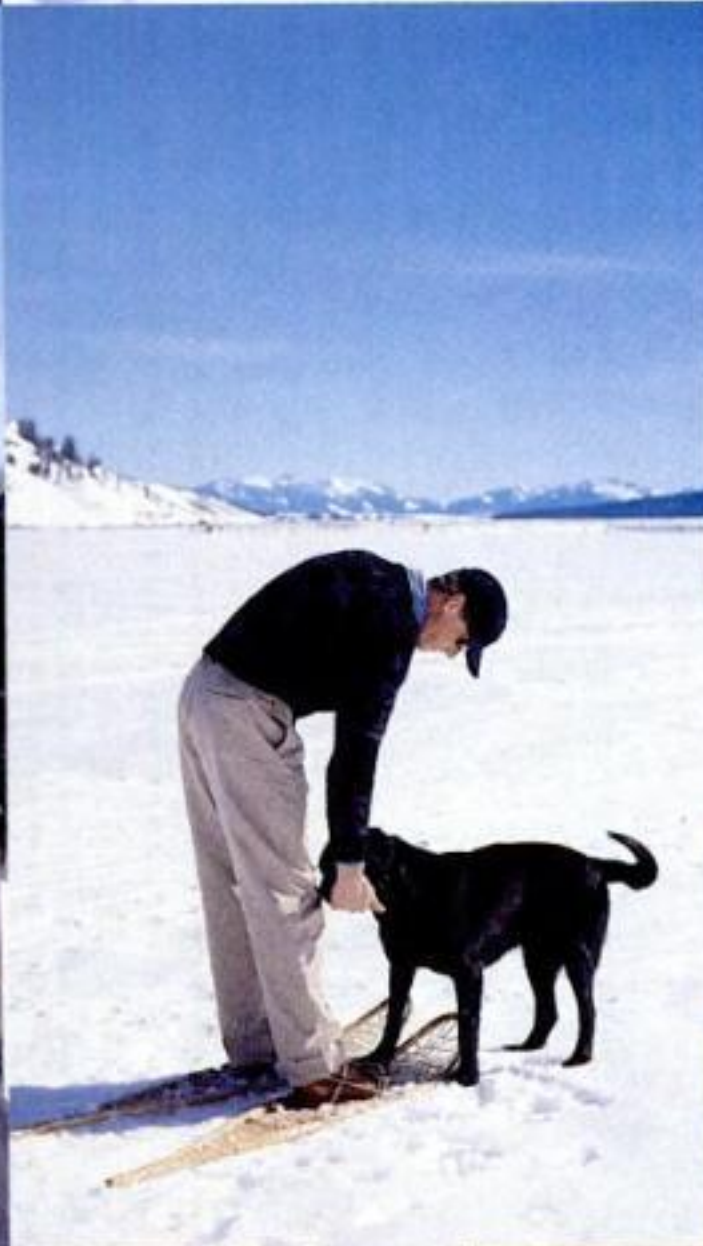
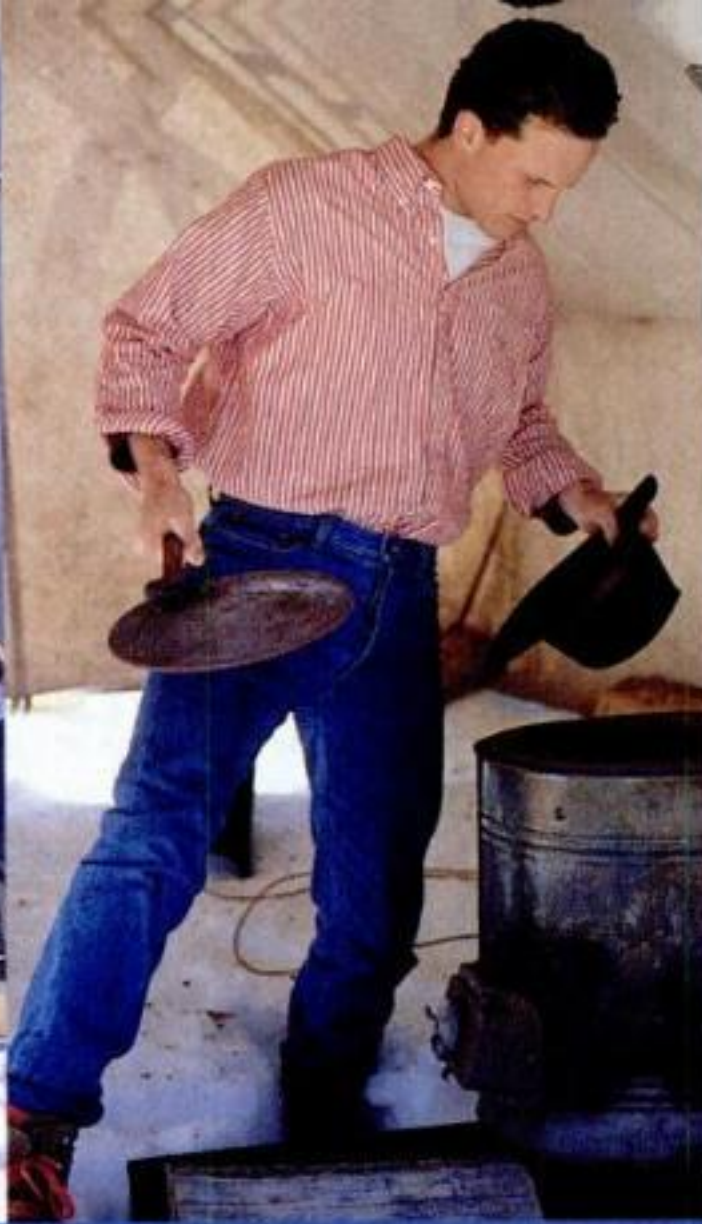
**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 6  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 0  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Receiving inside information kept costs down ..... 3  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** A sprawling, complicated, interest-defeating scandal lacking high-profile villains to root against. Nasty former Navy secretary John Lehman is probably as good as the scapegoating gets ..... 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** The Pentagon finds a way to spend \$160 billion a year ..... 4  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** One firm billed the Pentagon for the cost of loading the Bible into the company's computer ..... 3  
**SCORE** ..... 28.27

## 40

## THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 7  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 2  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** In an empty subway car, four guys in red berets aren't the last people you want to see ..... 4  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Group's inclination to strong-arm people it deems criminal; Eric Kaplan<sup>®</sup>-esque tendency to make citizen's arrests; support of Bernhard Goetz ..... 6  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Haberdashery costs of \$75,000 (5,000 Angels, \$15 a beret) ..... 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Curtis Sliwa's love affair with TV began in 1960 when he appeared on *Romper Room* ..... 6  
**SCORE** ..... 28.25





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## 41

## AMATEUR DIPLOMATS

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 5  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 2  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Got Judd Nelson, Cardinal O'Connor and Ed Koch out of the country for a while ..... 2  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Nelson's peace mission to the USSR; O'Connor and Koch in Ireland (Koch: the British are "safeguarding the peace"); Brat Packers at the Democratic Convention, representing ignorant young people everywhere; Jesse Jackson threatening to intervene in the Middle East ..... 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** At the Democratic Convention Justine Bateman asked Senator John Kerry if, on her tax return, she could specify how she wants her money spent ..... 3  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Network broadcast of Billy Joel's pseudo-brotherhood-promoting 1987 Soviet concert tour ..... 6  
**SCORE** ..... 28.11

## 42

## JOHN CARDINAL O'CONNOR

**1987 RANK** ..... 30  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 7  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 3  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** As we mentioned, traveled abroad often ..... 6  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Told audience of rich, self-satisfied New Yorkers that solution to New York's problems lies in acknowledging "the sacredness of the individual"; advocated same solution to the AIDS crisis while continuing to spurn homosexual Catholics; proceeded with collaboration on ego-flattering book with Mayor Koch ..... 6  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Airfare to Ireland and the USSR would be \$2,700—round-trip, unfortunately ..... 4  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Confessed his belief that Ed Koch is not a racist ..... 4  
**SCORE** ..... 27.99

## 44

## DAN RATHER

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 7  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 7  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Entertained viewers with his altogether natural efforts to develop an on-screen personality ..... 5  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Kept his job, despite enough screwups to get any other professional (possible exception: *Times* man Arthur Gelb) fired; lifted journalism to new heights with *48 Hours* ..... 4  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** His six minutes of dead airtime during the news could have been sold to advertisers for \$600,000 ..... 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Helped get senior political producer Richard Cohen sacked for disloyalty and then fretted that in his new position as *Time* contributor Cohen

might expose Rather, for whom he had ghosted a *Times* Op-Ed piece ..... 2  
**SCORE** ..... 27.62

## 45

## UNIMAGINABLY HORRID CELEBRITY OFFSPRING: THE NEXT GENERATION

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 6  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 2  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Many of these couplings haven't lasted longer than it takes to read about them in *People* ..... 3  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Sylvester Stallone—Brigitte Nielsen, Mark Gastineau—Brigitte Nielsen, Mike Tyson—Robin Givens, Cornelia Guest—Sylvester Stallone, Laura Steinberg—Jonathan Tisch, Barbra

rovers, there were 20 deaths and 21 injuries; several state attorneys general investigated possibility of false advertising when ad-campaign theme changed from "Fun" to "Safety" ..... 8

**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** The Japanese death jeep's two-door Deluxe I lists for \$8,995 ..... 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Toledo Suzuki dealership considering offering free life insurance as sales incentive ..... 4  
**SCORE** ..... 27.20

## 47

## FIRST NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 5  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 2

## 43

## AUCTION-HOUSE INSANITY

**1987 RANK** ..... — Yet another market driven mad by  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 2 the whims of foreign consortia and  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 5 silly nouveaux riches, an auction  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10)** ..... 2 house these days is like a small-  
**MISDEEDS (1-10)** ..... 7 scale New York. Van Gogh's *Irises*—  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5)** ..... 5 a perfectly fine painting, a master-  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10)** ..... 3 piece even, but a painting nonethe-  
**SCORE** ..... 27.79 less—was sold for a record \$53.9  
 million (why, for that much money you could make *Ishtar*); three cheap  
 toy watches that had belonged to Andy Warhol were sold for \$2,640.  
 Other artworks and curios that went for inflated, tulipomaniacal sums  
 last year were Jasper Johns's *Out the Window*, Judy Garland's ruby  
 slippers and a slew of Liberace's tchotchkes. Thanks to blockbuster art  
 auctions and overhyped celebrity estate sales, Sotheby's and Christie's  
 took in more than \$1 billion each. Why is a \$10 watch worth more just  
 because Andy happened to have bought it? (*Because we live in a sick  
 society.*) Would the watch be "worth" more or less if it had been David  
 Hockney's? (*Less, but probably more than \$10.*) And if Andy had owned  
*Irises*, would the painting have then sold for \$2.5 billion?



Streisand—Don Johnson, Rob Lowe—Fawn Hall, Cher—Robert Camilletti ..... 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Givens got Tyson, worth about \$50 million, without a prenuptial agreement ..... 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Nielsen has written a poem titled "The Man I Loved the Most": "We sacrificed our love to mean people/Oh, God, darling, it's so sad" ..... 5  
**SCORE** ..... 27.31

## 46

## SUZUKI SAMURAI

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 6  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 0  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Recall demanded by Center for Auto Safety might reduce Japanese-American trade deficit ..... 4  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Tends to roll over at speeds as low as 38 mph; in 61 reported

**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** A play at the Theater for the New City was based on the life of a SPY receptionist ..... 2  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Sensory overload (350 events in 30 days); hypster-founder Martin Segal deception involved declaring all performances in the city during a one-month period to be part of a "festival"; dodo culture editor turned culture reporter Bill Honan's daily progress reports and incomplete listings in the *Times* ..... 8  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Over \$2 million went for promotion and advertising ..... 3  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Not the last ..... 1  
**SCORE** ..... 26.51

## 48

## ANTISMOKING HYSTERIA

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 5  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 1

**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Tub-thumping on the part of hoity-toity, Tony Randall-like nonsmokers is holding down the number of smokers, causing tobacco companies to increase print-ad budgets ..... 3

**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Indoor-smoking bans became the rage. Sure, smoking's a filthy, lung-blackening habit, but the law is heartless (the Surgeon General called smokers *deserving of pity and help*) and gutless (responsibility for enforcing ban falls to maître d's and salesclerks) ..... 7

**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Saatchi & Saatchi DFS Compton, which created Northwest's smoking-ban ads, lost \$84 million in billings when R.J. Reynolds Nabisco angrily ended its relationship with the firm ..... 3

**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** First damages ever assessed against a cigarette company ..... 5  
**SCORE** ..... 26.04

## 49

## RETREAD MADNESS

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 5  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 2  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Trend comforts the lazy, who realize that everything they missed will come around again ..... 3  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Batman* will soon join *Dragnet* as new, improved, 1980s-style motion-picture events; TV movies of *Get Smart*, *Mission: Impossible*, *Roots Christmas*, *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, *The Odd Couple* and *Perry Mason* are promised; *The New Munsters* and *The New Leave It to Beaver* went into production; Mamma Leone's, the Rainbow Room, *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Ain't Misbehavin'* reopened with much fanfare; the Rascals and a Lowell George-less Little Feat re-formed for albums and tours ..... 8  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Video stores nationwide extorted \$20 down payments for videocassettes of six-year-old *E.T.* ..... 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** The New Monkees ..... 3  
**SCORE** ..... 25.73

## 50

## BILLY MARTIN

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 6  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 5  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Made Lou Piniella's return possible ..... 5  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Self-destructed—inexorably, publicly—yet again; was less effective than usual as manager; was ejected from not only games but topless bars ..... 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Probably costs team \$11, in printing and man-hours, to issue statement announcing his assumption of new responsibilities in the Yankee family ..... 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** After the topless-bar incident, demanded a lie-detector test—until it was offered ..... 2  
**SCORE** ..... 25.71



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## 51

## FREQUENT-FLIER MANIA

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	4
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	0
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): First-class fliers share traditional economy-class burden: sitting next to cheerful tool-and-die salesman	4
MISDEEDS (1-10): Triple-mileage plans function as a bribe for frequent business travelers—with the expense then passed on to regular customers through skyrocketing prices	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Triple mileage could cost the airlines \$940 million this year	4
BONUS POINTS (1-10): What good does it do the economy when consumers are taking unwanted trips to, say, Spokane in order to qualify for a first-class upgrade on a flight to Orlando?	3
SCORE	25.40

## 52

HE'S STILL BACK:  
RICHARD NIXON

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	6
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	9
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): It's good to have Dick Nixon to kick around again	7
MISDEEDS (1-10): Published yet another master-of-the-obvious foreign-affairs book, 1999; John Chancellor described him as "not so much the scoundrel as the avuncular old rogue"; said his biggest regret was not bombing North Vietnam earlier	4
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Checking account once dwindled to \$500 after resignation	1
BONUS POINTS (1-10): His letter of advice to candidate Bush received front-page coverage in the <i>Times</i>	2
SCORE	24.99

## 53

## BODY-TRANSFER MOVIES

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	3
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	2
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): <i>Freaky Friday</i> (1977) finally acknowledged as seminal influence on modern cinema	2
MISDEEDS (1-10): Quartet of <i>Vice Versa</i> , the especially horrible <i>18 Again!</i> , <i>Like Father, Like Son</i> and <i>Big</i> proved again that, in Hollywood, the movie is a bothersome but necessary PR gambit for converting concept into cash	7
SPY AUDIT (1-5): The films grossed over \$128 million, making Body Transference the most lucrative shared movie concept since Vietnam	5
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Spectacle of boy actor trained to do unpleasantly accurate George Burns imitation ( <i>18 Again!</i> )	3
SCORE	24.28

## 54

## THE BILLIE BOGGS SAGA

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	4
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	3
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Focused attention on rights of homeless and mentally ill; embarrassed Ed Koch	6
MISDEEDS (1-10): The former street person's unwholesomely upscale tastes: pâté at Windows on the World, "a one-bedroom apartment in a nice neighborhood," and alleged fantasies of an affair with a "professional." "As with everything," she said, "I like the best"	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Spent \$296 on an outfit at Bloomingdale's for her <i>Donahue</i> appearance	5
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Spoke at Harvard	

## 58

## FRUITS OF OUR LOINS

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	4
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	3
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10)	6
MISDEEDS (1-10)	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5)	2
BONUS POINTS (1-10)	5
SCORE	23.31

The generation that toppled a president and ended a war has decided to populate the twenty-first century: more babies were born in 1987 than in any year since 1964. They are everywhere—on television (*thirtysomething*), in movies (*She's Having a . . .*, *Three Men and a . . .*, *Boomer*), in the lavatories of jets, in Michelin commercials and in the tabloids. Hear about Lisa Bonet? Demi Moore? Glenn Close? The Duchess of York? Caroline of Monaco? Caroline of Hyannis Port? The paternity suit against Jackie Mason? (Welcome, kids. Go forth and write mortifying memoirs about your folks.) Bundles of joy also topped the hard news, as the well-heeled Sterns vied with the very collected Mary Beth Whitehead Gould over Baby M, and Baby Jessica's fall down a well gave magazines a pretext for isn't-America-great essays and the locals some TV-movie rights to fight over. Meanwhile, the trend in pop music was erotic infantilism, as Prince looked young and hairless on the cover of *Lovesexy* and George Michael hit big with "Father Figure." Hula hoops, Day-Glo minis, Frampton albums—they can be stored. But where *do* you put children when they're passé?



Law School	2
SCORE	24.17

## 55

THE GARRISON KEILLOR  
INDUSTRY

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	4
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	2
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Like Ralph's Grocery of Lake Wobegon, Keillor is actually pretty good	3
MISDEEDS (1-10): The annual "farewell" shows; the fake move to Denmark; the real move to Manhattan, where, Woody Allen-like, he claimed it was so much easier to be anonymously famous; his exaltation of the killing cuteness and gemütlichkeit of life in these rural United States; self-ingratiating writers like Richard Schickel of <i>Time</i> and Douglas Martin of	

the *Times* mimicking his small-town wistfulness in their fawning reviews . . . 8  
 SPY AUDIT (1-5): His lawsuit against his erstwhile National Public Radio pals for selling \$10.95 tapes of a speech he made . . . 3  
 BONUS POINTS (1-10): Led Pledge of Allegiance at Democratic Convention . . . 2  
 SCORE . . . 23.96

## 56

## SEX DISINFORMATION

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	5
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	0
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Conflicting signals from putative experts might lead to increased caution	4
MISDEEDS (1-10): <i>Cosmopolitan</i> potentially lured countless promiscuous <i>Cosmo</i> girls to	

public funds and obstruction of justice . . . 8  
 MISDEEDS (1-10): The ex-Arizona governor defended the term *pickaninny*; demanded list of all homosexual state employees; rescinded Martin Luther King Jr. Day; revolted even Barry Goldwater . . . 4  
 SPY AUDIT (1-5): Allegedly diverted \$80,000 in state money to his Pontiac dealership . . . 2  
 BONUS POINTS (1-10): Opened an Arizona tourism office in Taiwan . . . 1  
 SCORE . . . 23.52

## 59

MAGAZINE  
ANNIVERSARIES

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	3
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	0
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Issues full of rehashed articles give overworked production staffs an opportunity to rest	3
MISDEEDS (1-10): Allowed magazines to fill space by recycling old material—witness <i>New York's</i> OUR TIMES twentieth-anniversary issue; provided a forum for aging editors (Jann Wenner, Edward Kosner) to vent their pompous, self-serving notions about the selfless urgency of American life 20 years ago versus the greedmongering of today, even though the issues were just opportunities for self-promotion and increased ad sales	8
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Aggregate weight of the past year's anniversary issues: 9 lbs., 14.5 oz. It would cost \$5.85 to send them to, say, a dentist's office in Massapequa	3
BONUS POINTS (1-10): <i>Vanity Fair</i> covered its own fifth-anniversary party with a six-page photo-feature	3
SCORE	23.21

## 60

WOUNDED, CRANKY,  
SELF-SERVING LETTERS  
TO THE EDITOR

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	5
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	5
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Spike Lee requested that the <i>Times</i> not review any more of his movies	4
MISDEEDS (1-10): Lee, Donald Trump, Sting, John Irving and Morton Downey Jr. revealed, respectively, that Janet Maslin probably "can't even dance"; Paul Goldberger is "totally lacking in taste"; Howard Hampton is a "dipshit fascist simpleton"; Anatole Broyard spouts "simple logorrhea"; John Corry is "a snob"	6
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Eddie Murphy paid a newspaper \$7,740 to run his three-page refutation of a negative review	2
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Plenty of Stingian prose: "The curse of psychic powers wedded to the transparency of your writing reveals you as a eunich [ <i>sic</i> ]"	2
SCORE	23.05

## 57

## EVAN MECHAM

1987 RANK	40
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	8
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	3
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Was finally impeached and convicted for misuse of	





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# 61

## THE SCREENWRITERS' STRIKE

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 4  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** . . . 1  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Fear of WGA snitches forced screenwriters to stop yammering about their works-in-progress; picket lines of asthmatic Milquetoasts easier to cross than those of giant Teamsters . . . 5  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Allowed people who earn \$50,000 for one episode of *Charles in Charge* to feel like righteous proletarians . . . 8  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** 9,500 striking writers would have earned \$158 million during the five months they picketed . . . 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Multimillionaire writer-producers Stephen Bochco and Stephen J. Cannell tried to convince "fellow" writers that settling would be best for all involved . . . 4  
**SCORE** ..... 22.90

# 62

## JIM WRIGHT

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 5  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** . . . 2  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Eyebrows appear stuck on with Velcro . . . 1  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Hired an ex-con publisher for his 117-page book, which his friends then bought in bulk as a backdoor way of making \$55,000 in campaign donations; the misstep gave Republicans a chance to flex their atrophied indignant-about-someone-else's-ethics muscles . . . 6  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Received unusually high 55 percent book royalty . . . 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** The book was to be a picture book about Wright's life . . . 4  
**SCORE** ..... 22.75

# 63

## CHER

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 5  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** . . . 6  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Promoted safe sex by announcing, "I am not an easy lay" . . . 2  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Winning Oscar for *Moonstruck* helped her self-portrayal as a savvy survivor, though she is surviving only a public spotlight brought on by relentless self-promotion; released a new album; directed her own videos starring her former-bagel-maker boyfriend . . . 5  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Cher's perfume, "Uninhibited," sells for \$175 per ounce . . . 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Auxiliary boomlet: Gregg Allman's comeback LP, Sonny Bono elected mayor of Palm Springs, mother's book on celebrity momhood . . . 1  
**SCORE** ..... 22.43

# 64

## ROCK 'N' ROLL JINGLES

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 4  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** . . . 0  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Satisfaction in seeing "I Just Called to Say I Love You" make transition to jingle so easily . . . 5  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** "Splish Splash" (Liquid Drano); "Whole Lotta Breakfast Going On" (Burger King); "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Subaru); Phil Collins, Eric Clapton and Steve Winwood (Michelob);

the *Times*, lost *his* job; Diane Sawyer posed for cheesecake photo spread in *Vanity Fair*, maybe costing her Rather's job as well; Cohen's wife, Meredith Vieira, posed for *Esquire*, maybe costing her Sawyer's job . . . 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** At \$19.95, Speakes's book will have to sell briskly to make up for his estimated lost salary of \$500,000 . . . 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Koch, in postprimary apology, explained, "Some people have praised me for speaking out" . . . 2  
**SCORE** ..... 21.28

# 65

## GORBY FEVER

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 4  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** . . . 6  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10)** ..... 5  
**MISDEEDS (1-10)** ..... 5  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5)** ..... 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10)** ..... 4  
**SCORE** ..... 22.13

In effect, the Russians have won: who would have thought we'd ever encounter a Soviet leader who wears good suits and presses the flesh and has a wife whose figure doesn't resemble her husband's? Still, the speed of Gorbachev's embrace is hard to fathom. Not long ago, when it was morning again in America, Russkie-bashing was the rage. Four years later *Time* is boasting about being the first Western news organization to interview the great man, and Gorbachev is on the Gallup Poll's list of the ten most admired men. What's next? Guest-hosting for Johnny? Maybe signing a missile treaty, ending a war, freeing a Sakharov, and introducing the beginnings of a free economy and press and elections can actually sway opinions. Some people's, anyway. But while conservatives wait for Gorbachev to apologize for communism's role in everything unpleasant, from the cocaine epidemic to the plays of Lillian Hellman, Reagan and Shultz are looking like Politburocrats waiting for the tanks to pass.



Brian Wilson's "Living Doll" (commissioned for a Barbie Doll ad); "Mac Tonight" (McDonald's); and many more . . . 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Winwood's \$12 million deal with Virgin didn't keep him from writing a song for Michelob—and then putting it on his album . . . 3  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Former alcoholic Clapton included "After Midnight" on *Crossroads* with a thank-you to Michelob . . . 5  
**SCORE** ..... 22.37

# 66

## IMPOLITIC INDISCRETIONS: ACTING NOW, THINKING LATER

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 6  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** . . . 3  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Ed Koch's may cost him reelection . . . 6  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Larry Speakes wrote memoirs, lost Merrill Lynch PR job; Dan Rather stormed off CBS News set, which may cost him *his* job; CBS producer Richard Cohen aired his views about CBS in

# 67

## ROTTING ART

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 5  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** . . . 2  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Provides work for art restorers . . . 2  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Harvard allowed Mark Rothko paintings to fade severely and become the target of food fights; the New York Historical Society allowed hundreds of paintings on loan from the Public Library to deteriorate into mildewy ruins . . . 6  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** All this egregious inattention in the same year *Iris*es—one painting—sold for \$53.9 million . . . 3  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Possibility of Julian Schnabel's art being mistaken for victim of egregious inattention—and "restored" . . . 2  
**SCORE** ..... 21.16

# 68

## GOSSIP WARS

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 3  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** . . . 10

**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Saved us from having to read more on Guardian Angels (No. 40) or *Speed-the-Plow* . . . 4  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Estimated 500 column inches devoted by local press to feud between *Newsday's* Jim Revson and the *Post's* Suzy; media cannibalism ran amok: first books about books, then magazines about magazines, now turgid insignificant gossip about turgid insignificant gossip . . . 4  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** *Post* PR man Howard Rubenstein says Suzygate generated \$20 million in publicity for the paper, more than half the recent purchase price . . . 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** In her reply ("Dear Rat: Get Lost"), Suzy became delightfully unglued, calling Revson "liar and snake" and his column "slime" and "silly slop" . . . 1  
**SCORE** ..... 20.65

# 69

## PITCHMEN AND THEIR VICES

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 4  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** . . . 2  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** They may be history: research showed "non-celebrities tested better than big names" . . . 3  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Seagram's shill Bruce Willis downed one too many cold beverages and was arrested on assault charges; beef-promoting, hair-color-hawking Cybill Shepherd admitted to eschewing both; fellow beef revivalist James Garner had arterial surgery . . . 6  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Willis lost his contract, worth \$2 million . . . 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Pepsi claimed a *People* photo of Don Johnson downing a Diet Coke "had nothing to do" with their decision not to renew his contract . . . 6  
**SCORE** ..... 20.57

# 70

## ARIANNA STASSINOPOULOS HUFFINGTON

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 5  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** . . . 0  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Depiction of Picasso as sociopathic misogynist comforted nice underachievers everywhere . . . 4  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Uses vast network of former boyfriends as a publicity corps; Mort Zuckerman excerpted her book in *The Atlantic*, and David Murdock threw the West Coast launch party . . . 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** The alleged plagiarist (*Maria Callas: The Woman Behind the Legend*) got a \$550,000 advance for her first post-alleged-plagiarism work . . . 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Believes her book will cause sharp drop in value of Picasso's works . . . 3  
**SCORE** ..... 20.45



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## 71

## BESS MYERSON

1987 RANK	58
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	4
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	5
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): A docu-drama based on her life was canceled	4
MISDEEDS (1-10): Awaiting trial for conspiracy, mail fraud and obstruction of justice, watching her book die on the shelves, she was caught shoplifting six bottles of nail polish, five pairs of earrings, some flashlight batteries and a pair of shoes	6
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Collective worth of shoplifted items: \$44.07	1
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Recent photos of her revealed a receding hairline	3
SCORE	20.40

## 72

## ADVERTORIALS

1987 RANK	98
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	3
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	5
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Provide sorely needed revenue to monthly satirical magazines; not as heinous as promoting advertisers' products in editorial pages	7
MISDEEDS (1-10): More dangerously than ever blur distinction between magazine stories and commercial messages; submerge once-clear ethical issue in muddle of yuppie irony and rationalization	5
SPY AUDIT (1-5): SPY advertorials brought in \$188,193, yet SPY 100 interns remain virtually unpaid	4
BONUS POINTS (1-10): It was a SPY advertorial that predicted the exact date Gary Hart would reenter the campaign	4
SCORE	20.07

## 73

## THE FOX "NETWORK"

1987 RANK	73
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	4
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	4
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Most Fox affiliates are UHF stations with limited range; <i>The Tracey Ullman Show</i>	4
MISDEEDS (1-10): Arsenio Hall; specter of Murdoch's corporate patience (his paper the <i>Australian</i> sustained losses for 20 years before making a profit) could mean 18 more years of <i>21 Jump Street</i>	6
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Lost \$35-\$50 million in its first 13 months	1
BONUS POINTS (1-10): This year's <i>Supertrain</i> , the <i>Wilton North Report</i>	5
SCORE	20.00

## 74

## CRANKY BASEBALL PLAYERS

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	5
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	4

MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):	0
MISDEEDS (1-10): "Where would this team be without me?" (Darryl Strawberry); "Howard, you suck!" (Kevin Elster to teammate Howard Johnson); Don Baylor whined about not getting enough at-bats for the past eight years; Kirk Gibson skipped a game because a teammate had greased his glove; Jim Rice was removed for a pinch hitter and shoved his manager	3
SPY AUDIT (1-5): Minimum salary of major-league players is \$62,500	2
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Art imitates baseball: in <i>Bull Durham</i> , the Kevin Costner character tells a well-wishing barboy to "shut up"	1
SCORE	19.92

BONUS POINTS (1-10): McInerney on his critics: "The resentment is based on the idea that... people like me are running around enjoying ourselves"	2
SCORE	19.75

## 77

## 1968

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	4
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	3
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Smothers Brothers back on TV	2
MISDEEDS (1-10): Endless overwrought retrospectives: <i>Time</i> did a cover story; <i>Newsweek</i> and <i>Life</i> ran Bobby Kennedy covers; <i>Rolling Stone</i> put Martin Luther	

## 75

## THIRTYEVERYTHING

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	5
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	3
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10)	1
MISDEEDS (1-10)	6
SPY AUDIT (1-5)	2
BONUS POINTS (1-10)	1
SCORE	19.75

The culmination of The Whole Sixties Thing in this, the eighties, seems to be 40 million people in their thirties. Well, to be fair, not just them. Their problems too. And their careers. And their babies, the color of their sun rooms, their relationships with their mothers, the trauma they suffer trying to find good help, their careers, exactly which sun-dried substance to dress their pasta with. And don't forget their careers. Shows like *thirtysomething*, *A Year in the Life* and *The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd* chronicle the lives of 30-year-olds in self-indulgent detail. Are these shows as good as we think they are—or are we just suckers for handsomer, prettier, wittier depictions of our demographic selves? In what *thirtysomething* producers call "the voice of our generation," characters don't act, they analyze; they don't speak, they verbalize; they don't think, they obsess. It's enough to make us yearn for the comparatively phantasmagoric plots of *Family Affair* and *The Dick Van Dyke Show*.



## 76

## THE YOUNG LITERATI STRIKE OUT

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	4
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	6
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Spiffy Bangles remake of "Hazy Shade of Winter" used in <i>Less Than Zero</i> (the movie)	1
MISDEEDS (1-10): The inexorable, not altogether unsatisfying backlash began: "Janowitz and Ellis are minute... viruses" — <i>The New Yorker</i> ; "On every score, [Janowitz's <i>Cannibal</i> ] flunks... [Ellis's] <i>Rules of Attraction</i> is a giant soiled revolving mattress... non-prose... [Jill Eisenstadt's <i>From Rockaway</i> ] is juvenile-delinquent pulp" — <i>Vanity Fair</i>	4
SPY AUDIT (1-5): McInerney and Ellis each spent \$300 to become members of fleetingly popular restaurant M.K.; Janowitz's membership was complimentary	1

King Jr. on the cover of its PORTRAIT OF A GENERATION issue; a plague of books (1968: *A Personal Report*, *Chicago '68*, *Turning Point: 1968, 1968 in America*, 1968: *A Student Generation in Revolt*); Mark Rudd and Eldridge Cleaver resurfaced; and the new Smothers show was simply awful

## 78

## BILL COSBY

1987 RANK	43
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	5
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	7
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Well, he's a "complex man full of intriguing contra-	

dictions" ( <i>Ladies' Home Journal</i> )	5
MISDEEDS (1-10): One of the highest-paid entertainers in the world (at least \$57 million annual income) remained obsessed with money; inordinate number of dreadful <i>Cosby Show</i> scripts revolved around the value of a dollar; said he snatches away money given by his father to his children "because that's my money"	4
SPY AUDIT (1-5): When real-life daughter dropped ice cream on the floor, Cosby, who may personally earn \$100 million from <i>Cosby Show</i> 's syndication, rinsed it off and made her eat it because "each dribble's worth maybe three cents"	1
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Grandstanded his rare moments of generosity—e.g., with <i>Essence</i> 's publisher, publicly gave \$25,000 to Brawley Fund toward reward; announced plans to publish third book	1
SCORE	19.28

## 79

## MENAGERIEMANIA

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	4
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	1
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Rex, the First Pet, is still just an ordinary dog	5
MISDEEDS (1-10): Richard Simmons calls his Dalmatians the children "I'll never have"; some moneyed megalomaniacs (Ted Turner, Hugh Hefner) keep zoos; Michael Jackson hires Stallone's designer to make a dinner jacket for his chimp	6
SPY AUDIT (1-5): A bred female llama—really a spitting horse—runs \$20,000	1
BONUS POINTS (1-10): When life is stressful for R. J. Wagner, he strokes his carp	7
SCORE	19.21

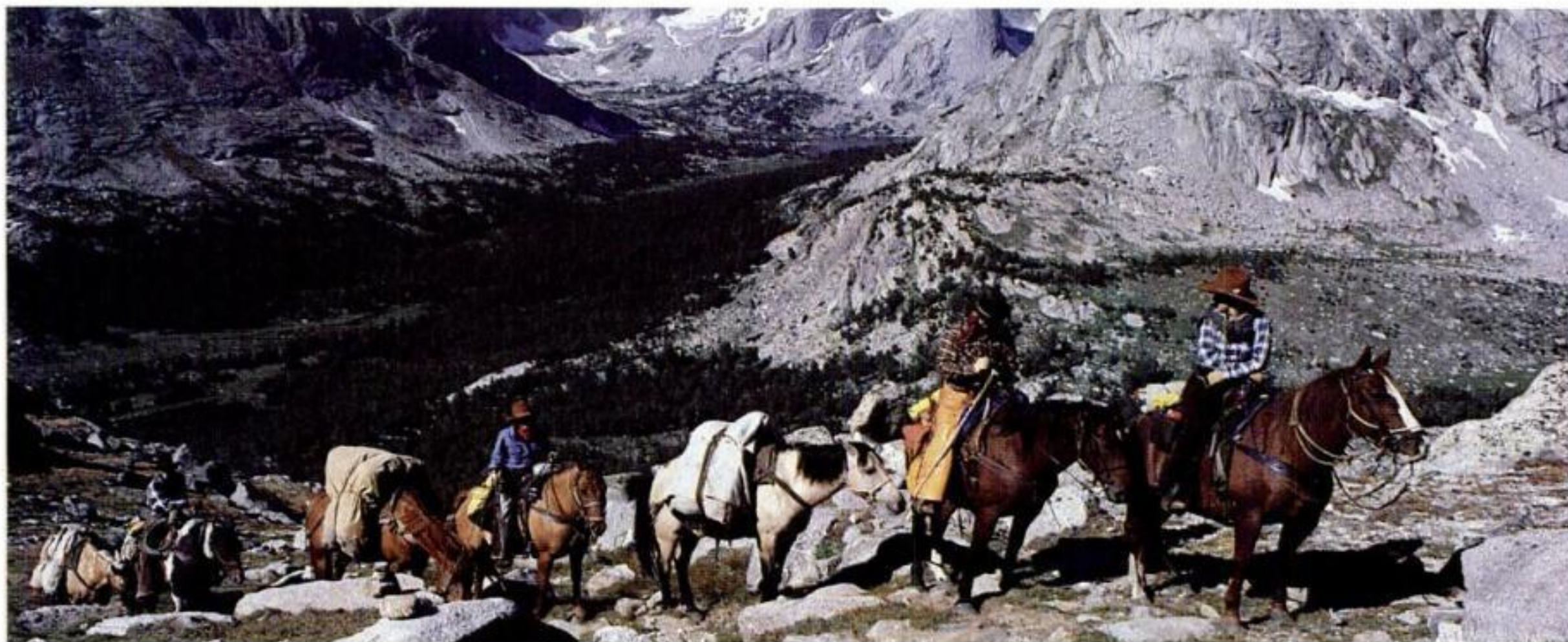
## 80

## DECONSTRUCTIVISM

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	6
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	2
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10): Entertaining, for architecture, and funnier than postmodernism; confused trendy-word-droppers: "Are Penn & Teller deconstructionists or deconstructivists?"	5
MISDEEDS (1-10): Designing bars that say nausea, stairs that say vertigo, homes that say divorce; fobbing off intellectual trendiness as an Important Trend; giving former Fascist Philip Johnson, who lifted the rubric, a powerful end-of-career boost	6
SPY AUDIT (1-5): The companion book to the MoMA exhibit—"The first monograph devoted to the emergence of this new sensibility"—costs \$17.95	1
BONUS POINTS (1-10): Wall text at MoMA: "These projects... derive their force precisely from not playing in the sanctuaries of seductive drawing, obscure theory, or uninhabitable sculpture"	2
SCORE	19.21



# HORSE SENSE & UNCOMMON WISDOM



Adventurous I was. How responsible I couldn't say. But what to lose?

I sent them a check and found myself at the foot of the Winds with eight others, seven of us who, someplace under our Stetsons, harbored a dream of riding the range. We wanted to learn about the day-to-day realities of moving gear through the mountains during hunting and fishing trips.

And best of all, I could have a scabbard under my left leg and a faraway look in my eye. I could wear a broadbrimmed hat and slim boots. I could be a cowboy. . . .

**An uncommon sense of adventure, an appreciation for good writing, and a love of the outdoors are what draws so many readers to us.**

After watching Phil's step-by-step demonstration, I brushed Curly, a bay gelding, put on a couple of saddle pads, sorted out the breast collar, latigos and britches of my packsaddle, and managed to tighten its cinches. Then I raised a pannier to his withers. He looked me in the eye.

"Easy, Curly, easy big fella," I said, as I tried to hook the pannier loop over the sawbuck. Curly moved away, and as I tried to lean closer, he brought his hoof down squarely on my foot.

Curly weighed 1200 pounds. I pushed him with my shoulder. I tried to yank my foot from under his hoof, I couldn't budge it. I did the instinctual. I let go with one hand and I roundhoused Curly in the gut. He raised his hoof.

The next morning Phil and Dale showed us how to tie packhorses together using a short, breakable cord. In this way you can lead more than a single animal, and if it spooks, the string will come apart without one horse hurting another.

## WANTED:

Rough Riding People To Ride  
The Wind River Mountain Range  
In Western Wyoming With  
The Allen Brothers.  
The Purpose Is To Acquire  
Horse Packing And Riding Skills  
From Professional Outfitters-Guides  
On This Lengthy Pack Trip Over  
11,000 Ft. Passes And Through  
Deep Glacial Valleys.  
For Adventurous And  
Responsible Adults Only.

Sorted out, we headed across the Pop Agie and up to Lizard Head Meadows where we could see the Cirque of the Towers, that wonderful amphitheatre of jagged peaks that lies above Lonesome Lake. The September sky had a few wispy cirrus clouds, and the sun was warm enough so we could take off our shirts. After making camp we caught cutthroats from the river and a small oxbow lake.

**Having a real need for information and a passion for testing their limits are what makes Sports Afield readers what they are.**

The horizon seemed brightly lit, curved and calling and I shoved my rifle in its scabbard and jumped on "Fish". I think he sensed the moment, for I only dug my heels into him once and lightly. He galloped across the ridgetop, his shadow tail streaming. He galloped so it felt as if his hooves

weren't touching the ground. He galloped a long way as the sun stood balanced on the Tetons.

**To turn dreams into reality, words and pictures aren't enough. So Sports Afield readers buy and spend more.**

Sometimes horsepacking turned exciting. But most of the time it was just easy fun, touched by the nostalgia that seems to hover over this corner of the West. As I rode I thought of the men who had crisscrossed northwestern Wyoming before the word *cowboy* had been coined—John Colter, Jim Bridger, Jedediah Smith. The mountain men. This was their country. . . . From "Dreamin' Cowboy", by Ted Kerasote. Sports Afield, 8/87



# SPORTS AFIELD

Join The Adventure.

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## 81

## GEORGE STEINBRENNER

<b>1987 RANK</b> .....	<b>7</b>
<b>INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)</b> .....	<b>6</b>
<b>NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN</b> .....	<b>6</b>
<b>MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):</b> Waited three full days after team fell out of first before firing Billy Martin; made Lou Piniella manager; picked up Jack Clark .....	<b>9</b>
<b>MISDEEDS (1-10):</b> Fired Lou; hired Billy; fired Billy; hired Lou; tried to trade—and later considered platooning—memoirist-outfielder Dave Winfield; criticized team before All-Star Game, particularly his three All-Stars .....	<b>4</b>
<b>SPY AUDIT (1-5):</b> Will share the \$42 million burden of building Metro-North station at Yankee Stadium with the city and state—and hence with the taxpayers ..	<b>1</b>
<b>BONUS POINTS (1-10):</b> Is seeking a Justice Department pardon for his illegal contributions to the 1972 Nixon campaign ..	<b>1</b>
<b>SCORE</b> .....	<b>19.17</b>

## 82

## BOTTOM-OF-THE-BARREL TALK SHOWS

<b>1987 RANK</b>	—
<b>INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)</b>	6
<b>NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN</b>	2
<b>MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):</b> By attracting an audience of blue-seat goons from the Garden, Morton Downey made it safe for the rest of us to go to Knicks games	6
<b>MISDEEDS (1-10):</b> Talk shows are now the domain of hyperempathic freak-show masters ( <i>Donahue</i> , the impostor-infested <i>Oprah Winfrey Show</i> , <i>Sally Jesse Raphael</i> and <i>Geraldo</i> ) and fascist-populists (Downey and a G. Gordon Liddy vehicle)	6
<b>SPY AUDIT (1-5):</b> Transcripts cost \$10—so a conscientious bad-talk-show devotee must spend some \$13,000 for a complete record of the year's sleaze	1
<b>BONUS POINTS (1-10):</b> Geraldo Rivera asked a "normal" (his word) sister which Siamese twin was her favorite	2
<b>SCORE</b>	18.89

## 83

## BUILDING BUILDINGS TOO TALL

<b>1987 RANK</b> .....	<b>—</b>
<b>INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)</b> .....	<b>3</b>
<b>NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN</b> .....	<b>4</b>
<b>MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):</b> NBC decided to stay put, delaying Donald Trump's planned "world's tallest tower" .....	<b>6</b>
<b>MISDEEDS (1-10):</b> Trump still wants to build his tower—and "Trump City"; Mort Zuckerman's new Coliseum plan still leaves acres of Central Park and the West Side in shadow; and City Spire's dome turns out to be four feet too tall .....	<b>7</b>
<b>SPY AUDIT (1-5):</b> The MTA will receive \$98 million less for the Coliseum site than it was supposed to .....	<b>3</b>

## 88

## ROCK 'N' ROLLIER THAN THOU

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	6
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	0
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10)	2
MISDEEDS (1-10)	4
SPY AUDIT (1-5)	2
BONUS POINTS (1-10)	2
SCORE	17.80

*The artiste syndrome.* Rock 'n' rollers have never been spared this degenerative disease, but in the past year sanctimony and pretense have reached epidemic proportions. U2's Bono told us (in between defacing sculpture in San Francisco and demanding to fly his hairdresser from L.A. to Ireland for a *Rolling Stone* photo shoot), "I'm learning to accept [licensing U2] T-shirts; what I'm not willing to accept is bad T-shirts." R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe worried about sounding "Cartesian" and got headaches when there was an earthquake. David Bowie made a powerful social statement by roller-skating among the homeless in a video. Nobel Peace Prize nominee Bob Geldof wrote reproachful jokes in French-bistro guest books ("Why are there so many trees lining the lanes of France? So the German army can march in the shade"). And Prince told an audience, "I dig you, and you dig me, and together we'll dig Him to death. Thank you Jesus."

But Sting—whose last album was advertised as "12 songs from a man Who knows the grass is always greener Where the fence Isn't," who will not appear in any movie that has a gun in it and who claims that *Synchronicity* encouraged people to read Jung (though he doesn't think they understood it)—reigned as the year's most self-indulgent, self-righteous and self-pitying pop star (see *Wounded*, *Cranky*, *Self-serving Letters to the Editor*, No. 60). Armed with an onstage humidifier, over \$6 million in record sales and nonprescription tortoiseshell eyeglasses, Sting characterized the kind of sex he is selling as "sensitive, tender, romantic. *Literary*. Like being fucked by a college professor."

<b>BONUS POINTS (1-10):</b>	Builders Albert and Laurence Ginsburg, whose East 96th Street high rise is 12 stories too tall, begged the city not to make them shorten it if they'd renovate two East Harlem brownstones as housing for the aged . . .	<b>2</b>
<b>SCORE</b>		<b>18.38</b>

## 84

## IVAN BOESKY

<b>1987 RANK</b> .....	<b>1</b>
<b>INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)</b> .....	<b>6</b>
<b>NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN</b> .....	<b>6</b>
<b>MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):</b> Squealed on dozens of securities-industry-defrauder pals, among them Boyd Jefferies, Martin Siegel and John Mulheren; had his life threatened by Mulheren .....	<b>5</b>
<b>MISDEEDS (1-10):</b> Assigned to minimum-security Lompoc Federal Prison Camp, known as Club Fed; asked for reduction in jail term on grounds that he'd ratted on people he <i>badn't</i> ratted on before .....	<b>3</b>
<b>SPY AUDIT (1-5):</b> Started at 11 cents an hour performing chores at Lompoc ....	<b>1</b>
<b>BONUS POINTS (1-10):</b> Chores include milking cows and kitchen work .....	<b>1</b>
<b>SCORE</b> .....	<b>18.21</b>

## 85

## THE NEW YORK POST SALE

1987 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	2
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	3

<b>MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):</b>	Promises to lose money for Peter Kalikow	6
<b>MISDEEDS (1-10):</b>	Deprived New York of true afternoon paper; turned entertaining mix of overwrought sleaze and right-wing hysteria into boring <i>Daily News</i> clone	6
<b>SPY AUDIT (1-5):</b>	Kalikow paid \$37 million for a paper that last year lost roughly \$17 million	5
<b>BONUS POINTS (1-10):</b>	"Adding the Steak" ad campaign forced TV viewers to watch 60-second commercials of unappealing <i>Post</i> contributors Eric Breindel and Suzy putting beef into their mouths	4
<b>SCORE</b>		<b>18.03</b>

## 86

## THE CONDOM GLUT

<b>1987 RANK</b> .....	<b>85</b>
<b>INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)</b> .....	<b>1</b>
<b>NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN</b> .....	<b>5</b>
<b>MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):</b> Best protection against sexually transmitted diseases; poses Catholic church hierarchy with entertaining moral dilemma .....	<b>6</b>
<b>MISDEEDS (1-10):</b> Impossible to ride subway, watch sitcoms or listen to comics without being hectored about condoms; proliferation of adorable ads—Kondom Komic key chains, "Sammy Safesex Sez" .....	<b>4</b>
<b>SPY AUDIT (1-5):</b> 404 million condoms sold in 1987, up 40 percent from 1986—a \$290-million-a-year business .....	<b>5</b>
<b>BONUS POINTS (1-10):</b> Trojan for Women; Safety Shorts—men's underwear with	

condom-pocket sewn discreetly inside	4
SCORE	18.01

## 87

## JOAN RIVERS

<b>1987 RANK</b> .....	<b>53</b>
<b>INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)</b> .....	<b>5</b>
<b>NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN</b> .....	<b>5</b>
<b>MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):</b> Showed signs of abandoning professional widowhood .....	<b>6</b>
<b>MISDEEDS (1-10):</b> Infiltrated New York: a turn on Broadway, lunch at the Friars Club, stand-up at Michael's Pub, a \$3.5-million co-op (which the broker sent out press releases trumpeting) .....	<b>4</b>
<b>SPY AUDIT (1-5):</b> Filed \$50 million libel lawsuit against <i>GQ</i> .....	<b>1</b>
<b>BONUS POINTS (1-10):</b> Hesitation by co-op board provoked more whining: "I'm living in a hotel. I am <i>rootless</i> , and my daughter is rootless. My husband is dead" .....	<b>3</b>
<b>SCORE</b> .....	<b>17.87</b>

## 89

## LAURENCE TISCH

<b>1987 RANK</b> .....	<b>34</b>
<b>INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)</b> .....	<b>4</b>
<b>NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN</b> .....	<b>8</b>
<b>MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):</b> Made up for dull programming by providing diverting behind-the-scenes shenanigans .....	<b>8</b>
<b>MISDEEDS (1-10):</b> Sold CBS Records—a library of great American music—to Sony; moved <i>CBS Evening News</i> to make way for <i>Win, Lose or Draw</i> ; quashed rumors he planned to sell CBS—rumors <i>he had started</i> ; forced Diane Sawyer to bring her lips near his ear .....	<b>4</b>
<b>SPY AUDIT (1-5):</b> Sold 19 CBS magazines for \$650 million to Peter Diamandis, who resold them for \$952.5 million .....	<b>1</b>
<b>BONUS POINTS (1-10):</b> Ordered publicist to claim to satiric monthly that "medically, technically," he is not a dwarf .....	<b>1</b>
<b>SCORE</b> .....	<b>17.18</b>

## 90

## LADY CARROLL BING

1987 RANK	.....	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)	.....	5
NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN	.....	0
MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):	Dreams of becoming "the pope's private pilot"	..... 2
MISDEEDS (1-10):	Married former Metropolitan Opera GM Sir Rudolph Bing, an Alzheimer's sufferer; persuaded him to write her checks totaling \$20,000; tried to file his will three days after wedding; slaps him and refuses to let nurses bathe him or change his clothes; rumored to have had sex with him at the Met	..... 6
SPY AUDIT (1-5):	Two box seats at the Met cost \$196; a room at the nearby Mayflower Hotel costs \$175	..... 1
BONUS POINTS (1-10):	Wants to adopt a Vienna choirboy—any Vienna choirboy	1
SCORE	.....	16.99





**ON HAND WAS THAT MARVELOUS NEW WHITE WINE.**





# 91

## AL NEUHARTH'S BUSCAPADES

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 3  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 2  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** ..... 0  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Gannett chairman Neuharth left his \$1-million-a-year job—the actual go-into-an-office part, not the \$1-million-a-year part—and got back in touch with the America his company has been buying up. He bought a bus and had the *USA Today* logo painted on its side; 34,905 miles and 51 columns later, what had he learned? That New Mexico is a land of "curiously contrasting people" and Missourians are "more middlemost than most of us" ..... 5  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Used 4,986.43 gallons—or 1.29 gallons per column inch ..... 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** The bus horn blared "On the Road Again" ..... 4  
**SCORE** ..... 16.92

# 92

## THE BEACH BOYS

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 3  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 2  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Brian Wilson's solo LP is his best work in years ..... 7  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Wilson lives under the 24-hour sway of fame-hungry psychologist Eugene Landy, whose therapy includes managing Wilson's career and forcing his own and his girlfriend's bad lyrics onto the LP; Mike Love soured the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame ceremony by boasting that, unlike The Beatles, the Boys are still touring; the tours are anemic oldies shows on the theme-park circuit ..... 6  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Landy's earned a reported \$50,000 a month treating Wilson ..... 5  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Wilson's cameo on *The New Leave It to Beaver* ..... 2  
**SCORE** ..... 16.83

# 94

## MICHAEL EISNER AND MICKEY MOUSE

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 3  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 7  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Photos of Disney chairman Eisner with Mickey more appealing than photos of Eisner with studio chief Jeffrey Katzenberg ..... 5  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Pictured together incessantly (*Time* cover, *60 Minutes*), in the tradition of Smith & Dale and Abbott & Costello; media eager to comply with studio's "boy-king in Toyland" PR line ..... 4  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Eisner earned \$6.7 million in fiscal year 1987; Mickey, in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, worked for free ..... 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Eisner had Whoopi

Goldberg perform at a party at his house, whereupon she, un-Mickey-like, called the guests "motherfuckers" ..... 2  
**SCORE** ..... 16.28

# 95

## BERNHARD GOETZ

**1987 RANK** ..... 10  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 5  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 5  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Well, he *was* given the Courageous Citizen Award by a gun group in Brooklyn ..... 5  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Though sentenced to six months in jail for carrying an unlicensed handgun, he remains free pending appeal. Asked what message his conviction sent, Goetz replied, "Who cares?" ..... 4  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** \$39.95 is the price of an

Rose's Lime Juice ad, an Amaretto ad and a particularly inappropriate Rug Towers ad; publish *A Cannibal in Manhattan*; and reprint *American Dad* ..... 3  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** Sold some 40,000 copies of *A Cannibal in Manhattan* ..... 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Bernadette Peters will play the Tama role in the Merchant Ivory movie of *Slaves of New York* ..... 2  
**SCORE** ..... 15.48

# 97

## THE WINTER OLYMPICS

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 2  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 3  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Ski jumper Eddie Edwards; Jamaican bobsledding team; humbling lack of medals for U.S.;

# 93

## WAITING FOR THE NINETIES

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 4  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 3  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10)** ..... 5  
**MISDEEDS (1-10)** ..... 7  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5)** ..... 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10)** ..... 2  
**SCORE** ..... 16.70



When did the eighties end? Was it, as *Newsweek* said, with the crash? Was it with *New York's* cover story NERVOUS ABOUT THE NINETIES? Was it when Tom Wolfe, interviewed in *Metropolitan Home*, mused, "The Nineties? I think I hear the sound of Red Guards marching"? Was it on the day *Manhattan, inc.* editor Clay Felker reportedly told his staff, "All right... let's name the nineties"? Was it, as *Vogue* wondered, with the Iran-contra affair (as SPY had declared in 1986) or Gary Hart's affair or the release of *Graceland*? The nineties, they tell us, will be an uncertain time: a time of inflation or recession, when selfless generosity comes into vogue, unless egocentric greed continues to be the norm. People will be happy at some times and sad at others. The era will be one long orgy of permissiveness—or an era of Victorian probity. One thing is certain: no matter what the fin de siècle Zeitgeist, this bold new age will parallel some earlier era of American history.

88-minute home video of Goetz's confession to the Concord, N.H., police. Pushed as a stocking-stuffer, sales were weak ..... 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Members of the Goetz jury held a reunion on the anniversary of his conviction ..... 1  
**SCORE** ..... 16.23

# 96

## TAMA JANOWITZ

**1987 RANK** ..... 44  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 2  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 9  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Allowed herself to be embraced by former vampire/restaurant figurehead Al Lewis during SPY cover shoot ..... 6  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Found time in her busy self-promotion schedule—which included setting her hair on fire at one of R. Couri Hay's cocktail parties—to pose for a

Pirmin Zurbriggenmania! ..... 6  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Travelogues on Calgary and Alberta; media-forced romance between Katarina Witt and lardy, arrogant slalomer Alberto Tomba; wooden wrap-ups by Frank and Kathie Lee Gifford; Al Trautwig asking Dr. Ruth Westheimer to provide sexual advice to skiers ..... 5  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** ABC lost an estimated \$30 million on the Calgary Games ..... 3  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** USOC asked George Steinbrenner's opinion on how to improve U.S. team ..... 5  
**SCORE** ..... 15.36

# 98

## ABE ROSENTHAL

**1987 RANK** ..... 33  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 3  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 10  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Dropped

from *Times* masthead; first-person-singular occasionally dropped from column ..... 8  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Holds pooh-bah job at G. P. Putnam's Sons; refused to wait in line for marriage license; now dressed by his wife, he actually looked better in his Harry Rothman sack suit; devotes column to only three subjects: Soviet human-rights abuses, Jesse Jackson and the consequences of libertinism (AIDS, drug addiction) ..... 3  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** A copy of Strunk and White (\$3.95) should be required reading ..... 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** Was called "another Blaine Trump" by Cindy Adams ..... 1  
**SCORE** ..... 14.75

# 99

## PATHETIC COLUMBIA FOOTBALL

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 1  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 0  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** Jack Kerouac was a running back in 1941 ..... 2  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** Had lost record 41 in a row going into this season, despite having recruited, with the Ivy League's permission (and pity), eleven players who didn't meet the league's minimum academic standards. Too many tiresome stories about putatively colorful character D. Keith Mano, who attends every game ..... 4  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** \$46 for a good season ticket at Baker Field ..... 2  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** The Lions changed their jersey color from an effete light blue to a more ferocious powder blue ..... 6  
**SCORE** ..... 13.05

# 100

## THREE MYSTERIOUS WHITE GUYS WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERYTHING

**1987 RANK** ..... —  
**INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS (1-10)** ..... 2  
**NUMBER OF SPY ISSUES MENTIONED IN** ..... 0  
**MITIGATING FACTORS (1-10):** At least we know what we're dealing with ..... 4  
**MISDEEDS (1-10):** The evidence has been building for years: Lisa Sliwa is attacked by "three clean-cut white men." Billy Martin claims "three white guys" ambushed him as he sat tranquilly in a bar. Three white law-enforcement officers in Texas are charged with murdering a black inmate. The Howard Beach defendants—*three more white guys*—go on trial in Queens. Tawana Brawley says she was attacked by six white males—that is, two groups of *three white guys* ..... 3  
**SPY AUDIT (1-5):** \$1.9 million lost so far by satirical monthly founded by t.w.g. ..... 1  
**BONUS POINTS (1-10):** North, Second, Poindexter. Okay? ..... 7  
**SCORE** ..... 11.20



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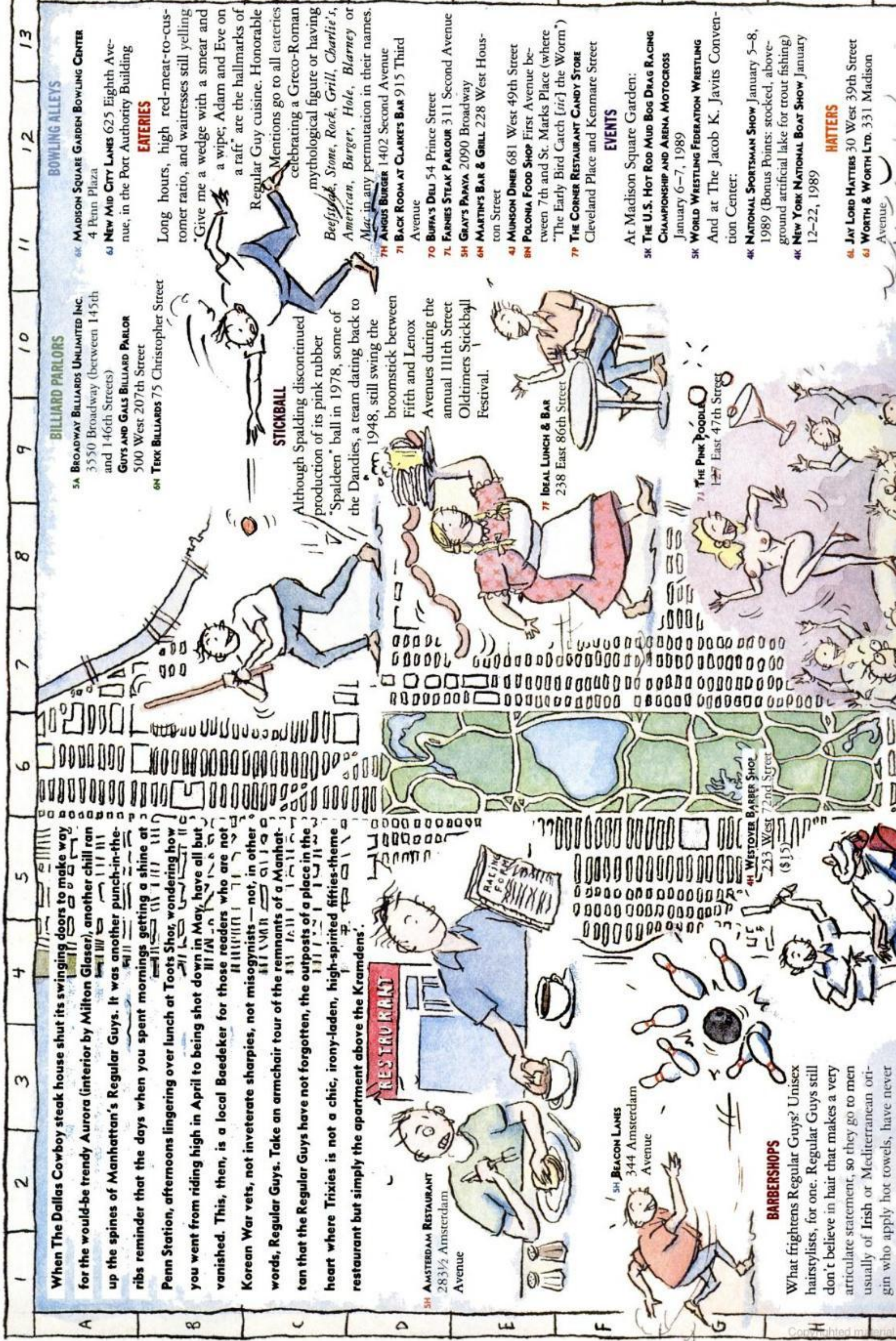


THE  
GRAND  
CHELSEA

WHERE OLD CHELSEA  
COMES OF AGE



# REGULAR GUY MANHATTAN



**When The Dallas Cowboy steak house shut its swinging doors to make way for the would-be trendy Aurora (interior by Milton Glaser), another chill ran up the spines of Manhattan's Regular Guys. It was another punch-in-the-ribs reminder that the days when you spent mornings getting a shine at Penn Station, afternoons lingering over lunch at Toots Shor, wondering how you went from riding high in April to being shot down in May, have all but vanished. This, then, is a local Baedeker for those readers who are not Korean War vets, not inveterate sharpies, not misogynists—not, in other words, Regular Guys. Take an armchair tour of the remnants of a Manhattan that the Regular Guys have not forgotten, the outposts of a place in the heart where Trixies is not a chic, irony-laden, high-spirited fifties-theme restaurant but simply the apartment above the Kramdens'.**

**5H AMSTERDAM RESTAURANT**  
283½ Amsterdam Avenue

**5H BEACON LANES**  
344 Amsterdam Avenue

## BARBERSHOPS

What frightens Regular Guys? Unisex hairstylists, for one. Regular Guys still don't believe in hair that makes a very articulate statement, so they go to men usually of Irish or Mediterranean origin who apply hot towels, have never heard of mousse, have *True Stories* and

**5A BROADWAY BILLIARDS UNLIMITED INC.**  
3550 Broadway (between 145th and 146th Streets)  
**GUYS AND GALS BILLIARD PARLOR**  
500 West 207th Street  
**6N TEKK BILLIARDS** 75 Christopher Street

## BILLIARD PARLORS

## STICKBALL

Although Spalding discontinued production of its pink rubber "Spalden" ball in 1978, some of the Dandies, a team dating back to 1948, still swing the broomstick between Fifth and Lenox Avenues during the annual 111th Street Oldtimers Stickball Festival.

## BOWLING ALLEYS

**4K MADISON SQUARE GARDEN BOWLING CENTER**  
4 Penn Plaza  
**6J NEW MID CITY LANES** 625 Eighth Avenue, in the Port Authority Building

## EATERIES

Long hours, high red-meat-to-customer ratio, and waitresses still yelling "Give me a wedge with a smear and a wipe; Adam and Eve on a raft" are the hallmarks of Regular Guy cuisine. Honorable Mentions go to all eateries celebrating a Greco-Roman mythological figure or having *Beefsteak, Stone, Rock, Grill, Charlie's, American, Burger, Hole, Blarney* or *Mac* in any permutation in their names.

**7H ANGUS BURGER** 1402 Second Avenue  
**7I BACK ROOM AT CLARKE'S BAR** 915 Third Avenue

**7O BUFFA'S DELI** 54 Prince Street

**7L FARNIES STEAK PARLOUR** 311 Second Avenue

**5H GRAY'S PAPAYA** 2090 Broadway

**6N MARTIN'S BAR & GRILL** 228 West Houston Street

**4J MUMSON DINER** 681 West 49th Street

**8N POLONIA FOOD SHOP** First Avenue between 7th and St. Marks Place (where "The Early Bird Catch [sic] the Worm")

**7P THE CORNER RESTAURANT CANDY STORE**  
Cleveland Place and Kenmare Street

## EVENTS

At Madison Square Garden:

**5K THE U.S. HOT ROD MUD BOG DRAG RACING CHAMPIONSHIP AND ARENA MOTOCROSS**  
January 6-7, 1989

**5K WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION WRESTLING**  
And at The Jacob K. Javits Convention Center:

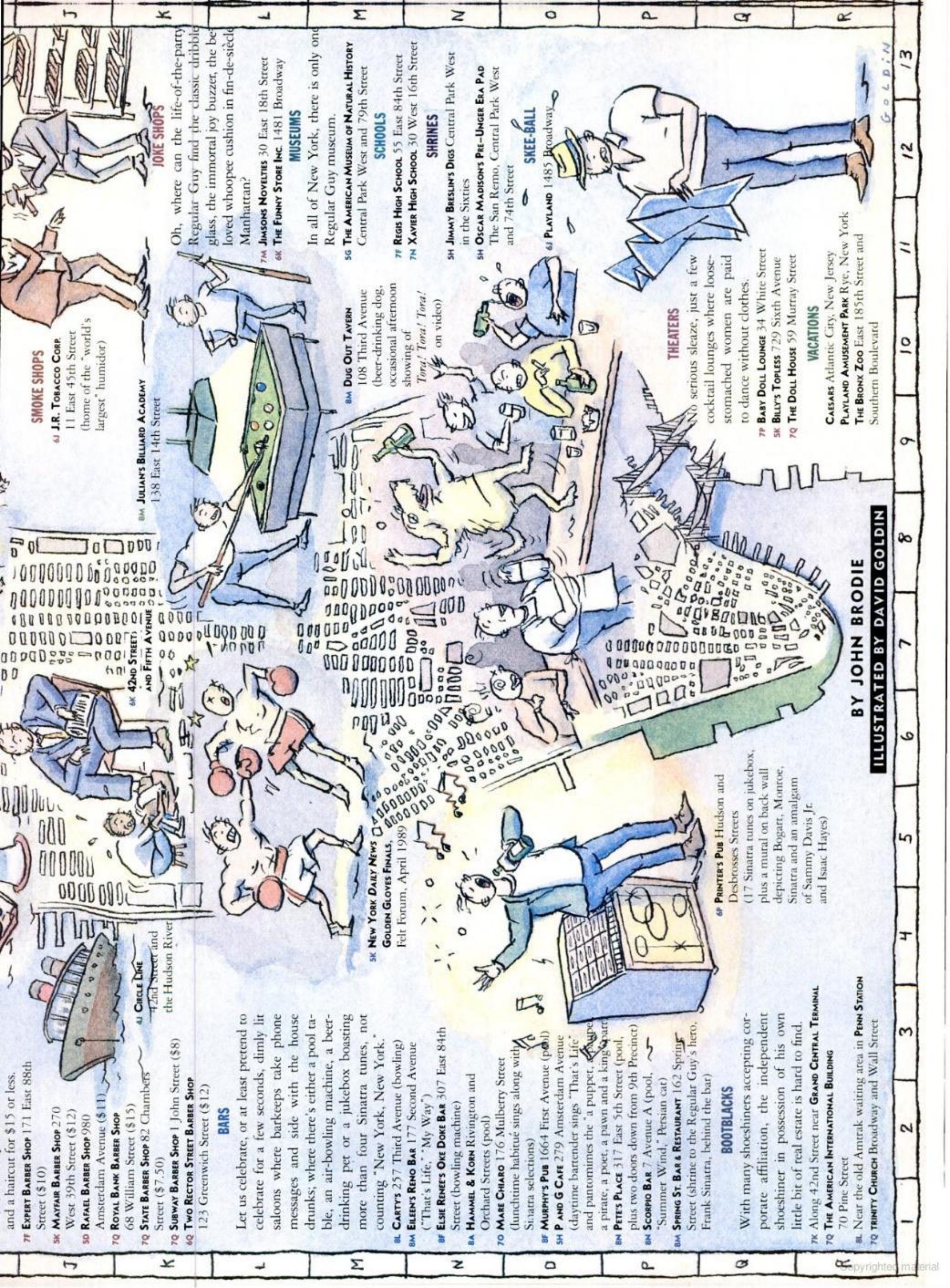
**4K NATIONAL SPORTSMAN SHOW** January 5-8, 1989 (Bonus Points: stocked, above-ground artificial lake for trout fishing)

**4K NEW YORK NATIONAL BOAT SHOW** January 12-22, 1989

## HATTERS

**6L JAY LORD HATTERS** 30 West 39th Street  
**6J WORTH & WORTH LTD.** 331 Madison Avenue





and a haircut for \$15 or less.

**7F EXPERT BARBER SHOP** 171 East 88th Street (\$10)

**5K MAYFAIR BARBER SHOP** 270 West 39th Street (\$12)

**5D RAFAEL BARBER SHOP** 980 Amsterdam Avenue (\$11)

**7Q ROYAL BANK BARBER SHOP** 68 William Street (\$15)

**7Q STATE BARBER SHOP** 82 Chambers Street (\$7.50)

**7Q SUBWAY BARBER SHOP** 1 John Street (\$8)

**6Q TWO RECTOR STREET BARBER SHOP** 123 Greenwich Street (\$12)

### BARS

Let us celebrate, or at least pretend to celebrate for a few seconds, dimly lit saloons where barkeeps take phone messages and side with the house drinks; where there's either a pool table, an air-bowling machine, a beer-drinking pet or a jukebox boasting more than four Sinatra tunes, not counting "New York, New York."

**8L CARTY'S** 257 Third Avenue (bowling)

**8M EILEEN'S RENO BAR** 177 Second Avenue ("That's Life," "My Way")

**8F ELSIE RENEE'S OKE DOKE BAR** 307 East 84th Street (bowling machine)

**8A HAMMEL & KORN** Rivington and Orchard Streets (pool)

**7Q MARE CHIARO** 176 Mulberry Street (lunchtime habitué sings along with Sinatra selections)

**8F MURPHY'S PUB** 1664 First Avenue (pool)

**5H P AND G CAFE** 279 Amsterdam Avenue (daytime bartender sings "That's Life" and pantomimes the "a puppet, a pirate, a poet, a pawn and a king")

**8N PETE'S PLACE** 317 East 5th Street (pool, plus two doors down from 9th Precinct)

**8N SCORPIO BAR** 7 Avenue A (pool, "Summer Wind," Persian cat)

**8M SPRING ST. BAR & RESTAURANT** 162 Spring Street (shrine to the Regular Guy's hero, Frank Sinatra, behind the bar)

### BOOTBLACKS

With many shoeshiners accepting corporate affiliation, the independent shoeshiner in possession of his own little bit of real estate is hard to find.

**7K** Along 42nd Street near **GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL**

**7Q THE AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL BUILDING** 70 Pine Street

**8L** Near the old Amtrak waiting area in **PENN STATION**

**7Q TRINITY CHURCH** Broadway and Wall Street

**6J J.R. TOBACCO CORP.** 11 East 45th Street (home of the "world's largest" humidor)

**8M JULIAN'S BILLIARD ACADEMY** 138 East 14th Street

**6K 42ND STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE**

**5K NEW YORK DAILY NEWS GOLDEN GLOVES FINALS** Felt Forum, April 1989

**6P PRINTER'S PUB** Hudson and Desbrosses Streets (17 Sinatra tunes on jukebox, plus a mural on back wall depicting Bogart, Monroe, Sinatra and an amalgam of Sammy Davis Jr. and Isaac Hayes)

**SMOKE SHOPS**

**6J J.R. TOBACCO CORP.** 11 East 45th Street (home of the "world's largest" humidor)

**JOKES SHOPS**

Oh, where can the life-of-the-party Regular Guy find the classic dribble glass, the immortal joy buzzer, the beloved whoopee cushion in fin-de-siècle Manhattan?

**7M JIMSONS NOVELTIES** 30 East 18th Street

**6K THE FUNNY STORE INC.** 1481 Broadway

**MUSEUMS**

In all of New York, there is only one Regular Guy museum.

**5G THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY** Central Park West and 79th Street

**SCHOOLS**

**7F REGIS HIGH SCHOOL** 55 East 84th Street

**7N XAVIER HIGH SCHOOL** 30 West 16th Street

**SHRINES**

**5H JIMMY BRESLIN'S DIGS** Central Park West in the Sixties

**5H OSCAR MADISON'S PRE-UNGER ERA PAD** The San Remo, Central Park West and 74th Street

**SKEE-BALL**

**6J PLAYLAND** 1485 Broadway

**THEATERS**

No serious sleaze, just a few cocktail lounges where loose-stomached women are paid to dance without clothes.

**7P BABY DOLL LOUNGE** 34 White Street

**5K BILLY'S TOPLESS** 729 Sixth Avenue

**7Q THE DOLL HOUSE** 59 Murray Street

**VACATIONS**

**CAESARS** Atlantic City, New Jersey

**PLAYLAND AMUSEMENT PARK** Rye, New York

**THE BRONX ZOO** East 185th Street and Southern Boulevard

BY JOHN BRODIE

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID GOLDIN



*Rhodes scholar.* The phrase has a weight to it, a pleasing, dignified heft that bespeaks accomplishment and promises greatness. Rhodes scholars are our titled nobility—only 32 a year are special enough and fine enough to be anointed. There is no more glittering prize an ambitious young American can win, and we expect every Rhodes scholar to become a Senator Bill Bradley or a Justice Byron White—even a Kris Kristofferson or a Pat Haden. But the sad truth is that as a rule, Rhodies possess none of the charms of the aristocracy and all of the debilities: fecklessness, excessive concern that peasants be aware of their achievement, and a certain hemophilia of character. Rhodes scholars are the apotheosis of the hustling apple-polisher, the triumph of the résumé-obsessed goody-goody, the epitome of the blue-chip nincompoop. **ANDREW SULLIVAN, Oxonian,** reports on these high-profile losers and explains why

# ALL RHODES LEAD



T OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES SOON LEARN to identify them. The strangers are friendly in an earnest, Dale Carnegie way but seem somehow oddly lonely, misfits by virtue of their bland eugenic perfection. Big, benign, boring: they stand apart. Those warm, nervous eyes, wincing ever so slightly as they dip toward another draft of warm English beer before looking up again, feet braced and head thrown back now to take in the clipped greensward and sixteenth-century towers of Oxford—*Oxford!*—those precisely engineered pectoral muscles straining against the undersized tweed jacket; the furled copy of the *International Herald Tribune*; the bad haircut; the single fluid action of lowering the backpack and launching the conversational opener about the U.S. electoral college...you see all this and you know: *Rhodes scholar*. You also know the chances are good that your Rhodes scholar is failing his coursework, hasn't had sex in





100% QUALIFICATION  
RODES SCHOLAR  
CUM LAUDE  
QUAE ALIA VIDERI SEMANT

NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR



six months and is afraid, quite sensibly, that this will be the high point of his life.

These are the young people Cecil J. Rhodes—the pillager of South Africa, the man who gave his name to Rhodesia—imagined in 1902 would be the world's elite. They would be young people with “literary and scholastic attainments...fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports...moral force of character and of instincts to lead...” They would be men (women have been included only since 1975). They would be white men. Although the original charter has a mandate against race discrimination, Rhodes meant the British and Dutch “races.” The scholar-

ships are limited to Germans and “colonials”—Americans, Australians, South Africans, New Zealanders, Canadians and other citizens of the former British Empire (preferably of a lighter hue). In essence the intent was to take a mix of Aryan elites and, during two years at Oxford, forge them into an alliance of rugged (that “manly sports” requirement), ruddy-cheeked Anglophiles. They would be “the best men for the world's fight”—and to Rhodes the world's fight meant the extension of British influence, including “the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire.”

History would disappoint this grandiose dream. So would the Rhodies.

In America the Kennedy administration was the Rhodes scholar high-water mark (unfortunately, Cecil Rhodes never lived to see an Irish Catholic lead the free world). Kennedy appointed eleven Rhodies to his administration, and David Halberstam would write in *The Best and the Brightest*, his book about the Kennedy and Johnson administrations' conduct of the Vietnam War, that “in a nation so large and so diverse [as America] there are few ways of quantifying intelligence or success or ability, so those few that exist are immediately magnified, titles become particularly important: [Thus] all Rhodes scholars become brilliant.... Doors will open more readily, invitations will arrive, the phone will ring.”

But beneath the mystique is a pattern of grim facts that are becoming grimmer as the caliber of Rhodes scholars steadily declines. The aphorism about Rhodies—that they are people with a great future behind them—is borne out by most of their career paths.

There are about 1,600 living Ameri-

can Rhodes scholars. About 250 fill middle-rank administrative and professorial positions in middle-rank state colleges and universities. Another 260 have ended up as lawyers, an oppressive fraction of them in Washington. One Rhodes scholar writer finds the careers of his fellow Rhodies a somber reflection on the idea of the Rhodes itself: “I can't see the great good for mankind of conferring this great honor and experience on 32 young people, 22 of whom become corporate lawyers.”

On their way to lucrative white-shoe practices, a large number of Rhodies become special assistants to various establishment dignitaries, jobs that require maximum toadying and minimum risk—the ideal Rhodes scholar combination. Speech writers to major politicians, aides to CEOs—the important thing is to boost, boost, boost the résumé without ever committing to a particular line of endeavor. Rhodes scholars are to jobs what Don Juans are to women. George Bush, a man who has no convictions, has been appointed to nearly everything, and has a long, responsible, boring résumé that has led him to the second-highest post in the land, is the Rhodes scholar paradigm.

The nonlawyers and nonacademics generally end up, courtesy of the Rhodes Old Boy Network, in establishment sinecures such as *The New York Times* (six), *Time* magazine (eight), McKinsey management consultants (seven) and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, where Rhodes scholars are president and editor of *Foreign Policy*. These are all jobs where bland, mainstream intelligence is welcome: jobs that reward the very best of the second-rate, those adept at nattering away at the country's problems, prescribing solutions of soulless reasonableness. Dean Rusk, who presided over the escalation of the American involvement in Vietnam—a classic case of think-tank reasonableness holding steadfast in the face of reality—was a Rhodes scholar. Bill Clinton, governor of Arkansas and former Rhodes scholar, was given the prime-time nomination speech at this summer's Democratic National Convention in Atlanta; his tortuously reasonable, utterly passionless and absurdly long speech bombed, and Clinton left the stage to the only boos heard that week. Rhodes scholar Carl Albert was one of the weakest, least dynamic Speakers in the history of the House of Representatives; his greatest triumph, thanks to the exceptionally seedy nature of early-1970s politics, was to twice find himself a heartbeat away from the Oval Office, during the interims between Spiro Agnew's, Gerald Ford's and Nelson Rockefeller's vice presidencies.

What went wrong?

IT ALL BEGINS WITH THE SELECTION process. Each year around 1,200 overachieving Americans in their early twenties are whittled down to 32 through an extended gauntlet of essays, references and interviews. There are two interviews with committees composed primarily of former Rhodes scholars: one from the home state and one from one of eight regions. The Rhodes insists

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11			12	13	14
15	16					17	18

# ULAR

## THOSE COLOSSAL RHODIES



1. CARL ALBERT
2. SAM BEER
3. DANIEL BOORSTIN
- BILL BRADLEY
4. PETE DAWKINS
5. E. J. DIONNE
6. RONALD DWORKIN
7. JAMES FALLOWS
- GEORGE GOODMAN  
("ADAM SMITH")
- PAT HADEN
8. MICHAEL KINSLEY
9. JONATHAN KOZOL
10. KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
- TERRENCE MALICK
11. ROBERT PENN WARREN
12. DEAN RUSK
13. PAUL SARBANES
14. STROBE TALBOTT
15. LESTER THUROW
- STANSFIELD TURNER
16. FRANK WELLS
17. JOHN WOMACK
18. EDWIN YODER
- ... AND 2,476 OTHERS



# Résumé Mucho

## CASE STUDY: THE YOUNG MAN THEY CALL MISTER RHODES

**C**URRENT RHODES SCHOLAR BENJAMIN B. Sherwood II's nervous eyes and carefully goofy warmth suggest a lifetime of manic achievement. Simultaneously elusive (at Oxford he would only give me an off-the-record interview), overbearing ("Let's do lunch sometime; I've been looking forward to meeting you") and bland, he is perhaps the archetypal Rhodes scholar, the ultimate in a long line of centerless résumé featherers. This is his story. . . .

Ben, now 24, had his eye on the Rhodes from an early age. The son of a well-connected Beverly Hills lawyer, he was educated at the Harvard School in Los Angeles—southern California's premier prep school—and grew up in the shadow of his equally driven elder sister, Elizabeth, who won a Rhodes in 1981. According to a friend, his parents actually paid slightly older children to play with their offspring as a way to inculcate social precocity and thus, perhaps, speed up their fellowship preparation. (Mrs. Sherwood confided to a family friend that she intended to write a book—*How to Raise a Rhodes Scholar*.) By the time he entered Harvard College with the class of 1985, Ben was primed for résumé battle in the big leagues; already he stood out among his peers. As a 1986 *Los Angeles Times* interview put it just after he won the Rhodes, "Ben Sherwood . . . has had to work hard to fit in with others his own age while darting in and out of a more adult world that tended to find his enthusiasm quite charming."

Yes, that is the word: *enthusiasm*. "He never lost his excitement about learning something new," remembers an older former employer. But as the *Times* hinted, Ben's enthusiasm has provoked some teasing from classmates. "It was a common bond among my class at Harvard, hating Ben Sherwood," notes one of his more affectionate former friends. "Ben is one of the most hated people alive," agrees Clark Freshman, a Harvard classmate and, as a Marshall scholar, a fellow Oxonian. "It's bizarre. People actually make an effort to dislike him." Others put it more gently: "When you think Ben Sherwood, you think funny stories, you think asshole, you think 'Thank God I'm not him,'" says a friend.

But through it all, Ben has held steady. "I'm not reluctant to make waves when sitting . . . with a group of classmates when one person says something I disagree with," Ben ventured to the *Times*. "And Machiavelli, who is widely misunderstood, said that in the long run it's not that important to be popular, because popularity is fleeting, but respect is permanent."

Some say that Ben himself is widely misunderstood, that his enthusiasm can encompass a normal human's sense of fun. To the *Times* he

confided shyly that he plays chess with a computer; has tried sumo wrestling in Japan; speaks French, Russian and Chinese (well, a summer course at Andover); and won a disco-dancing competition with his grandmother. He also has a penchant for magic tricks and mime. None of this, mind you, has anything to do with endearing himself to the overweeningly well-rounded men and women who make up the Rhodes Selection Committees.

**A**T THE HARVARD CRIMSON BEN'S enthusiasm quickly came to the fore: as a freshman he immediately declared his intention to be its president (the paper's equivalent of editor in chief) and wrote more stories to qualify for a position on the paper in his first semester than any other freshman. Once he'd acquired the nominal title of editor (like every other reporter who makes the staff), he wrote only a handful more pieces. Why the sudden withering of his journalistic passion? "He realized he didn't need the *Crimson*," explains a fellow editor, "and he had his active three moments for his résumé." Indeed, a miraculous series of prestigious internships followed: two stints working for the *Los Angeles Times* in its Washington and Paris bureaus, each of which was completely unconnected with his family's close friend, publisher Tom Johnson; a summer at CBS in New York (among the references on his résumé have been Walter Cronkite and Dan Rather, and featured prominently on his Oxford wall is a photo of Ben hugging Diane Sawyer on the *CBS Evening News* set); and the time spent covering the Jesse Helms-James Hunt 1984 Senate race for the *Raleigh News and Observer*.

Fellow reporters at the *Times* still remember Ben's enthusiasm. "He was a young man going on 65," one of them recently said. "He really worked his buns off." Ben boasted to a close friend afterward, "I walked in and asked how many articles [someone else had] written as a summer intern. They said five. So I said 'Right, I'll write more, then.' And I did."

Back at Harvard, Ben's enthusiasm subsequently fastened on rugby. Asked why he had a sudden interest in this obscure British sport, he explained that it was "to lock up my Rhodes." Although he was on the team, his closest friend at the time cannot recall him playing a single game. (His teammates valued his contributions so much that at their annual cookout they chose to strip him nude and funnel beer down his throat—a ritual Ben apparently took as an affectionate form of hazing.) Academically, Ben soldiered for a solid A- average, and by his junior year there was only one obstacle between

him and the Rhodes: another supremely enthusiastic man in his class from Los Angeles who would be formidable competition for the Harvard endorsement for the southwestern district. Fired with competitive spirit, Ben decided to take a year off to discover himself.

**W**ORKING FOR THE UNITED Nations for three months on the Thailand-Cambodia border was a burden for the Beverly Hills prodigy, but he bore it well (happily, it also fulfilled the Rhodes's community-service requirement). He reminisced to the *Times*, "I had the distinct impression [my friends] expected me to come back from this experience and reject the country club and the house and the family and the servants and the Hollywood Bowl. I could have done that. And it would have been outrageous. . . . When I look at poor people, I don't feel guilty that I have what I have. Nor does any sense of guilt necessarily motivate me to give immunizations to Khmer Rouge babies on the border in Thailand. What does motivate me to do things is a sense of duty." And enthusiasm.

"I guess it was kind of funny being on the Thai-Cambodia border with him and discussing strategies for getting fellowships," says another relief worker (according to this source, the border was crawling with résumé-padders). When Ben returned to Cambridge in the fall of 1985, he took a refugee-camp sign to a store to have it framed. It hung on his wall next to the Diane Sawyer photo.

Ben was so sure he would make the cut and get a Rhodes interview that he is rumored to have made his plane reservations to California a month in advance. In the winter of 1985, when Ben finally won the Rhodes, latent anti-Sherwood sentiment erupted in a splurge of telephone wailing. One classmate had to renege on his promise to commit suicide if Ben got the Rhodes. "I remember people calling one another up when he got it and saying, 'My God! There's no justice in the world!'" recalls a schoolmate. "People were dumbfounded," an acquaintance says, "not simply because he got the Rhodes but because he planned and executed getting the Rhodes. He'd devoted his life to it. When he got it, we lost all hope."

**A**T THE HARVARD RECEPTION FOR THE Marshall and Rhodes scholars, Ben leaned over to a friend and whispered the classic contemporary assertion of self-dramatizing hubris. "Imagine," he said, "if a bomb fell on this place tonight." Since then, friends say, his enthusiasm has been tempered by a new mellowness. Well, perhaps. Last summer he worked in Washington at the World Bank. Now, in contemplating his return to the United States from Oxford, he has been studying circulation figures of various newspapers to target the right reentry point. Let's see—which newspaper has produced the most Pulitzer prize winners?—A.S.



**LONG BUT THIN:  
EIGHTEEN  
PEOPLE YOU'D  
THINK WERE  
RHODES  
SCHOLARS**



**JAMES ATLAS**  
**LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS**  
**ROBERT BERNSTEIN**  
**DAVID BOIES**  
**WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.**  
**GEORGE BUSH**  
**DICK CAVETT**  
**GERALD FORD**  
**JOHN GLENN**  
**MATINA HORNER**  
**PETER JENNINGS**  
**LEWIS LAPHAM**  
**MICHAEL MORIARTY**  
**GEORGE PLIMPTON**  
**ERIC SEVAREID**  
**THEODORE SORENSEN**  
**PETER UEBERROTH**

on a geographical balance. Inevitably, this favors people from Alaska, Nevada and New Mexico over New York, California and Massachusetts. It also favors schools that can draw their students from a national base. If you're at Stanford, have an A— average and an interest in Gilbert and Sullivan, and grew up in South Dakota, you stand a good chance. This leads to what several current scholars call "the Midwest white-boy pack."

For some, the Rhodes gauntlet is thrilling. Real Rhodes junkies have been shooting for it since they were about 12, and their colleges are eager to help them out—it looks great on recruiting brochures. Almost all the big, prestigious schools now operate extensive Rhodes prescreening programs to weed out loser candidates who might reflect badly on the school and dilute its Rhodes pool. Likely candidates undergo extensive coaching. Brown University machines candidates with extensive practice interviews to help them handle the famously screwball questions old Rhodies love to crank out year after year ("What would Aristotle say to Larry Flynt?" or "What would Kant have thought of workfare?"). Some candidates have even been videotaped by college trainers to improve their Rhodes body language.

Georgetown is also eager to mint Rhodies: it holds out a \$1,000 account at Oxford's Blackwell's booksellers and a free tuxedo as lagniappe for each potential winner. A recent Georgetown candidate from the dream state of Alaska failed on her first attempt at the Rhodes and instead went to Sierra Leone as a Peace Corps volunteer. After several pestering letters from the school, she agreed to reapply, fortified by the knowledge that she had just fulfilled the "community service" requirement. Georgetown helped pay her airfare from Sierra Leone to Alaska for the interview, and she got the Rhodes her second time around. Georgetown's fellowships secretary, Edgar Puryear, explains, "She showed that her aim in life was to make it a better world to live in. The key to the Rhodes is public service."

Just in case Georgetown candidates are nervous about the numerous cocktail parties that seem to surround the Rhodes process (Puryear actually characterizes his Rhodes candidates as "professionally humble people"), the university also provides breakfast meetings with Rhodes alumni and fellowships advisers so candidates can practice the difficult art of simultaneously downing a cruller and making small talk about the trade deficit. Puryear explains, "The Jesuit philosophy of love and care is something we take very seriously at Georgetown." It seems to work.

Georgetown has manufactured six Rhodes scholars in the past four years.

But Harvard is still the East Germany of the Rhodes Olympics, with an all-time total of 244 successful candidates (Yale comes closest, with 168; the state school with the highest Rhodes tally is the decidedly unpopulist University of Virginia, with 39). Harvard's much touted student-body diversity is also a strategy for gathering Rhodes scholars: the admissions board scours desolate western states for future Rhodies. Harvard's close-knit dorms, modeled on Oxford colleges and each staffed with at least one full-time fellowships adviser to spot and groom future scholars, are Rhodes greenhouses. In September each house interviews candidates, ruthlessly edits their essays and grooms them for Rhodie small talk. Then the candidates move on to the central university committee for that boost of official endorsement and, for some, the very sexy videotaping experience.

Last season Harvard redoubled its efforts for a Rhodes sweep, insisting on an earlier deadline for prospective essays so candidates could "rewrite and rewrite" their essays, according to Kristine Forsgard, Harvard's director of Fellowships. The school then cut down on the number of students it did endorse, in order to give the chosen few an extra aura. As a result, Harvard's share of American Rhodes scholars jumped to an unprecedented 10 of the 32 last year (from an average of 5 per year in this decade). The 1988 fundraising mailing to alumni used the Rhodes figures to argue Harvard's scholastic preeminence. A high Rhodes tally is good PR and good business—the scholastic equivalent of a mother lode of Oscars.

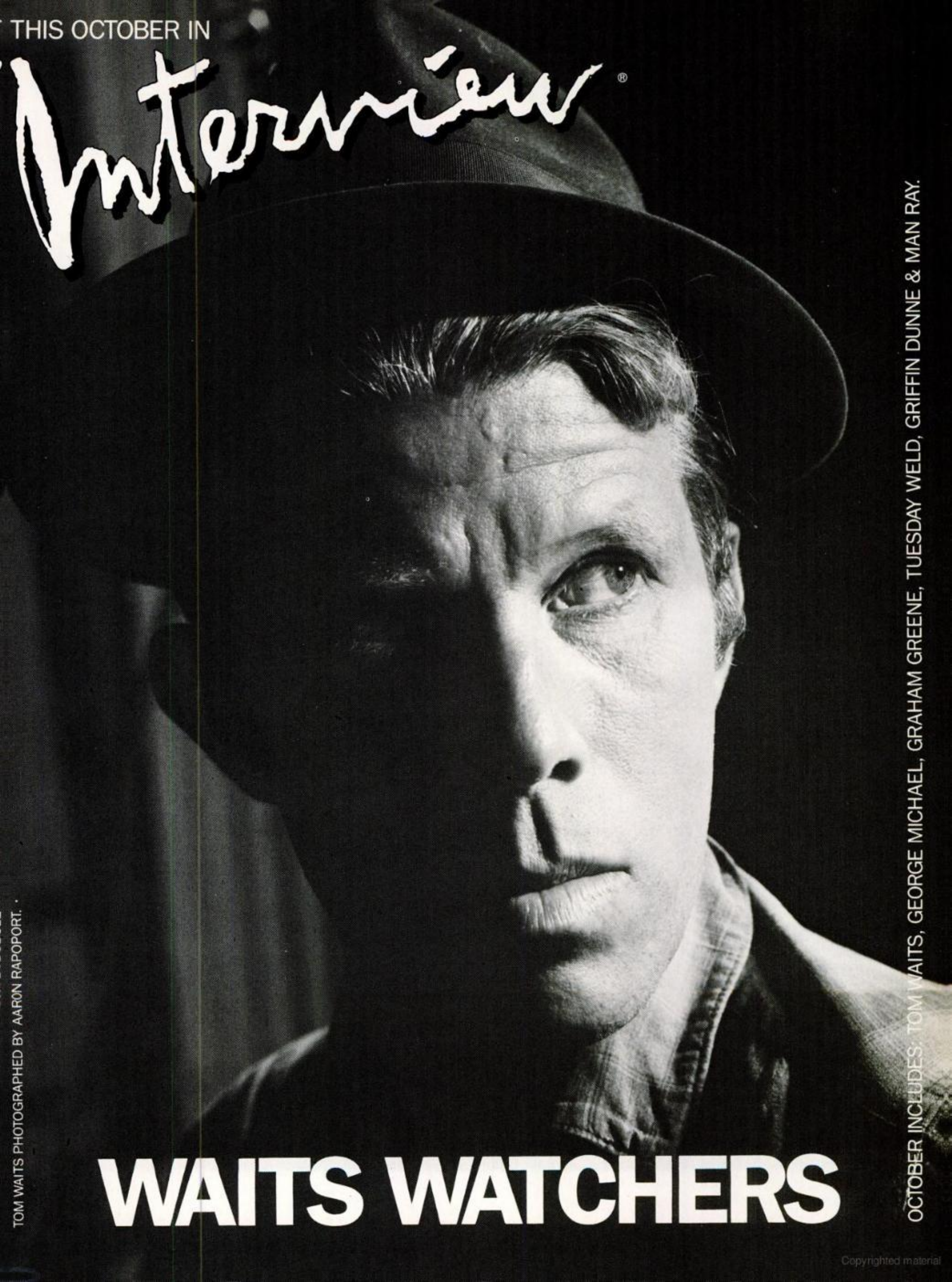
The incestuous Ivy League dominance is enforced by the Rhodes Selection Committees, a crushing majority of whose members are ex-Rhodies. Harriet Sheridan, a former academic dean of Brown University and former secretary of the Rhode Island Rhodes Committee, says, "Some Ivy League schools have almost a conspiracy in restraint of trade on these fellowships. It's a bit of a closed circle." In fact, Ivy League dominance of the Rhodes is getting worse. Harvard, Princeton and Yale increased their hold on the scholarship from 11 percent of all Rhodies during the first three decades of the century to 33 percent in the 1970s and '80s.

The problem is that this self-perpetuating pool of Rhodes scholars chooses the next generation not for their creative brilliance but for their slogging ability to make all the right career moves and please their elders. "Rhodes scholars are good at seeking and getting approval," says *Time* writer and SPY contributor Richard Stengel. "They were good boys at every stage. They were the kind of guys who were editor of the yearbook in high school."

Just as in Miss Local Product pageants, it takes a certain harmlessness to get past the selection committees. As a top administrator at a national university puts it, "The selection committee is full of Rhodes scholars. They're looking to replicate themselves, so they look for someone who is not too competitive, not too hard-edged, not too self-assured—someone who can nevertheless be 'impressive,' which means a certain kind of conversational adeptness and a certain charm. I don't think there's much possibility of upgrading Rhodes scholars in the future. Talented people are too threatening to the selectors."

The famed athletic requirement is widely considered a joke.





THIS OCTOBER IN

# Interview<sup>®</sup>

OCTOBER INCLUDES: TOM WAITS, GEORGE MICHAEL, GRAHAM GREENE, TUESDAY WELD, GRIFFIN DUNNE & MAN RAY.

# WAITS WATCHERS



Most of the scholars exercise, but few play varsity sports. Current Rhodes scholar Atul Gawande says, "The athletic requirement is something that keeps fat people out of it. There are ill people who are Rhodes scholars, and disabled people, but *no fat people*. There's an assumption that you can't have character and be fat."

IN THEIR TWO YEARS AT OXFORD, Rhodies rarely make any impact on university life, except as semiprofessional rowers on the once-amateur Oxford crew, or in intramural sports—hockey, rugby, even cricket—where American teams often find themselves playing against one another. The Union, a debating society that is one of the centers of campus social and political life, has been largely unaffected by Rhodies: one Rhodes scholar *did* become Union president a few years ago, but he was a Canadian. A star actor from Tufts University, Barry Edelstein, went to Oxford two years ago expecting to become an acclaimed thespian; it didn't happen. Who needs a fake British accent when there are 12,000 real ones? Snotty Oxonians ignore or condescend to Rhodies: "I've never met a Rhodes scholar who stood out from the crowd," sniffs Eddie Varney, treasurer of the Union. Says Andrew McCulloch, the current president, "Of course, they try desperately to impress you. If you tell a Rhodes scholar you're planning to invite a senator to speak here, he'll give you the impression that if you just mention his name, the senator will come, stay for two weeks and bring the whole State Department."

Most Americans at Oxford have a hard time socially, but Rhodies are somewhat less desirable even than earnest sophomore transfer students from Pomona and Duke. This leads, some say, to a desperate version of incest: "We can name at least five Rhodes scholars who have had sex with other Rhodes scholars in the last 48 hours," declared two Rhodes scholars I met recently at Oxford.

"Rhodes scholars are people who spend all their time having tea with one another," says a current Oxonian. "I remember one scheduling me for hot chocolate at ten o'clock at night—*ten days ahead*. He was booked up with tea engagements."

"Every American male here grows a beard after six months. I don't know why. It just gets lonely," says David Noever, a Rhodes scholar from the class of 1984 who is still at Oxford. He and a group of three fellow Rhodies became so alienated from Oxford and England during the winter of 1986 that they decided to live

## "YOU MEAN OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI?"

### A FIELD GUIDE TO RHODES SCHOLAR CONVERSATIONAL GAMBITS

**U**pon returning Stateside, one of the greatest challenges facing a Rhodes scholar is gingerly working every conversation around to the fact that he or she has spent some considerable amount of time in Britain . . . outside London . . . um, Oxford, actually . . . well, yes, [*shrug*] on a Rhodes. . . .

When talking to assertively humble persons, be very wary of the following conversational gambits:

"Is that Stilton?"

"I got my Filofax at Harrods."

"As Sir Ronald Syme once said to me over sherry . . ."

"No, that's okay. I prefer my beer warm."

"No, that's okay. I prefer my Scotch without ice."

"It's hard to go back to Totes when you're used to Wellies."

"I would kill for an edible scone."

"When I was sent down . . ."

"Is that a Harrow tie you have on?"

"It's impossible for Americans to *fully* appreciate Waugh."

"Frankly, I prefer the *TLS* to the *Times* Book Review."

"I can't believe it got good reviews. Kevin Kline sounds about as British as Buddy Hackett."

"English advertising is far, far more sophisticated."

"Thank you. It is an attractive scarf. . . . They're my rowing colors."

"She's about medium height, ginger-haired."

"Whoops! I'm used to looking left before I cross the street."

"You know, it's really just a poor imitation of *Private Eye*."

as if they were in the American Eastern Standard time zone. For five months they went to bed at 9:00 a.m. Oxford time and got up at 5:00 or 6:00 in the evening. "We never met any English people anyway," says Noever, "and this way we could get phone calls from home at any time and we'd be awake. Only dinner was a problem. At four or five o'clock in the morning, I'd have a problem staring at a sausage pie."

Rhodes scholars also stumble in the classroom. Harriet Sheridan, the ex-Brown dean, notes, "If you have a really brilliant student in the field, it's hard to get faculty to nominate them for a Rhodes. The bright ones are going for the Fulbright Scholarship and the Marshall." The Rhodie's academic performance at Oxford, where many take second undergraduate degrees in the subject they studied back home, is at best average, even by the reckoning of David Alexander, American secretary of the Rhodes Scholarships and chief Rhodie flack. In the past few years there have been persistent rumors that Oxford's dons have

been appalled by the low academic performance of American Rhodies. (Most Oxford degrees are ranked, which embarrasses not just Rhodies who bottom out but their colleges as well, where averages are dragged down by these underachieving over-achievers.) The solution has been for Rhodes scholars to take unranked degrees, such as the M. Phil., the M. Lit. and the M. Stud., the last of which is notorious for having the most meager requirements of any degree program and is said to have been created specifically as a Rhodes scholar gut. Despite the coddling, an unprecedented number of Rhodies have recently failed to stay the course of their degree. The Rhodes authorities won't give out exact percentages but concede the number is "alarming."

SCORNE AND DIRECTIONLESS DESPITE (OR MAYBE BECAUSE OF) their willful well-roundedness, most Rhodies drift through Oxford in a haze of disappointment. One current Rhodes scholar reveals the breed's mind-set with petulant eloquence: "Once you've got the Rhodes, what's there left to do? Why succeed at Oxford?" Sylvia Mathews, another current Rhodie, puts it this way: "So much of our lives has been devoted to doing significant things. Now it's time to sit down and think about what's meaningful. It's a problem," she adds, ignoring the larger problem of a definition of "significant things" that appears to exclude *meaningfulness*. But





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then, that's the Rhodes mentality in a nutshell.

Rhodies leave Oxford fashioned for a peculiar kind of respectable mediocrity—one that has intelligence and ambition and needs recognition, all without any particular reason. It is a mediocrity, one illustrious Rhodes scholar admits, that continues to have "a bottomless capacity for [seeking] pointless honors. Pete Dawkins [Heisman Trophy winner turned five-star general turned Senate candidate, and a Rhodie in 1959] is the classic type. Here's a guy whose emptiness—he has no values to speak of—is filled by collecting credentials rather than actually going out and doing something."

"It's a bodybuilding attitude to life," explains a current Marshall scholar at Oxford. "You build yourself up but for actually no purpose at all. There's not even much skill or sportsmanship behind the activity. It just *looks* good."

What, after all, do you do with the rest of your life? Some Rhodies lapse into perpetual studenthood tinged with Anglophilia. They spend their time directing alumni associations, getting themselves on selection committees and reading Muriel Spark novels.

Charles Bolté went from being a Rhodie to being—yes—editor of *The American Oxonian*. John Palmer became editor of *The Yale Review*. James Quitslund braced himself for the world's fight by becoming director of the Alumni Continuing Education program at Harvard. J. E. Roper found himself teaching English at Rhodes College in Memphis, Tennessee.

Other Rhodes coasters cope by managing to drop Oxford into every conversation. One unabashed ex-Rhodie, now at large in New York, explains, "There's a Rhodes scholar practice of steering the conversation to the *O* word. Once you've got it out, normally someone will say, 'Oh, were you a Rhodes scholar?' With women," he boasts, "I can usually do it within ten minutes. You can almost feel them get wet when you mention the Rhodes." (At a recent dinner party, Bill Clinton contorted his repartee to mention Oxford once and his Rhodes twice in the space of 20 minutes.)

Such cheerful conquests notwithstanding, the fact is that many Rhodes scholars spend their whole lives fearing failure, and avoiding situations that might conceivably put them to a straight-out test. "Everybody who's had a Rhodes is haunted by the thought they've peaked too soon," says ex-Rhodie Walter Isaacson, national-affairs editor at *Time* magazine. "You share this dirty little secret with other Rhodes scholars, which you know and they know but no-

body else knows: that it doesn't really mean much at all."

*Time* is a good example of the nesting tendencies of Rhodies, who are too nice to *conspire* to give other Rhodies jobs but seem to be drawn together as if by natural force. Former editor in chief Hedley Donovan was a Rhodes scholar, as was current editor in chief Jason McManus. So were two of the magazine's current associate editors, the Washington and L.A. bureau chiefs, the Eastern European correspondent and a senior editor. Moreover, *Time* has a higher percentage of former Rhodes scholars than blacks among its senior editorial staff.

Cecil Rhodes's aim was that his scholars would pass up soft white-collar jobs and be "likely to esteem the performance of their public duties as their highest aim." But there have been no Rhodes presidents (Carl Albert came closest; Jimmy Carter was turned down for the scholarship) and only a handful of senators, generally the most unctuous and overrated. (In 1963, after 59 years of Rhodes scholars, there had been only one Rhodes scholar senator, and only four others had been elected to a federal office.) As one










would expect, most of the five current Rhodes scholar senators hold safe, establishment convictions—which is to say, they swing with the prevailing political breezes.

For instance, Oklahoma senator David Boren was a Carter supporter in the mid-1970s and a Kemp-Roth tax-cutter by the 1980 election. Pretty-boy senator Larry Pressler of South Dakota, in the words of the 1988 *Almanac of American Politics*, "held important committee positions but did not sponsor major legislation"—virtually a definition of a Rhodes scholar politician (his nickname on Capitol Hill is Larry Press-release). Even the most impressive Rhodes scholar senator, New Jersey's Bill Bradley, has shown the classic Rhodie touch in ducking calls to run for Congress in 1974 and for the presidency this year.

In fact, the Oval Office will probably never be occupied by a Rhodes scholar. How come? Because no other Rhodie has ever done it, so it must not be a thing Rhodes scholars do; because the presidency is not appointive; because it's a job with a huge amount of real responsibility; because a president can't just write editorials or position papers or head up committees—he or she has to *decide things*; because if you were president, you could never hope to put anything better on your résumé, and because that, to a Rhodes scholar, is tantamount to death. ☞

## LEADERS OF MEN, OR MIDDLE MANAGERS OF DREARY INSTITUTIONS?

A RHODES SCHOLAR CAREER CENSUS

PROFESSION	NUMBER OF RHODIES
lawyer 	261
in Washington, D.C.	26
academic in non-top-ten school*	252
medicine 	91
academic in top-ten school	73
public-policy job†	72
scientist 	71
manager in midsize company	70
military 	59
Wall Street functionary	36
journalist	31
at <i>The New York Times</i> 	6
at <i>Time</i>	8
at <i>The Washington Post</i>	4
priest 	15
president of small college	13
management consultant	13
at McKinsey & Company	7
U.S. senator 	5
engineer 	4
teacher at Groton	2
aide to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan	1
museum consultant	1
speech writer to Senator Joe Biden	1
Buddhist monk 	1

—A.S.

\* The top ten, as designated by U.S. News & World Report's 1987 survey of colleges: Stanford, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Berkeley, Dartmouth, Duke, Chicago, Michigan and Brown. Academics at professional schools are listed under their separate disciplines, e.g. "Lawyer," "Medicine," etc.

† Includes diplomats, bureaucrats, think tank members

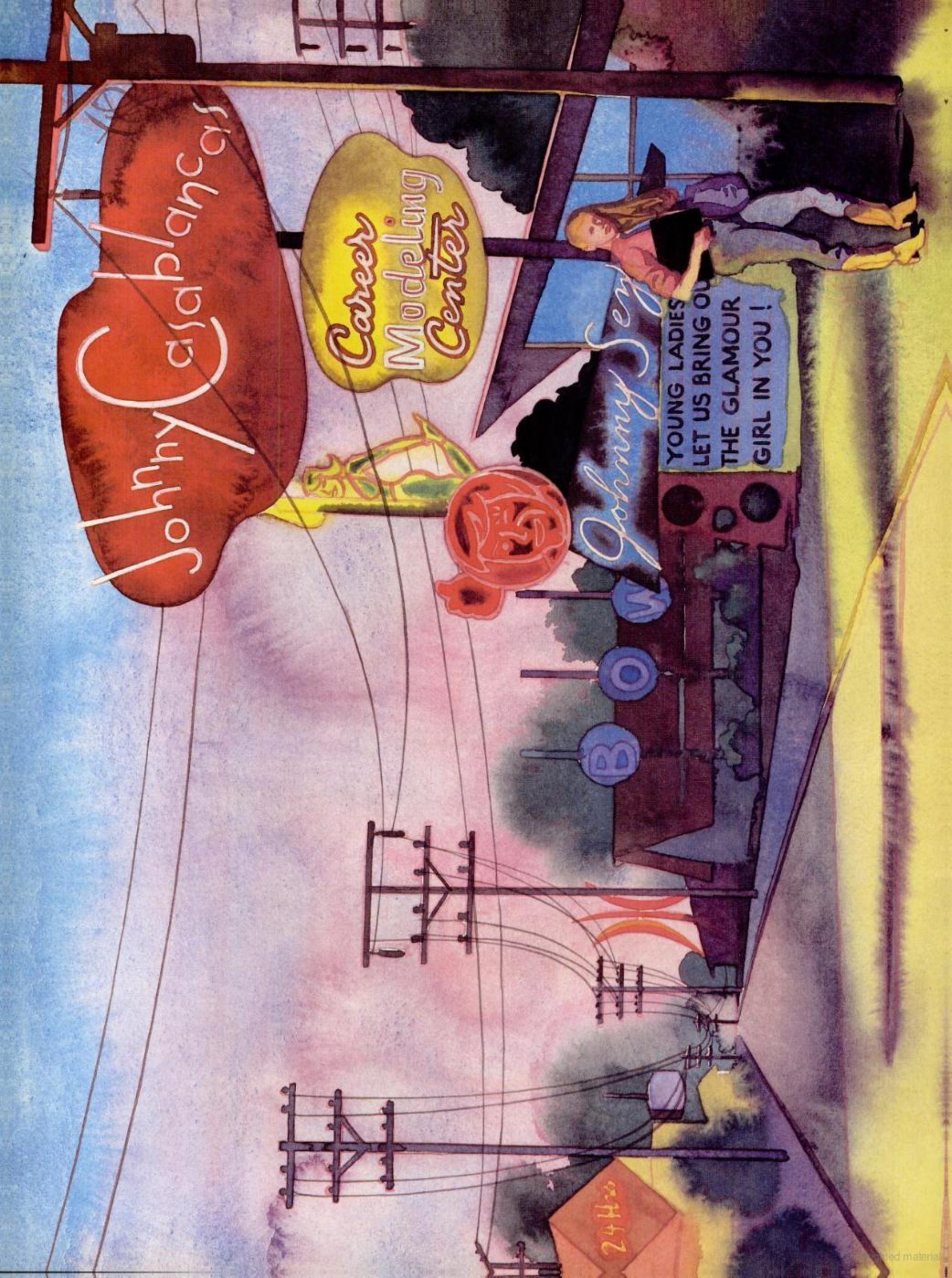




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# JOHNNY CASABLANCAS AND HIS MC MODELING

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FOR LITTLE GIRLS—  
THANK HEAVEN  
IN PARTICULAR, AS  
STEPHEN RAE  
DISCOVERED, FOR  
THOUSANDS OF LITTLE  
AMERICAN GIRLS  
WITH \$1,000 IN THE  
THE PIGGY BANK AND  
DOOMED DREAMS  
OF BECOMING RICH,  
GLAMOROUS  
FASHION MODELS



of Andie MacDowell, Kim Alexis, Kelly Emborg, Carol Alt, Linda Evangelista, Iman, Kersti Bowser, Stephanie Seymour and Christie Brinkley. Last year he moved Elite's headquarters to a four-story townhouse on East 22nd Street, where he also tends his thicket of modeling offshoots—Petite Model Management (for models under five feet eight inches tall); Barbara Harter & Associates (which books models for TV); Ellen Harth & Elite/Runway (which books models for fashion shows); Elite's televised "Look of the Year" competition; The Testboard (a photographic service for aspiring models, which Casablancas says he doesn't own, though rivals insist that he does); *Model News*, a quarterly newsletter; "How to Break Into Photo Modeling," a traveling Learning Annex workshop; Paulina and Elite calendars and posters; Elite T-shirts, sweatshirts and tote bags; and the chef d'oeuvre, a Casablancas corporate entity called Model Merchandising International, which franchises the 105-school chain of John Casablancas Modeling and Career Centers and their affiliated modeling agencies. Combined annual revenues from Casablancas's quasi-empire are

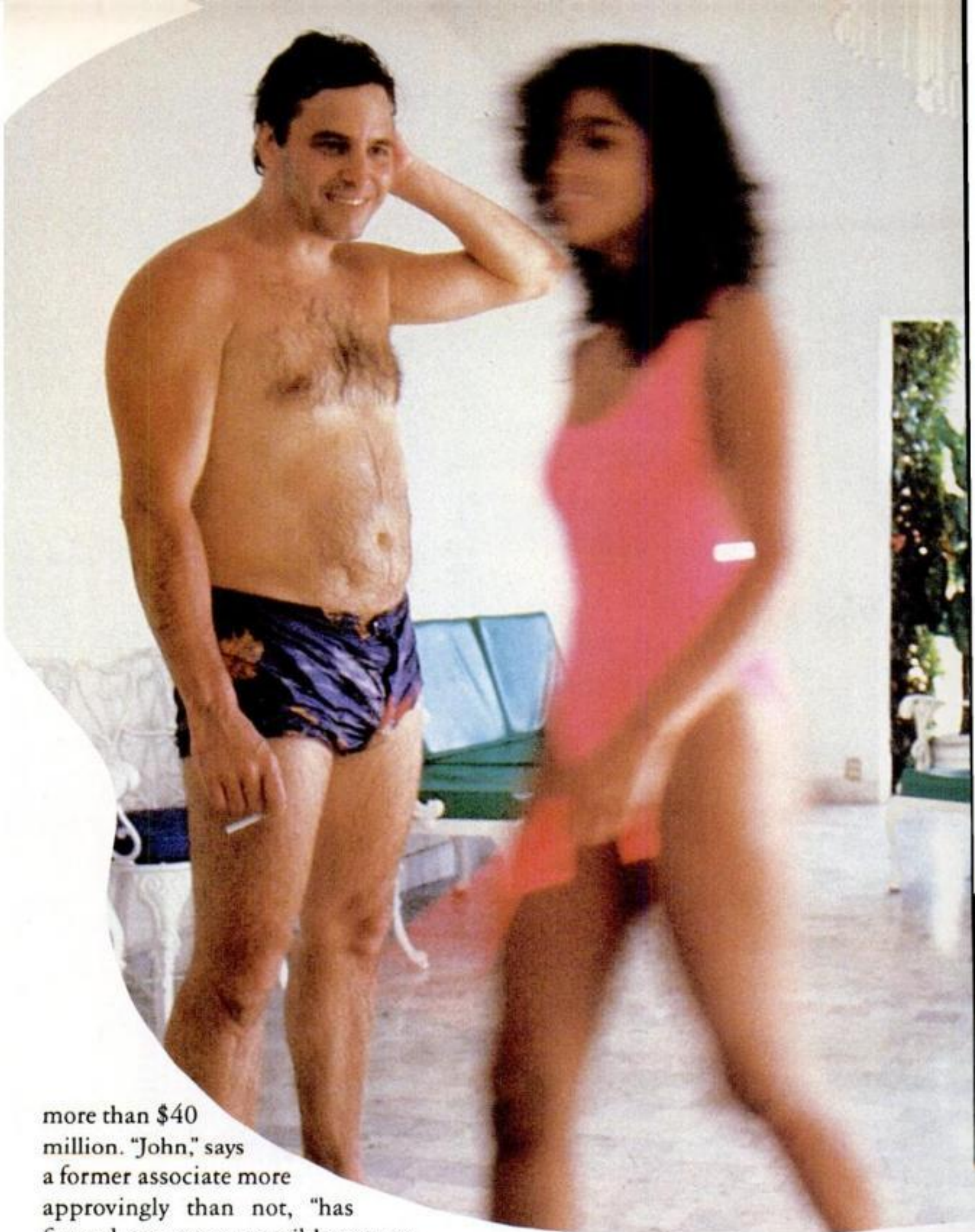
John Casablancas, a very glamorous man in a very glamorous business, leans back in his chair, props his legs up on his desk and fondles his genitals. Not a furtive latitudinal adjustment or a quick scratch—more like a leisurely grope. "What people have to understand is that modeling is a great pleasure," he is saying. "It's a way of self-expression, it gives a lot of satisfaction." His face is boyishly handsome, his accent generically Continental, his paunch decidedly Middle American. "There's people who really, really get a kick, and they go to school, and they can get a few shows with a couple of little photographic sessions, and make a few dollars back on their investment—that in itself is a lot of fun!"

In the eleven years since he moved from Paris to New York and established the Elite modeling agency, Casablancas has, at 45, become the industry's most aggressive flesh peddler, and arguably its most successful. In addition to discovering the two most visible models in the world right now, Paulina Porizkova and Cindy Crawford, he has launched the faces

ILLUSTRATED BY JEFFREY SMITH



**"THE LESS YOU  
HAVE AS  
A MODEL,"  
CASABLANCAS  
VENTURES,  
"THE MORE YOU  
NEED TO  
GO TO SCHOOL.  
THE PROBLEM IS,  
PEOPLE THINK  
THAT GOING  
TO THE MODELING  
SCHOOL MEANS  
THAT YOU'RE  
AUTOMATICALLY  
GOING TO BECOME  
A PROFESSIONAL  
MODEL"**



more than \$40 million. "John," says a former associate more approvingly than not, "has figured out every possible way to make money out of the modeling business."

Most stories about John Casablancas, either whispered or reported in the press, focus on his reputation as a playboy—especially with the PSAT set. (Casablancas's purported model-interview techniques were luridly described in a Swedish magazine article called "Take Off Your Panties." And since 1985, he has been openly involved with a number of his teenage models, one of whom reports that he liked her to wear diapers and suck a lollipop.) A former night-crawling pal of such pioneering Eurobizards as Philippe Junot and Egon von Furstenburg, Casablancas arrived in America when disco was hot, when the New York scene was at the height of its oiliness. This was, of course, the late 1970s. He was already familiar with the city, had in fact been born here, to a rich Spanish banker and a Balenciaga model. Casablancas was educated

at Le Rosey, the quintessential Eurotrashy Swiss boarding school that seemed a few years ago to have been linked by some kind of subatlantic tunnel with Xenon and Club A. Perhaps more than anyone else, he embodies the soft-bellied, too-tan, medallion-wearing kind of, uh, *charm* that was considered really, really cool—all right, faintly attractive—ten years ago. But while he openly ogles and strokes his models, he treats his female employees as sexless menials. Casablancas, it seems, is a seventies guy with an eighties business sense.

Call him a genius (his secretary does) or the Colonel Sanders of the modeling industry (the observation of Wilhelmina president Bill Weinberg) or even "profoundly immoral" and "sleazy" (according to Jerry Ford of Ford Models Inc., Casablancas's biggest rival), but do note the dedication. Less preternaturally driven men would've long since given up writing







bits like "Model Potential: Do You Have What It Takes?" for *Teen* magazine.

IN CASE YOU'VE WONDERED, YOU CERTAINLY *do* have it. You do. And your local John Casablancas Modeling and Career Center is there to help you maximize it. For about \$1,000, you'll take a 60-hour course that covers "the basic tenets of modeling," including such arcane inside tricks of the trade as "what to put in your tote bag," "what to do on go-sees" and "how to conduct yourself on a set." Like a real student, you'll buy a textbook, probably the one with Elite models on its cover, *Becoming a Professional Model*, by *Model News* columnist Larry Goldman. ("When *Becoming a Professional Model* is followed," Goldman writes in a letter to modeling school directors, "student satisfaction is increased, which is reflected in... easier collection of payments.") In addition to the \$1,000 you as a future supermodel will spend on "tuition," you will pay at least

\$ 2 9 5 for quality test photos from The Test-board, the outfit reportedly owned by Casa-

blancas. To give you that competitive edge, you'll certainly spring for the optional makeup lessons, optional exercise classes and optional runway workshops. To complete the fantasy that you are a supersuccessful Elite model, you'll buy a Leatherette portfolio imprinted with the Elite logo and wear Elite sweats. You will do all this even though the person with real potential to be a fashion model will walk into a real agency during the hours set aside each week for interviews and get signed on the basis of a Polaroid photo. For every successful model there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of failed ones, of Paulinas manquées, and there has always been a sleaze brigade waiting to pounce on the self-deluded for the sake of the sale of a vinyl portfolio. And there has always, of course, been the glamorous world of high-fashion modeling. Casablancas's genius was to combine them.

Elite employees were as horrified as everyone else in the fashion business when Casablancas announced his plan to franchise modeling schools in 1979, just two years after he arrived in New York

to take on the premier modeling agency, Eileen Ford's Ford Models Inc. "Everyone thought Elite was above that," recalls an Elite staff member.

Not Casablancas. If revenue could be squeezed out of his notoriety, who cared about the proprieties? It soon became apparent that Ford was only a warm-up for a bigger, mass-market contender: the pathetic 92-branch Barbizon School of Modeling, which Casablancas has been trying to subsume tired franchisee by tired franchisee. Eileen Ford's unsuccessful lawsuits against Elite for raiding Ford's models and staff had made the Casablancas name famous (John denied on the air to David Letterman that he made his name up), and the man is nothing if not sensitive to licensing possibilities. He summoned elder brother Fernando from Paris to set up a pilot John Casablancas/Elite modeling school in San Francisco, which they pitched with bus posters inviting you to be the next Elite cover girl. As the curriculum solidified and franchises began to sell, the pitch was amended with *or look just like one*, a distinction lost on many students, who cannot understand why, since they have been told they look just like one, they aren't one. In practice, the lines between the various Casablancas subsidiaries blur. "Models would come from the centers and say, 'I want to transfer to New York,'" says a former Elite department head. "And I'd say, 'It doesn't work that way.' And they'd say, 'I was told I could be a model in New York.' And I'd say, 'You're the wrong height.'"

"From our point of view, we're not turning out models, *we're teaching modeling skills*," explains Joanne Koenig, vice president of operations for Model Merchandising International, franchiser of the JC Centers and modeling agencies in places such as Langhorne, Pennsylvania, and Smyrna, Georgia. "We're not going to guarantee them to come out and star on the cover of *Vogue*. Because of Casablancas's name, his reputation, of course there was that expectation. What we will do is say, 'Look, you may not have a chance based on what we see now. If you develop, if you photograph well, you'll have the opportunity like everybody else.'"

"The less you have as a model," Casablancas ventures with a straight face, "the more you need to go to a school. The problem is, people think that going to the modeling school means that you're automatically go-



ing to become a professional model."

They think that because they read *Model News*, the Casablancas house organ. "I'm off to Paris on assignment with Elite, thanks to John Casablancas and his wonderful training staff!" one satisfied customer chirps. A NEW GIRL FROM A JC CENTER CAN EASILY EARN \$20,000 FOR A ONE MONTH TOUR, a headline informs. In addition to Casablancas's sister-in-law Anne-Marie Mersen's page on Model Exercises and Larry Goldman's column, this journal of Casablancasiana relays news from the centers (CHICAGO JC STUDENT CROWNED MISS ENGLISH LEATHER CALENDAR GIRL); pitches from Elite superstars ("Let John Casablancas Discover the Model in You"—Carol Alt); and features on Casablancas "Look of the Year" winners, who, coincidentally, are Casablancas Center grads. ("The first 'Look of the Year' winner was from a school owned by the man who owned the largest number of schools," says an ex-employee. "You figure it out.") A particularly diverting feature is Dear John, an advice column addressed to would-be models. "I looked at the photos you sent to me and it looks as if you have potential," Casablancas answers a 17-year-old who has signed her letter "Impatient." "From your picture you appear to have potential," he advises 16-year-old "Undecided." "My advice is to take the three-hour drive to...the [Atlanta] JC Center."

IF BEAUTY LIES IN THE EYE OF THE beholder, most beautiful to the JC Centers are those who happen to have a MasterCard. "You can't discriminate," Joanne Koenig says. "That's the whole key." With this philosophy, Casablancas's franchising arm, Model Merchandising International, has had great success selling itself not only to new franchisees but also to owners of failing Barbizon and John Robert Powers schools. To bask in the reflected disco light of John Casablancas, a franchisee pays a minimum of \$27,000, plus ongoing service and management fees, merchandise charges and local and national advertising costs (see "Be a Johnny Casablancas," at right). For Casablancas, the income this brings in is less than that produced by Elite—20 percent commissions from both client and model on annual billings approaching \$25 million—but the gap is narrowing. And the part of the revenue stream brought in through

## BE A JOHNNY CASABLANCAS

MY DREAM OF STARTING AN ULTRAGLAMOROUS, SUPERSTAR, MONEY-MAKING  
MODELING AGENCY OF MY OWN

BY JOE QUEENAN

In the past few years modeling agencies with names like Big Beauties have cleaned up by providing magazines and catalogs with good-looking full-figured women willing to be photographed in size 23 panties. But it has never been clear whether these women are professional models who ballooned or simply amateur fat women with pretty faces who entered the modeling field relatively late in life. Sensing that the nation is on the threshold of a flabby phase from which it is not likely to soon emerge, one could argue that there is a business waiting to be created here—an agency that would specialize in teaching chubby teenage girls modeling skills in the hope that they would blossom into seductive, pudgy adult models. The firm would be called Young Butterballs.

It was a new concept. It was an exciting concept. It was a concept I was eager to discuss with the experts at John Casablancas's franchising opportunity center.

Getting information about launching a John Casablancas Modeling, Personal Development and Career Center franchise wasn't easy. The first time I called, I was told that the company was in the process of updating its franchise registration documents with the New York State Attorney General's Office and could not give me any information. Cara Goldberg, who heads Casablancas's Franchise Network Development department, sent me a letter, though, promising to forward a Franchise Opportunity Package within a few weeks. Seven weeks passed. When I called back, the company was still tied up with the Attorney General's Office and was still not allowed to sign up any new franchisees. But this time Goldberg *did* agree to give me some general information over the phone.

Goldberg said my franchise would cost \$27,000 up front, \$20,000 of which had to be paid as soon as I signed on. She said that monthly operating costs ran between \$15,000 and \$20,000, with revenues ranging from \$25,000 to \$40,000, depending on how hard franchisees worked. Of course, I knew I might have a heavier overhead than most, because feed costs would run higher than at a conventional modeling agency.

Goldberg said that New York City and Westchester County were already taken by other John Casablancas Center franchisees. That was okay with me: I had my sights set on semirural Putnam County, 40 miles north of New York City. As you get farther away

from the city, I explained to Goldberg, teenage girls tend to be heavier. And that, I said, fit in perfectly with my Young Butterballs concept.

Goldberg saw merit in my proposal.

"The market has changed dramatically since Twiggy," she pointed out encouragingly. "We don't have a specific program for bigger teenage girls, but there's certainly an opportunity out there."

"There are lots of girls who would like to stay fat," Goldberg continued. "Just because you're overweight, you're still a good person."

Clearly she understood the genius of my concept. Goldberg then pointed out that modeling is only one facet of the many-faceted John Casablancas franchise concept. Chubby girls would also benefit from the Personal Development aspects of the program, even if they never did become models, fat or thin. "People want to become more polished," she said.

"Obviously, there's a much bigger market for people who have the right measurements," she added, counseling me not to limit my program to overweight teenage girls. I told her that I didn't intend to, that my agency would also feature overweight teenage boys. I explained my plan to model my Johnny Casablancas Center on Parts, the New York agency that specializes in models with beautiful thighs, elbows, ulnas, fingers and toes; I would make only particular parts of my husky boys available to photographers. Biceps, for instance. Or thighs. Would it fit in with the John Casablancas code, I asked, if I went out and recruited fat upstate boys?

"Yes," said Goldberg. "There are those men who have The Look, and there are those who have other specific kinds of appeal. Obviously, you're not going to try to get into *GQ* with the bigger look."

I told her that I had read about a Christian modeling agency in Dallas, and that I hoped to attract large Christian boys and girls to appear in ads that would not compromise their religious beliefs.

As ever, Goldberg was indulgent of my brainstorm. "You've got to read the person you're talking to," she pointed out. "If you're down south and the person you're talking to is conservative, you're not going to do the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuits and lingerie. What works in Casper, Wyoming, may not work in Putnam Valley." ■









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franchising is not contingent on keeping a few dozen beautiful, highly marketable, often high-strung young women content. Casablancas hopes to have 300 schools on-line eventually. As it is, the school income tips his gross take ahead of Eileen Ford's, whose New York agency still outbills Elite. "If I had a chain of model schools," Ford says, "I'd be the largest. Let me add to that: if I had a chain of people paying me to be part of my organization, I would be the biggest. Do you understand what I'm trying to say? Nobody pays me to say that. They can't pay to say they are Ford models."

Entrepreneurship of a sort is thriving at the 22nd Street townhouse in the person of Fernando Casablancas, John's 53-year-old brother, president of both MMI and three-year-old Petite, the agency for short models. Listing just 35 girls, the Petite book measures just six inches by eight inches.

"Good things come in small packages," Fernando says. "I've never bought this thing about equating height and beauty." Fernando speaks in the rich bass of a Don Pardo and wears the hairpiece of a Howard Cosell. "I can understand if you're trying to run a basketball team, but I really don't know what that has to do with modeling or with photography or beauty. You can't tell how tall they are on the cover of *Vogue*." But there haven't been any petite models on the cover of *Vogue*, I mention. He shrugs. "That has to do with the stubbornness of the market."

"I don't like waste and I don't like illogic," says Fernando, who is attacking a persistent head itch with an increasingly rapid patting. "I am convinced that there are many more good-looking women under five feet eight than over five feet eight out there, and the JC Centers should help Petite Model Management get more of them." I ask, *Why don't they, Fernando?*

"It's a mystery," he says.

Less mystifying is Model Merchandising International, the franchiser of the John Casablancas Modeling and Career Centers.

"What I sell — what I spend my professional life on — is merchandising modeling concepts and selling the John Casablancas name," Fernando admits, bursting with admiration for his little brother. "With John I share fascination and activity in the modeling business and its offshoots. John and I collaborate on everything we do. We speak French together; we both grew up in Switzerland, to a degree. MMI and Elite have similar stockholders. They're a bunch of subsidiaries under a corporate umbrella, a holding corporation. We have a family of franchises and they're all called John Casablancas."

"It's just like a McDonald's or a Midas," Joanne Koenig points out. "When you buy a franchise from us, you also buy the rights to open a modeling agency — usually called Models and Talent Management — in conjunction with that training center."

Also under the golden arch is The Testboard, run by the former president of

Elite's New Faces division, Gara Morse. Its teams of photographers, hairdressers, makeup artists and fashion stylists transform camera-shy naïfs into garishly made up and ridiculously dressed camera-shy naïfs [see "I Looked Just Like One," page 126].

"It's truly pathetic," says someone who interviews walk-ins at a rival agency. "Because the pictures are a bit more professional, it just illustrates how hopeless the girls are." In extreme cases, the photographs look like William Wegman's.

"Here in New York we use Gara a lot because she has excellent photography done very quickly at reasonable rates," John Casablancas says. Not because, say, he owns The Testboard and Gara works for him? "And then we have an arrangement where we fly the Testboard photographers to our centers and they test 30, 40 people in a few days' time." John denies the Fords' charge that he controls the company. "We hire their services for this purpose, but it's a separate agency." Maybe so, but one model was solicited by The Testboard the day after dropping off her photo at Elite, and registrants in Casablancas's Learning Annex workshop receive a letter from Gara offering an \$8 model's manual with its invaluable "Modeling Glossary."

The Learning Annex is a very Casablancas sort of outfit. "We've been having a very pleasant association," says Casablancas. "For me, it's interesting; it creates contacts for our centers." At the close of the workshop, which describes how to find an agent, each member of the audience is invited to hand his or her picture to Casablancas and have it thrown in the wastebasket the next day.

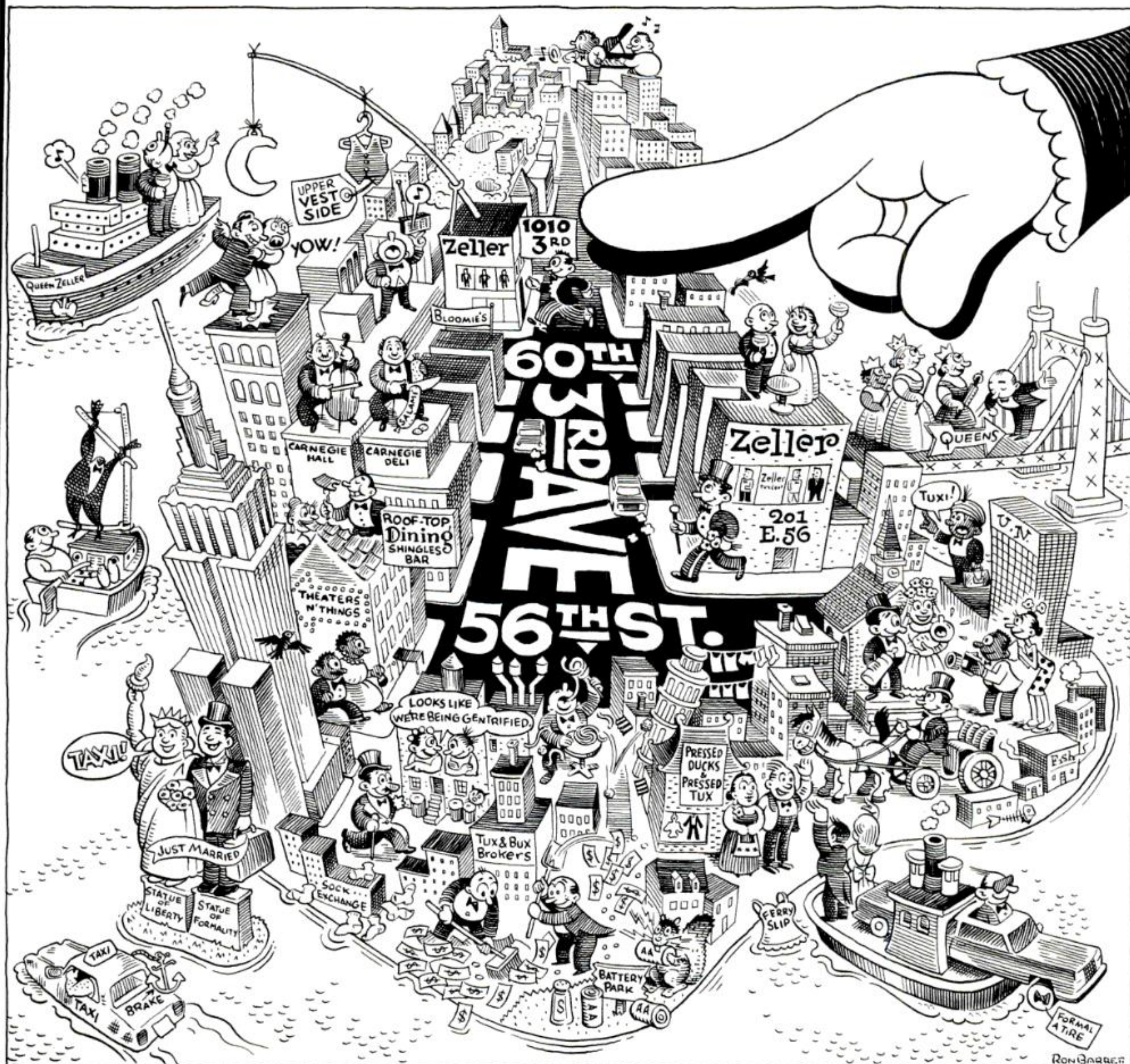
Although Casablancas says he has found "a couple" of models for Elite's New Faces division through the Learning Annex workshops, New Faces director Trudi Tapscott is more honest when she says they've found none. "You see a lot of homely people in this business," Tapscott explains. "I hate to call them homely. I just call them 'a little bit unfortunate.'"

"We call this agency Elite," Casablancas says with conviction. "Out of 10,000 people who dream of being a model, maybe a half dozen will eventually make it."

Is it unseemly to cash in on the other 9,994?

John Casablancas gropes himself. "If you take tennis lessons," he asks, "how many go to Wimbledon?"





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BY ELISSA SCHAPPELL

"Our crew enjoys working with beginning models, and the results are always terrific!"—Gara Morse, Testboard president, in *Model News*

It's 10:00 a.m. and raining when I arrive, full of nervous anticipation, at the Testboard offices for my free modeling evaluation. Waiting in the elevator are a cowgirl in a fringed jacket and tasseled boots, an American Indian girl laden with turquoise jewelry, and a scrub-faced coat hanger of a girl who is furiously jamming the DOOR CLOSE button. The Calvin Klein Obsession girls of tomorrow?, I wonder. Or the Pontiac spokeswomen?

Upstairs, in the dingy hall, I find a door with a scrap of paper taped to it, and typed on the paper are the words THE TESTBOARD... WALK RIGHT IN. The tiny duplex apartment that is The Testboard's headquarters resembles nothing so much as a 14-year-old girl's bedroom. On a bulletin board in the galley kitchen are letters from John Casabancas—whose invisible international presence hangs over the place like an odor—thanking The Testboard most sincerely for its help in tracking down fresh flesh for Elite's "New Faces" campaign.

I pick up a clipboard from a pile on a coffee table and fill out the photocopied questionnaire: shoe size, what grade I am in in school, physical activities I enjoy. (Aerobics, bodybuilding, horseback riding? I check everything.) Next, what are my Special Abilities? Am I a special dancer, a special actor or a special singer? Again I check a little bit of everything. Selecting my Particularly Appealing Features is the biggest stumper, as I am given only four choices: Skin, Teeth, Legs and Hands.

Though no one has yet acknowledged my presence, two women seem to be in charge here. They're talking shop: fingernails and tans—who's got them, who could use them. After ten minutes I am called for my evaluation. I start up the stairs,

wondering, *Will I be poked, prodded, forced to have my fat-to-muscle ratio tabulated?* I've seen *Funny Face*. I remember the paces Fred Astaire put Audrey Hepburn through when he was discovering her. Will Testboard be the same? Will they make me walk around in my underwear with books on my head or submit to indelicate rituals involving blow-dryers and curling irons?

I am shown to a chair at the desk of the International Scouting Coordinator for Testboard—Regina Zorn, a fine, continental-sounding name. She peruses my questionnaire like a surgeon reading a chart, murmurs a few *uh-hubs*, raises an eyebrow—wondering, perhaps, how I find time to skate, body-build and water-ski.

"So, you're 21. We'll lie about your age. We can make you look 18, 19—no problem." I smile, fast approaching 25. "What we want to do is soften your Look—you're a little too punk now."

Soften my Look? I wasn't aware that I had a Look. *KISS* had a Look, *Cher* has a Look.

I tell her that modeling is my *passion*, and I plan on staying in New York because this is, after all, where the money is.

Zorn lowers her iced sweet roll into her very light coffee and whispers dramatically, "You know what they say about New York: *if you can make it here, you can make it*

*anywhere.*"

She winks and tells me solemnly, "Frank Sinatra said that."

Zorn explains that for \$295 The Testboard's very professional photographers will take four entirely different pictures of me: two head shots, a fashion shot and a body shot. She takes out a photocopied sheet titled "Testboard Testshoot Wardrobe Information" and proceeds to check off particular items that she swears will make me look

"great, really hot!" Mercifully, she quickly scratches "lacy camisoles and teddies" off the list. I am instructed, however, to bring tight faded jeans, some "brightly colored blouses," a leather jacket, a beret and "colorful scarves and ribbons." She has described an outfit that, so far, sounds less than sophisticated—not the sort of wardrobe I remember Audrey Hepburn wearing in *Funny Face*. As for shoes, I am assured that "cowboy boots work well."

Before I leave the office, Zorn gives me one last crucial bit of advice: if I don't

sleep well the night before my test shoot, or if I wake up with a pimple, she tells me, I should just call and cancel. The modeling business, it seems, respects cosmetic acts of God.

I knew their creed: *cowboy boots work well.*

## TWO WEEKS LATER,

**2:00 p.m.** Blemish-free and relatively rested, I arrive at the photographer's studio, at 142 West 26th Street. The freight elevator opens into an apartment whose floor is littered with opened boxes of costume jewelry, Day-Glo acrylic sweaters, multicolored leggings and nylon scarves—standard Testboard paraphernalia, I assume. A Yorkshire terrier is curled up in an opened suitcase, and Barry Manilow is singing "I Write the Songs" on Lite-FM. The apartment has a few gray vinyl chairs that resemble airplane seats—I guess the jet set just can't get enough of the aircraft milieu. Posters with black-and-white postage-stamp-size photos of Elite models decorate the walls. Evidently the Testboard photographer lives here. I sit down at the kitchen counter to pay my \$295. In cash. I ask the woman behind the counter why they take only cash or money orders, and she explains professionally, "That's the business," pulling out a large roll of bills. She doesn't have anything smaller than a ten to make change. After our transaction, she introduces herself as Sheila, the fashion stylist. Now that she's taken my money, she wants to get into my duffel bag and see what I've brought.

"How old are you, Alison?" she asks in a conspiratorial tone. I say that I am 21, and that my name is Elissa, not Alison.

"Is that your stage age or your real age?" she says. I lie that I hadn't considered lying about my age. "You have a young face," she says. "If anyone asks, just tell them you're 17."

As Sheila and I approach the bedroom a pervasive, cloyingly sweet







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gripping readable.”***

***—The Wall Street Journal***



Photo: Harry Benson

Malcolm Forbes' *They Went That-A-Way* is a lighthearted look at life's only certainty—death. Here are 175 departures of famous, infamous and unforgettable mortals which are bound to intrigue, surprise and certainly amuse. Now at your bookstores.

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***—Publishers Weekly***

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***—USA Today***

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***“An outrageously funny book”***  
***—The Star Ledger***

## Partial Contents

John Jacob Astor IV	Ivan the Terrible
Attila the Hun	Jesse Woodson James
Sir Francis Bacon	Thomas Jefferson and John Adams
P.T. Barnum	Casey Jones
Busby Berkeley	Janis Joplin
Blackbeard the Pirate	Princess Grace (Kelly) of Monaco
Alfred S. Bloomingdale	Bruce Lee
Margaret Bourke-White	Vivien Leigh
Diamond Jim Brady	Carole Lombard
Lenny Bruce	Huey Long
Lord Byron	Jayne Mansfield
Caligula	Senator Joseph McCarthy
Al Capone	Glenn Miller
Catherine the Great	Sal Mineo
Claudius	Margaret Mitchell
Cleopatra	Marilyn Monroe
Montgomery Clift	Jim Morrison
Christopher Columbus	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Adelle Davis	Audie Murphy
James Dean	Ramon Novarro
John Dillinger	Thomas Paine
The Duke of Windsor	Charlie Parker
Isadora Duncan	Lieutenant General George S. Patton
Amelia Earhart	Bishop James Pike
King Edward II	Pontius Pilate
King Edward V	Jackson Pollock
“Mama” Cass Elliot	Cole Porter
William Faulkner	Francis Gary Powers
Archduke Franz Ferdinand	Elvis Presley
W.C. Fields	Sir Walter Raleigh
F. Scott Fitzgerald and Zelda	Paul Robeson
Jim Fixx	John D. Rockefeller II
Henry Morrison Flagler	Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller
Benjamin Franklin	Will Rogers
Sigmund Freud	Mark Rothko
Clark Gable	Babe Ruth
Judy Garland	Bugsy Siegel
King George V	Sitting Bull
George Gershwin	Bessie Smith
Euell Gibbons	Dylan Thomas
Hermann Goering	Leo Tolstoy
Ulysses S. Grant	Rudolph Valentino
D.W. Griffith	Sid Vicious
Dag Hammarskjöld	Raoul Wallenberg
Mata Hari	Karl Wallenda
Jean Harlow	George Washington
Ernest Hemingway	Oscar Wilde
Jimi Hendrix	Virginia Woolf
Wild Bill Hickok	
Jimmy Hoffa	
Billie Holiday	
Buddy Holly	

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odor (Cory Wild Musk, I have since decided) becomes more pungent. Nothing has prepared me for the chaos, the psychotic slumber-party atmosphere of this place. The dimly lit bedroom is strewn with open bags of size 4 clothes and piles of boots and brightly colored high heels. There are about 12 other aspiring models standing around in various stages of undress. Two big guys who look like they should be behind a deli counter are doing some male-model bonding, touching up each other's gelled spit curls. Both are wearing tight acid-washed jeans and sleeveless tank tops for maximum exposure of arm, back and chest hair.

The rest of the men are Bruce Willis imitators, except for one sulky teen who looks like a newly purged Menudo member or an Osmond brother gone Island. Unshaven and greased up, my male counterparts are the sorts of young men who give each other high-fives after particularly loud farts. In a corner two girls in T-shirts and panties bicker over a pair of thigh-high tights.

I show Sheila my grab bag of wardrobe items culled entirely from sacks of clothes I've been saving for Goodwill since high school. She seizes on a brownish orange sweater that has always made me feel like an unglamorous acorn squash, then leaves me to strip down with the rest of the modelettes. A smarmy-looking buck wearing nothing but a Lycra banana hammock and a stevedore cap lounges in the doorway waiting for the show to begin. One girl is telling the others that she models for life-drawing classes at her community college. Stripping off her halter top, she giggles, "I'm just so used to undressing in front of people, sometimes I forget!" When the banana-hammock guy leaves to have his head shot taken, I quickly change into my sweater and stretch pants.

Just as I'm thinking the worst is over, Sheila reappears with a tie-dyed orange-green-and-purple mini. I figure I can deal with a psychedelic miniskirt; Edie dealt. Sheila puts the skirt over my head and then stops at my shoulders. I realize with horror that she intends me to wear this frilly rag as a kind of neo-Elizabethan ruff surrounding my face.

Sheila seems very pleased with her artistry. "You look fantastic!" she says.

The next stop in my glamour odyssey is Hair and Makeup, where I am introduced as Alison and dropped off at the end of a line—the first of many lines I'll wait in.

It's my turn to take the chair. I have arrived as requested, "a clean canvas." The makeup artist, a wispy yet authoritarian man, starts

by applying a lot of beige cover-up, making my skin a rubbery tan color usually reserved for fine Italian luggage. My eyelids are painted brown, and when I mention that I have never worn brown eye shadow before, he sneers and corrects me: "This isn't brown, it's *cinnamon*." He redraws my mouth as a rusty brown rim. My eyebrows are not spared, either; they come away charcoal-dusted caterpillars. After Makeup has had its way with me and my hair is slicked back, I look like the later Elvis—the Vegas Elvis, when he was bloated and had a dozen-fried-eggs-a-day habit.

I have to escape to the bathroom. I cannot cope. The bathroom is decorated with a lithograph of a nude woman straddling an unsuspecting kitten that, sensing the woman's enveloping loins, looks startled yet pleased. I hear my name ("Alison") being called; it's my turn to go before the lens. The photographer's name is Bruce Gillette; he is unshaven, bleary-eyed and short. First I am asked to hold up my name tag, mug-shot-style. Then Bruce tells me to "try a few poses." So I think of the *Seventeen* magazines of my youth and mimic all the contortions I can remember: head resting on back of hand (a reflective look—Elvis in repose), big toothy smile with bulging eyes. I am mortified. Bruce takes a few shots.

I wait until the bedroom is empty to change into outfit No. 2. Sheila has selected a denim jacket, flowered shirt, bowler hat and green plastic beads. I still have the big brown mouth and the Groucho brows, and the effect is Emmett Kelly crossed with doe-eyed Parisian waif on black velvet. I am quite sure that the whole ensemble is on sale at a store called Mandee in a mall somewhere in southern Ohio.

After an hour in line—all the while fighting off a never-before-experienced urge to wink and cuddle small furry animals—my turn comes up. This time Bruce advises me to "act like a cat, flirt a little." I figure this must be the kind of ultraprofessional coaching that models like Paulina and Kim Alexis understand. But I can't get the eyes of the aroused kitty in the bathroom out of my mind, so I attempt some faltering feline moves, and after a few clicks I am dismissed. Demoralized, I hang around and watch the others.

A 30-year-old Berlitz language teacher is warming up for her body shot. Clearly uncomfortable in her flowered bikini and Carmen Miranda headband, she smiles stiffly when Bruce suggests, "Why don't you dance a little to loosen up?" She has told me she came to the

Testboard "just for the fun of it." I'm not sure she's getting her money's worth.

I wander back to the bedroom, which by now is hopping. A nubie in a minibra and panties digs into her duffel bag, oblivious to Bruce Willis No. 3, who is bending over, naked from the waist down, rooting around in *his* bag for something synthetic and form-fitting.

For my fashion shot I am given a new face. The plaster-of-Paris cover-up stays, but I get a new mouth—a big, red mouth. And a *beauty mark*.

Inline again. The sullen Menudo lad is having an off day, having fallen asleep on the sofa and lost his place in line. He was yelled at earlier for fussing with his makeup, and now, the final straw, he is asked to dance around, Village People-style, in black bicycle shorts, T-shirt and leather cap. Bruce hollers, "Okay, let's see it." The boy stands stock-still. Bruce mocks a few poses and says, "Lift up your shirt. Show us your chest." The boy looks confused and is able to command only two poses: arms at his side, glowering at the camera, and arms crossed, glowering at the floor. Between poses, however, he does pause to cup himself and readjust his shorts. Which is, I guess, the sort of professional touch that can't be taught.

I pose for my fashion shot. In my case, fashion entails an oversize striped T-shirt, black over-the-knee socks and a black pillbox hat. It's a sort of plumped-up, grown-up Lolita look. I am spent.

In the hall the two girls from the bedroom kiss everyone goodbye and bid a teary farewell to Sheila before setting off on their separate ways home, to Rhode Island and Virginia. It is a little like the last day of summer camp.

Once they've left, Sheila changes out of her smile quickly. She is getting feisty with me, angry that I haven't brought either a bathing suit or aerobicwear for my body shot. When she insists that I borrow a bathing suit, I flatly refuse. "This is your chosen profession," Sheila hisses at me. "Get used to it." Finally, she forces me to put on a black *bustier*.

It's tough to please Sheila. "Take that off!" she shrieks once she sees me in the outfit. "If you wear that, all they'll see is bazooms!" We settle on a minidress and black leggings, sunglasses and a polka-dot scarf.

I pose for my body shot. Bruce seems dissatisfied with my choice of clothes, but I am getting fierce-looking myself, so he doesn't push it. I muster up the last pleasant look I can and stretch it, grimacing, for a roll of film.

I round up my clothes,

slightly disappointed that I was never asked to wear cowboy boots. After thanking Sheila and getting my \$5 change, I ask Bruce if he has any suggestions as to which pictures I should use in my portfolio. "Yeah," he says with a laugh, "use the ones that are in focus." Bruce's wife, a very thin, pretty woman, takes me down in the freight elevator. I ask her what John Casablancas is like. "He's a playboy," she tells me. "He's a sleazy European playboy."


I guess I look bewildered, because as we hit the bottom floor she says, "This is where you get out. Bye."

Two weeks later. I go back to the Testboard offices to pick up my slides, which, I am assured, are "cute" and "hot." For \$9 apiece, The Testboard will process them for me, and for another \$29 I can buy an ultraprofessional Leatherette Elite photo portfolio. Then I am given a list of agencies to visit. John Casablancas's Petite agency is highlighted.

One week later. Armed with my prints, I arrive at Petite, which is just two floors up in the same building as The Testboard. In the hall I see two scrawny girls in gauzy sundresses leaving Petite. Their eyes are dazed and sad, and they have gigantic plastic notebooks pressed against their bony chests.

The Petite office is paneled with two-story-high floor-to-ceiling mirrors. A spiral staircase that is reflected crazily in the mirrors leads to the second floor, from which unseen Petite employees scrutinize everyone who enters. A brunet comes bounding down the steps, then stops short. "How tall are you?" she asks.

"Five two," I say as she takes my Elite portfolio from me and disappears back up the stairs. I start to move toward the coffee table to pick up the latest *Sassy*. Before I can take five steps, I hear the brunet's L.A. Gear sneakers squeaking down the steps. "Thanks for coming by," she says, handing my portfolio back to me and, in the same motion, turning to sprint back up the stairs.

I check my watch. Fifty-seven seconds flat. I didn't even have a chance to lie about my age. 



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# WILL THE REAL MAN BEHIND



## PLEASE STAND UP



### AND OTHER TALES OF TAKING CREDIT

where credit isn't necessarily due: Who *really* discovered America, Leif Eriksson or Columbus? Who's *really* responsible for *Citizen Kane*, Orson Welles or Herman Mankiewicz? Who *really* deserves to be called the Fifth Beatle? Or the Original Ray? Or Andy Warhol's best friend? Who *really* came up with the theory of evolution, Charles Darwin or Alfred Russel Wallace? For that matter, who *really* made the universe, God or some random clump of atoms that suddenly went blooey? **NED ZEMAN** investigates.



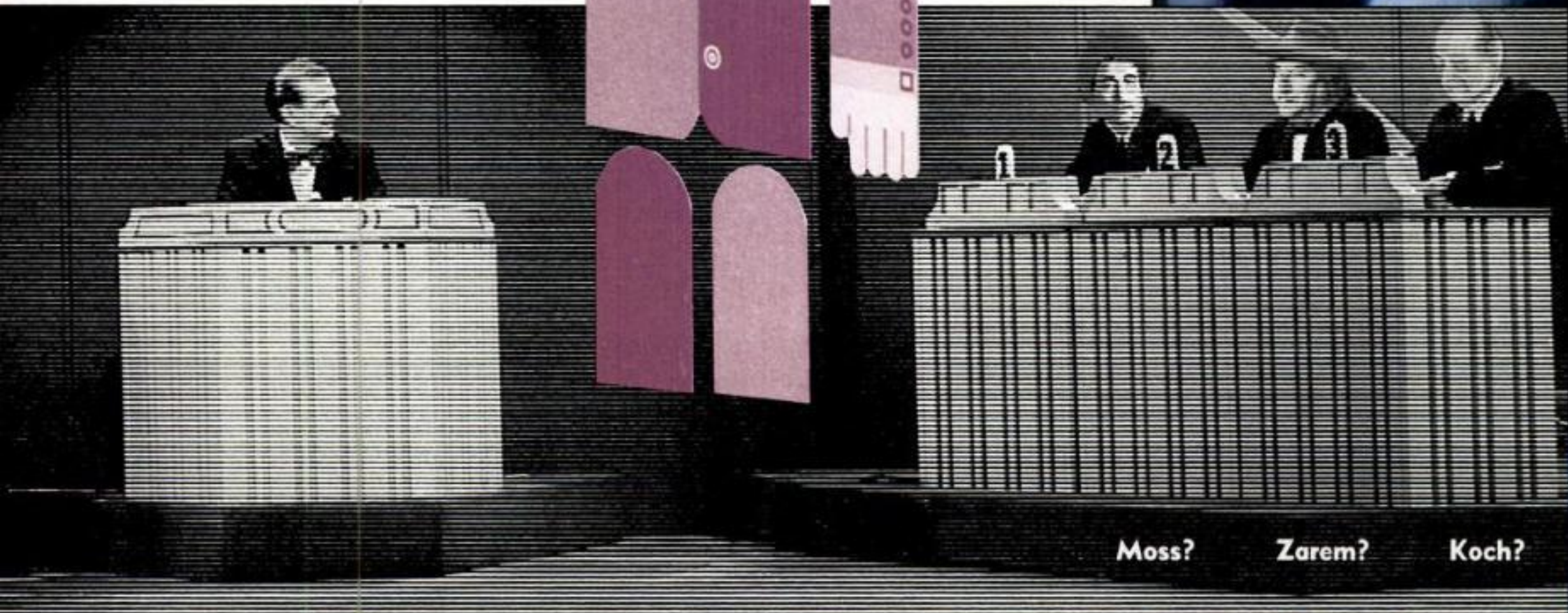
arithmetic proves that when four very ambitious people all lay claim to the same lucrative Good Idea, three of them *must be lying*. Which is not to say that everyone named in the following accounts is a bloodless, credit-hogging charlatan—for arithmetic also proves that some of these people are honest. But most are not.

The founding of the I ♥ NY campaign is our first object lesson. We begin with Bobby Zarem, the preternaturally energetic PR-man-to-the-stars. It was a blustery winter night in 1975, Zarem says, when he sat down at Elaine's with advertising man Charlie Moss and painstakingly outlined how he was going to "save New York" (then in the throes of a fiscal and public-relations crisis). Zarem's

plan: Liza Minnelli, Dick Cavett and other celebrities—this was the mid-1970s, remember—would sit in Central Park, grin and tell the cameras they loved New York. This was meant to attract people to the city.

"I was obsessed with the gloom of New York. I realized that everything exciting about the city was about to die," Zarem says. "This was not a business venture." He credits others with working out some of the kinks in the concept, but his Zulu death grip on The Idea is firm. "I'm not in this for the credit," he says, "but everybody and his mother has tried to take credit for it." Zarem apparently spends much of his time thinking up expletives for Mayor Koch, who once laid claim to The Idea during a visit to Paris, saying, "Why shouldn't I take credit for [it], when no one else has?" In rapid succession, Zarem terms the mayor a "bastard, fuckhead prick," a "scum piece of shit" and, clearly out of his element here, a "snotty, supercilious cunt-licker." As for former New York State Economic Development commissioner John Dyson, who also





claimed paternity for a while (then suddenly retracted his title to The Idea during his very unsuccessful 1982 candidacy for lieutenant governor), Zarem dismisses him as a "lying piece of shit."

Charlie Moss faintly recalls a dinner with Zarem but says it had nothing to do with generating The Idea. "I suggested the state have us [advertising agency Wells, Rich, Greene] as a publicist," Moss says. "It was *my* idea." He quickly adds that the campaign was the brainchild of many people, and that Zarem helped out by roping in Broadway stars to act as spokespeople. "That Bobby," Moss says, rather as the Skipper says, "Oh, Gilligan." "He does take credit for things."

So does Stan Dragoti, Moss's then-partner at Wells, Rich, Greene. According to Dragoti, he and Moss co-created the first





## American hostages in Lebanon

Responsibility for the February 1988 kidnapping of Marine Lieutenant Colonel William R. Higgins was claimed by a pro-Iranian fundamentalist group called the **Organization of the Oppressed on Earth** and also by the **Islamic Revolutionary Brigades**. Responsibility for the abduction of Americans Frank Herbert Reed and Joseph James Cicippio in Beirut in September 1986 was claimed by the **Resurrection Cells**, the **Arab Revolutionary Cells—Omar al-Mukhtar Forces** and the **Revolutionary Justice Organization**.

Dr. Luc Montagnier Dr. Robert Gallo

## Pioneering AIDS research

Dr. Raymond de Ponder

# SUCCESS HAS MANY PARENTS,

## A Gloryographic Guide to

### Brat Pack

Writer **David Blum** claims that he coined the term in his May 1985 *New York* magazine cover story about insufferably smug young actors (Emilio Estevez, Judd Nelson, Rob Lowe) who swagger around together. After William Safire, in his *New York Times Magazine* column of January 24, 1988, insisted that *Brat Pack* referred exclusively to young writers (such as Jay McInerney and Bret Easton Ellis), Blum dropped him a note, reminding Safire of the term's real parentage. Safire replied that **several people besides Blum** have claimed authorship.

China Italy

### Pasta

Orson Welles

### Citizen Kane

Herman Mankiewicz

### Original Ray's

**Famous Rays** on Sixth Avenue at 11th Street, or **Original Ray's** on First Avenue at 59th Street?

Chez Panisse

### Gourmet pizza

Wolfgang Puck

### The Four Seasons

**Philip Johnson** designed the restaurant, **Mies van der Rohe** designed the building it's in, **George Lois** designed the advertising, **George Long** managed it and **Joe Baum** had the original idea. They all take credit.

Steve Jobs

### Apple Computers

Steven Wozniak

### Andy Warhol's best friend

New York Academy of Art trustee **Stuart Pivar**, who used to go shopping with Andy; *Interview* magazine's advertising director, **Paige Powell**; longtime hanger-on **Brigid Berlin**; writer **Pat Hackett**, to whom Warhol dictated his diary; and **Fred Hughes**, who became the executor of Warhol's estate.

### The Official Preppy Handbook

Though **Lisa Birnbach** takes credit for writing the book (note particularly her 1984 *Dewar's Profile*), **Jonathan Roberts**, **Carol McD. Wallace** and **Mason Wiley** shared the byline.

### Coming to America

**Eddie Murphy** claims that he himself wrote the story that this dreadful movie is based on. But *Washington Post* columnist **Art Buchwald** says the story is based on *his* four-page treatment called "It's a Crude, Crude World," which Paramount optioned in 1982. Writer **Shelby Gregory** claims that *his* screenplay, "Toto, the African Prince," was given to Murphy by Prince Orsini, the son of a Nigerian chief, earlier this year, and he has filed a \$10 million suit against Murphy and the movie's ostensible coscreenwriters, **David Sheffield** and **Barry W. Blaustein**.

I ♥ NY TV commercial in 1978 with members of *A Chorus Line*. "It's very frustrating about Zarem [taking credit], because he was brought in by Charlie Moss," says Dragoti. "Bobby did a great job of promoting it, but no PR man has ever come up with an Idea like that. It's silly. It's hardly debatable. It's out of the question."

The Department of Economic Development, to which both Zarem and Moss say they took their original Idea, has another version of the facts. "God, no!" said director of communications Bern Rotman when told of Zarem's claim. Rotman says that the campaign started in 1977 and that Zarem wasn't hired until 1978: "Come on, he's a *publicist*. His trade is self-promotion. He helped, but [coming up with] The Idea? *Bullshit!*" Rotman acknowledges that Moss played a significant role but says, "I tell you honestly that Bill Doyle [then the state's senior deputy commissioner for marketing, hired by John Dyson] was the biggest man in all this." Doyle, perhaps wisely, did not return phone calls.

The birth of *New York* magazine inspires a similar dispute. The loudest self-proclaimed inventor is noted advertising man George Lois, who boasts, "It was my idea. But," he adds sarcastically (and somewhat strangely for a Christian heterosexual), "no one wants to give credit to some faggot Jew ad agency." Lois says that 25 years ago the late John Hay Whitney, then publisher of *The New York Herald Tribune*, asked him to help create a lively magazine as the paper's Sunday supplement. The only initial problem, Lois says, was that Whitney wanted the supplement to look "too much like the fucking *Times*." So, Lois says, he tried to design a happy medium between the long-winded *New Yorker* and the glib *Cue* magazine, which was a loud, connect-the-dots entertainment guide to New York City; it would be called *New York, New York*. Whitney loved the idea, Lois says, but suggested a new name. "I said, 'It's

not half bad'—that was my joke."

Lois gripes that *New York* is associated in the public mind with Clay Felker, the Jonny Quest of magazine publishing. As Lois recalls it, six months after the first issue hit the stands in 1963 he got a call from then *Esquire* editor Harold Hayes, who was at the time sparring with Felker, one of his top editors. "Can you get this guy a job?" he said to Lois, who in addition to running an ad agency (*New York* was a client) served legendarily as *Esquire's* cover designer. Lois brought Felker in as editor in 1963. Four years later, when the *Herald Tribune* folded, Felker bought the rights to the name *New York* from the *Trib* for \$7,500 and established the magazine as an independent entity.

Felker says he has never laid claim to The Idea; indeed, he credits Jim Bellows, the former managing editor of the *Herald Tribune*, with conceiving the magazine. Nonetheless, says Sheldon Zelasnik, *New York's* first editor (when it was still an insert in the *Trib*), "I don't think Clay has suffered from a lack of publicity in this area." Zelasnik says Bellows brought in exemplary writers such as Tom Wolfe and Jimmy Breslin and credits many others, especially Felker, with abetting the process. Bellows says it was definitely *not* Lois's concept but says of his own contribution, "I just did my share."

But Lois has always refused to relax his dogged grip on glory. In 1980 his former partners at the ad agency Papert, Koenig, Lois attempted to settle this unseemly matter. "Fred Papert and I would like to set the record straight on George Lois setting the record straight on *New York* magazine," wrote Julian Koenig in a press release. "George did not conceive it, did not name it, did not design it and did not sell it to John Hay Whitney. He didn't have to. It was Mr. Whitney's idea."



# BUT FAILURE IS AN ORPHAN

*Who Takes Credit for What*

## The V-J Day kiss

In August 1980, *Life* magazine ran a story on **Edith Shain**, a Beverly Hills woman who said she was the nurse being kissed by a sailor in Alfred Eisenstaedt's famous photograph taken in Times Square on V-J Day. At least **23 men** claim to be the sailor in the photo, especially **George Mendonsa** of Newport, Rhode Island, who has sued Time Inc. for using the picture without his permission. Mendonsa also challenges *Life's* contention that Edith Shain is the nurse; he claims it was a woman named **Greta Friedman**. Another nurse, named **Barbara Sokol**, says she is the woman in the photo, claiming that she vividly recalls a sailor's "ucky, sloppy kiss."

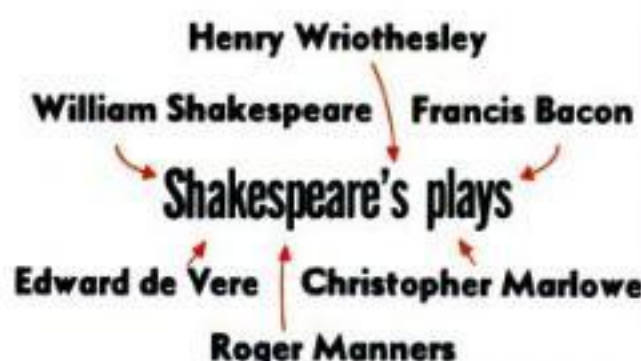


## Saying that someone was "born with a silver foot in his mouth"

Two weeks before **Ann Richards** used this phrase to describe George Bush in her keynote address at the 1988 Democratic National Convention, **Heather Booth**, president of a group called Cirizen Action, was quoted as using the phrase to describe Bush in a *New York Times* article. When former Mondale speech writer **David Kusnet** heard Richards's speech, he assumed that she had read the phrase in one of his syndicated columns. Kusnet claims that "maybe when I was 12 I read it somewhere or my father told it to me." The *Times* claims that one of its reporters, **Paul Crowell**, used the phrase first in 1966, in reference to Newbold Morris, the New York City commissioner of Parks who responded to a question about homeless people sleeping in Central Park by asking, "But where *else* should they sleep?"

Morgan Entrekin Gary Fisketjon

## The inspiration for Tad Allagash



## Deflowering of Jessica Hahn

Was the Reverend **Jim Bakker** responsible, as Hahn claims? Was it one of the clients of **Roxanne Dacus**, the madam who claims that Hahn worked for her before the Bakker liaison? Or was it **John Pietropaolo**, Hahn's 14-year-old downstairs neighbor? Or **Rocco Riccobono**, the pimply fellow from Long Island who insists that he slept with Hahn in 1978?

## Yuppie

**Bob Greene** says he overheard **some guy** use the word in a bar on Columbus Avenue early in 1983, shortly before it surfaced in his March 23 syndicated column. Nevertheless, *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist **Alice Kahn** insists that she coined the word first in her June 10, 1983, *East Bay Express* article, a mock-sociological study of a fictional couple named Bree Wellington and Dirk Miller. Kahn says that though her column appeared two and a half months after Greene's, she definitely *thought* of the word before he did. Kahn admits that she had been inspired by the word *yups* in the *Chicago Reader* and by a 1983 Roz Chast cartoon in *The New Yorker* titled "Attack of the Young Professional."



Lois is frustrated by the whole thing. "Some people are fucking idiots," he says, clarifying the situation considerably. These days Lois spends his time laying claim to a more recent publishing phenomenon, *Manhattan, inc.* (currently edited, of course, by the ubiquitous Clay Felker). Lois dismisses the claims of his rivals as "hoo-hah." *Manhattan, inc.* started, he says, when Herb Lipson, the publisher and president of *Philadelphia* magazine, came to him in the early 1980s with a vague idea about starting a New York business magazine (though onetime *Philadelphia* editor/magazine consultant Alan Halpern says *he* was the one who originally approached Lipson "with a formula for a Manhattan business magazine"). But as Lois talked through the concept Lipson began to doubt its worth and lapsed into gloom. Whereupon Lois saved the day by coming up with several "real" ideas about design, distribution and tone that would make the magazine *the* source for "the business and monkey business of New York." "If it weren't for me, it wouldn't be here," Lois concludes.

When asked about Lois's role, Lipson says tactfully, "George is a good friend of mine." But when pressed, Lipson suggests that all Lois did was give a little friendly advice, encouraging him to shift the magazine's focus from the boroughs to Manhattan (just think: *The Boroughs, inc.*). "He put in his two cents, that's all." Alan Halpern is more vehement about Lois's role: "He had nothing to do with it. He was just hired to design a logo."

Enter Jane Amsterdam. As *Manhattan, inc.'s* embittered first editor—"founding editor," she corrects—Amsterdam made the magazine a conspicuous success from 1984 to 1987. Now the editor of the *New York Post*, she says she finally resigned because publisher Lipson tried to be editor Lipson once too often. The issue of their relative contributions is still a sore one: "I know Herb is

trying to take credit for [The Idea]," she says with a dark laugh, "but *no way*. I did all the *real* stuff."

Success, as we have seen, has many parents, but failure is an orphan. The founders of that breathtakingly unsuccessful Time Inc. venture *TV-Cable Week* are simply impossible to find. A moderately upscale *TV Guide* that was launched (and sank) in 1983, the magazine lasted exactly 25 issues; the impressive thing is how much work it must have taken for a raft of ambitious young M.B.A.'s to lose \$47 million in just six months.

*TV-Cable Week* was the product of many great minds, first among them then Time Inc. editor in chief Henry Grunwald. Grunwald, now the U.S. ambassador to Austria, sagely refuses to discuss *TV-Cable Week*, one of many magazines launched during his inspired ten-year stewardship of the communications giant. (The others were the defunct *Home Office*, the defunct *Leisure*, the defunct *Quality*, the defunct *Picture Week* and the defunct *New York • New Jersey • Connecticut Real Estate*.) Richard Burgheim, the magazine's first—and only—managing editor, isn't so prudently discreet. After a long, remarkably uncomfortable silence, he mumbles, "Nobody's going to want to talk about it." Nonetheless, he suggests talking to Daniel Zucchi, the magazine's publisher.

Zucchi refused to return our phone calls. As did former group vice president for magazines Kelso Sutton. As did Sutton's underling, Richard Durrell. Jeff Dunn, one of the two neophyte Harvard M.B.A.'s who devised the titanicly disastrous marketing strategy without any knowledge of the cable market, didn't want to blame anyone for this monster, least of all himself. "It's really hard to call that one," he says matter-of-factly. Which leaves Burgheim to modestly apportion the credit for the disaster. "It was," he says finally, and almost inaudibly, "a team effort." ▀



REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

THE WEBS

THE STREET

POLITICS

THE TRADE

THE INDUSTRY

HOW TO BE A GROWN-UP

THE BIG QUESTIONS



# FUNNY

## Business



BY IGNATZ RATZWIZKIWXKI

THE SPOILED BARNARD FRESHMAN who has a crush on Claus von Bülow—that is, *Vanity Fair's* target reader—must be laughing her head off. Back in April, James “Moo Cow” Wolcott, literary Ameri-

ca's number one couch potato, presented a bleak survey of modern humor. “Color me confused,” Wolcott began, “but I don't quite get the *hang* of much of the new humor writing.”

He did find some fairly neutral things to say about the late S. J. Perelman (“He called himself a feuilletonist, ‘a writer of little

leaves, fer sure”), but for the most part Wolcott wasn't amused. Singled out for nasty comments were *The New Yorker* (“The humor writing has become hairier and weirder. More far-out, fer sure”), Philip Roth (“Phil is onto something, fer sure”), Roy Blount Jr. (a contributing editor of this magazine) and this magazine. For the really big laughs, of course, the reader should stick with *Vanity Fair*.

I had been inclined to dismiss Wolcott's column as the rantings of a hyperventilating, overpaid contract writer. But then the July issue arrived and I saw just how truly, truly funny *Vanity Fair* can be. In a no-holds-barred send-up of Andy Warhol (of whom the *Times's* John Russell has farted, “A very strange man. We have not heard the last of him”), Robert Hughes pulled off just about the most satirical piece of satire I think I've ever read.

Hughes is *Time's* art critic and the author of *The Fatal Shore*, that book about Australia that everyone owns but no one has read. (I fell head over heels in love with Australia during the America's Cup a few years back, didn't you?) His art columns are, in fact, the best thing in *Time*; they're not only on the mark and free of cant but



also, often, wickedly funny.

But his art criticism doesn't work hard at being funny and scurrilous, as "Holy Shit!" Hughes's Warhol burlesque in *VF*, relentlessly did. To begin with, there were the funny names. With tongue planted firmly in cheek, no doubt, Hughes referred to Warhol as Andrew Warble—a takeoff, if I'm not mistaken, on the distinctly warble-y way in which Warhol did just about everything in life. There were a lot of other funny names too, including Barbara Glitz, Lord Flowery, Monsignor Ridiculi Ridicula, John Giltframe, Henry Goldbug and Gudrun Paradigm. When I saw those, I laughed and laughed.

Each of these risible monikers made a biting satirical point about the personality it skewered. For example, Barbara Glitz, a "corporate art adviser," appeared to be quite "glitzy." To top it off, Hughes's fiction (which was subtitled "A saleroom fable for the wigged-out generation") was set in an auction gallery called Christaby's. I wonder who feels more satirized, Christie's or Sotheby's?

Come to think of it, there's been a lot of nastiness in *Vanity Fair* lately. One of the more spiteful offerings was a review by Germaine Greer of a dumb-sounding book called *The Sisterhood*. Greer, it turns out, has spent the last 15 years nursing some pretty spectacular grudges.

The objects of most of these grudges are Gloria Steinem and Betty Friedan. Greer bitches that Steinem is too thin ("the sensuous head on the Belsen body") and that Friedan is too fat ("a huge towel around her Bette Midler body"). She makes fun of Friedan's big nose. She mocks Steinem's eating habits ("chocolate sludge and Styrofoam cakes that should disgust an adult palate") and Friedan's nightie ("a cascade of frills and flounces"). She also takes curious swipes at Steinem's libido, accusing her of "a complete lack of interest in one of life's few reliable pleasures" and calling her "virgin sex-queen of the universe."

"Virgin sex-queen of the universe" sounds like something your 13-year-old daughter might call your 15-year-old daughter. *Children! Please!* Greer's sniping is enough to make a fellow wonder what women really want.

"According to *Big*, what every woman wants is a man as playful and unneurotic as a boy—a man who will turn her into a girl," writes David "the Dork" Denby in *New York*. "That's hardly what women have

been saying recently," Denby continued, "but in the theater, when I looked around, all the women were grinning at the screen."

Don't you hate people who look at you while you're watching something, to see if you're enjoying it? Denby isn't the only one who does it. At *M. Butterfly*, John Heilpern of *Manhattan, inc.* took a peek at the rest of the audience to see if they were buying the play's premise (that a man and a woman could have a 20-year affair without the man's realizing that the woman was really a man): "The rest of the audience [accepted] the love story, too. They even identified with it. And the vast majority of that audience were women." So here's the story up to now: a woman wants a man who will turn her into a girl and believes that a man wants a man who has turned himself into a woman—at least, according to the women in our studio audience.

To find out what women *really* really want, you'd have to go to an expert—perhaps Hugh M. Hefner. If you, like me, buy *Playboy* only to look at the pictures, you probably missed the incident-by-incident account of Hef's palimony troubles with Carrie Leigh, his "Mansion mate" for several years. Here's a condensed version from the magazine: "He gave Carrie the best years of her life.... The transfer of fatty tissue from her buttocks to her lips.... She never washed her underwear or did any ironing.... She wound up in bed with a gay Iranian.... Hef was pissed."

Lee Eisenberg, the 51-inch-high editor of *Esquire*, was also pissed. In his August issue, citing Hef's palimony case, Lee really put Leigh in her place by listing her among a dozen "Women We Don't Love."

Why is Eisenberg sucking up to Hefner like this? The entire August *Esquire* is a weird paean to *Playboy*. In the cover story, WOMEN WE LOVE 1988, the photo captions are very Hef-ish: "Perfect companion on a slow boat to China" (Joan Chen). "How do you say, 'We'd like to drink your bathwater' in Portuguese?" (Sonia Braga). "Frequently undressed in *White Mischief*, a truly godawful movie. Don't miss it" (Greta Scacchi).

I think I know what's going on. For years, Eisenberg has been using *Esquire* to pry dates out of women who don't go out with neurotic itty-bitty guys. That was the point of the old *Esquire* Goes on a Date feature Eisenberg used to write. It was also the point of the old An Evening With... feature, which Eisenberg also wrote. Years later, Eisenberg still makes coy refer-

ences—both in conversation and in print—to the only time, in all that expenses-paid running-around, that he got lucky. "Women who took us to the heights and left us in the mist (except once)," he squeaked in his August editorial. Ah, once.

Now consider these facts: Hef suffered a "mild stroke" in March 1985; only one of his muscles gets regular exercise; he recently announced his intention to "marry" 25-year-old breast-implant enthusiast Kimberley Conrad; he is addicted to Pepsi. In other words, Hef isn't going to be around forever. Someone is going to have to take his place as the nation's most important bachelor—perhaps as soon as tomorrow or early next week. Is there anyone in America who could fill those empty slippers better than Lee "Li'l Hef" Eisenberg?

Lee is clearly grooming himself for the part. In his August editorial he even speculated on the secret of Hef's success: "He must have spiked their drinks." Can a pipe and pajamas be far behind?

In closing, some assorted observations:

- *Newsweek* said *Coming to America* "may be more interesting as a career move than as a movie." And that same week *Time* said that *Coming to America* "seems to be more career move than movie."

- In the July 17 *New York Times* Book Review, Timothy Ferris's book *The Red Limit* was referred to once as *Red Shift* and once as *The Red Limit*.

- A recent music review by the *Times*'s John "Stupid" Rockwell contained a paragraph that consisted of three incomplete sentences: "As if all of modern art laid no serious claims to greatness or excellence or beauty, but had reduced itself to schoolboy pranks. But that the artist had enough vestigial embarrassment that he wished to disguise his japes, and so pretended to a mantle of nobility and high-art grandeur that he knew full well he had neither won nor even aspired to, deep down. And that the viewer, too clever for this scurrilous fellow, saw through his scam and was thus able to skewer his efforts as pretentious."

- Ever wonder what it would be like to do it with David Denby? In *New York* magazine Denby described an evening spent watching videos in his bedroom, "an all-too-appropriate place, since such an event begins to resemble a prolonged bout of lovemaking in its long rush of exhilaration and bravado, its fatigue, and, finally, its intimations of disgust." Was it disgusting for you too? ☛



# What, Me WORRY?



BY JOE GILLIS

IN THESE, THE WANING YEARS OF their influence, the news divisions of the three networks continue to demonstrate amusing levels of paranoia concerning their respective institutional images.

## THE WEBS

*The New York Times's* story about staff disaffection at ABC's meretricious 20/20 made Boone Arledge, the normally flappable ABC

News and Sports president, even more so. According to the *Times*, spirits had so sagged at 20/20—now run by Boone's boy Victor Neufeld—that producers' eyes watered in wistful remembrance of former executive producer Av Westin, never very well liked when he was there but deified now that he's not. (To put all this whimpering for the old days in perspective: the show's producers actually pined for Geraldo Rivera.)

Arledge has reason to be proud of his boy Neufeld, after all, was instrumental in the decision to donate free 20/20 airtime to Jane Fonda so that she could apologize to Vietnam veterans for some things she said way back when she was young and wasn't trying to make a movie about Vietnam veterans. And Neufeld is good at talking to reporters. "Hugh [Downs] and Barbara [Walters]," he told the *Times*, "are...not hip and they're not boringly old; they're middle-American superstars." *If only Geraldo were here. He was hip, and he wasn't afraid to try to prove it. And Av, he was right on the cusp of boring oldness.*

Arledge, furious that some of his ABC underlings were attacking Neufeld (a slightly higher-ranking and much more obedient underling), decided to confront the accusations in the *Times* face-to-face—in his own very classy way. First he dispatched Barbara Walters to Liz Smith's doorstep. The columnist obligingly took a day off from her PR responsibilities for the

Trump family and, inspired by Walters's empty dictation, followed the ABC line in the *Daily News* the next day. Next Arledge had Hugh Downs fire off a neither hip nor boringly old letter to the *Times*. Then things got ugly. But why don't I let my esteemed colleague J.J. Hunsecker pick up the story from here on page 72?

The *Times* also broke the news that Arledge's counterpart at NBC, Lawrence Grossman, had gotten the boot. (Grossman, frequently criticized by Tom Brokaw for lacking a journalism background, displayed real reportorial instincts during his last days in office. At the Democratic Convention he shambled hazily among gawkers around the *Today* show set as if conducting man-on-the-street interviews. Upon hearing the rumor of his imminent departure, he tracked down the source and gathered enough facts to be able to go straight to NBC president Robert C. Wright to discuss the story. After coming to the conclusion that the rumors were true, Grossman—true to the journalist's edict of observing but not interfering with the news—stepped down.)

Like many other former network-news executives, Grossman was a casualty of the battle between his division and his corporate superiors; where he distinguished himself was in winning contempt from both sides. Grossman didn't seem sufficiently plugged in for Brokaw's taste, and his lack of a strategy for commercial success earned him the nickname Ted—as in *Ted Mack's Amateur Hour*. Grossman's successor, Michael Gartner, is everything Grossman wasn't: a journalist, a media entrepreneur, an aggressive self-promoter, a Les Nesman look-alike and a friend of Tom Brokaw's.

The morning after the *Times* story about Grossman appeared, Wright called his cowering corporate-communications people into his office and, in a spittled rage, ranted about the leaks at the network, keeping much of his attention on a staff member who had inadvertently let slip the news contained in Peter Boyer's *Times* story to John Carmody, the TV-beat reporter at *The Washington Post*. As SPY learned later on the day of the meeting, everyone present was given strict orders to plug the leaks.

New CBS Broadcast Group president Howard Stringer has every right to be paranoid. Although he has nominal responsibility for programming the network, his boss, dwarf billionaire Larry

Tisch, has kept that job for himself. Although Tisch's facility for divining the tastes of the American public has landed the network in last place, the little man inexplicably fancies himself a broadcasting genius.

Stringer recently threw a tenth-wedding-anniversary party for himself and his wife, Jennifer, a dermatologist. He invited between 80 and 100 of his most recently bought close personal friends to dine at his recently bought East Hampton home under a rented yellow-and-white marquee tent similar to the one used by Peter Jennings for his 50th-birthday party the next evening. Stringer, who has spent most of his career forming tactical alliances and *just surviving*, evidently has few friends, for the affair was studded with middle-level CBS underlings, network lawyers and guests who knew him only cursorily. People gave chilly toasts (including Stringer's wife, who said, apparently in all seriousness, that she loved being married to someone "so important"). Dan Rather, the only man there in a suit and tie, delivered his own stilted preparation, ending with one of his hoary Texas aphorisms, which seemed to be about Stringer's being able to have sex with his wife any time he wanted. Before Stringer had had an opportunity to say *his* piece, Tisch, having crooked a liver-spotted finger at his own wife, had already skulked off to his private jet. *I'm behind you 100 percent, Howard. Honest.*

Back at the office, David Burke, Stringer's replacement as CBS News president, is just what the news division needs—a professional number-two man with a gyroscopic aptitude for spin control. As Ted Kennedy's administrative assistant in 1969, he was one of the first people the senator called after the Oldsmobile went into the water at Chappaquiddick. In other words, Burke is the perfect man to steer CBS News through a few more seasons of desperate bumbles and screwups. After he took office, in fact, hardly an hour had passed before he had laid the foundations for his very own, personally embarrassing, CBS-style crisis. He called a staff meeting and set two immediate goals. First, he promised, *he*—and not Black Rock—would be in charge of the news division. And second, having been appalled at the frequent negative coverage of CBS in the past, he wanted all leaks to stop forthwith. Everyone in attendance promised to do their best, as SPY learned later that week. **D**



# If I Had a MILLION

BY JAMES GRANT

PERIODICALLY ANDREW J. KRIEGER, options trader, humanist and quondam vegetarian, pauses to reappraise his career. His profession is speculation. His specialty is buying and selling options on

foreign currencies, a line of work requiring rapt concentration and lightning-fast reflexes. But Krieger is a trader-poet, disposed to

question the value of the quarry even in the heat of the chase. Earlier this year, in an introspective moment, he left Bankers Trust and spoke of teaching Sanskrit or venturing to India to work with lepers. On short reflection, however, he decided to skip the lepers and return to options trading (at Soros Fund Management) for big money. Only two months later he took his leave again, this time rather less voluntarily. As might be expected, the press was quick to report (if incompletely) these mercurial moves, for Krieger, at 32, seemed to epitomize the decade. He was the Roaring Eighties in person.

Few traders are public figures, and Krieger himself might have been spared the limelight except for his resignation last February. Foreign-exchange trading had earned \$338 million for the bank in the fourth quarter alone, as *The New York Times* reported, but Krieger, who was largely responsible, was paid less than \$3 million, a discrepancy between value created and wages received that vexed Krieger and titillated the readers of *Business Day*.

In truth, the gulf between the numbers was narrower than first reported. Subsequent bulletins did appear, since Krieger, curly-headed and baby-faced, had become a public curiosity. In March *The Wall Street Journal* devoted a column on its front page to the question "Andrew Krieger Made \$3 Million Last Year; Why Isn't He Happy?"

The *Journal's* Krieger was a more com-

plex MacTavish than the *Times's* Krieger, a man pulled this way by the blandishments of career and that way by the sensibilities of character and education. Why had he walked away from a seven-figure job at Bankers Trust—even a low-seven-figure job? "Mr. Krieger's confidants, trying to explain his departure, say that he had long been prone to sudden, dramatic switches in interest. He had been a vegetarian for eight years, and then without much ado he went back to eating meat." Why did he go back to meat? "Trading was so aggressive, he explains now, that it seemed silly to have scruples about harming animals." How had his six-year-old son influenced his decision (however short-lived) to leave the world of moneymaking? "Well," the boy once asked his father, according to his father, "when are you going to do something that helps people, like be a doctor or fireman?" How did considerations of automotive safety figure into Krieger's career thinking? "Having begun to fear an auto accident, he stopped using his car phone to make trades."



Krieger, a three-degree man at the University of Pennsylvania, joined Salomon Brothers, where he resumed hamburger eating, in 1984, then Bankers Trust in 1986. It was at Bankers Trust that, in 1987, he produced more than half the bank's astonishing \$593 million currency-trading profit for the year by buying and selling puts and calls on currencies. (Puts and calls are a kind of gambler's marker: if you own a call, you are happy when whatever the currency is goes up; if you own a put, you hope the currency goes down.) It was a slightly less astonishing sum, \$513 million, that Bankers Trust owned up to this summer, acknowledging—under the influence of a kind of regulatory full nelson by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York—that it had over-

stated fourth-quarter foreign-currency trading profits by \$80 million.

The admission was extraordinary. It reversed the bank's earlier insistence that the fourth-quarter figure of \$338 million was carved in stone. It raised anew the question, if a bank could earn \$338 million (well, all right, only \$258 million) in a few months by currency gambling (well, *speculation*), why couldn't it *lose* that much? "Controls," the bank had replied. It had said it had fail-safe systems to guard against any trading catastrophe. Now it came out that, in fact, the bank didn't exactly know *what* it owned. So thin were some of the markets in which Krieger dealt that attaching a value to his positions was problematic.

The restatement of currency-trading results at Bankers Trust came to light in July. The disclosure brought smirks to many Wall Street faces, for Krieger had by then already passed another career milestone. Within *eight weeks* he had been hired and fired by the renowned investor George Soros—possibly a record even for Soros, whose testiness with traders is almost as legendary as his facility with money. (Both Krieger and a Soros spokesman claim that the departure was voluntary.)

The professional book on Krieger is that he makes big bets, bigger than some of his superiors care to carry. The *Journal* had noted: "Bankers Trust turned him loose with \$700 million of bank funds, an unusually high investment limit for an individual trader; \$50 million is more the norm." That Soros hired him anyway is testament to Soros's tolerance for risk.

Yet, incredibly, Krieger began to take positions that frightened even the great risk-taker. So vast was Krieger's bet on the pound sterling this spring that the Bank of England called the fund to ask about it. Next to the IRS, a central bank, foreign or domestic, is the government agency that a private investor least wants to hear from. Soros must have begun to wonder (if the thought had not already crossed his mind) whether this busy young man on the telephone was an asset or a liability. It was around this time that Krieger was urged not to overdo it. The message, evidently, failed to sink in. On June 30 Krieger was out on the street again, improvising.

Anybody who is shown the gate has a number of viable options. Decidedly, the top choice on the menu is not the firm handshake, humble apology and silent leave-taking. The style-conscious ejectee



may borrow a page from Krieger's book: Retain public-relations counsel, issue a press release and announce that you have established an educational foundation; call it the Karma Foundation. Announce a new entrepreneurial venture; name it after yourself. Is it necessary to mention in the press release that your leave-taking was not wholly amicable? Must one allude to the firing thing, or to disputes with one's employer over the advisability of one's trading style? Krieger chose to emphasize the constructive elements of his situation:

"Options trading specialist Andrew Krieger announced today he will leave the investment firm of Soros Fund Management on June 30, 1988 to pursue two personal interests, Krieger & Associates Ltd. and the Karma Foundation. . . .

"Increasingly over the last several months [he was quoted in his own press release as saying] I have been receiving substantial and unsolicited offers from major institutions and individuals that I manage their investment trading portfolios. Simultaneously, I have been studying how I could better manage my own funds and my growing philanthropic objectives. The decision . . . ensures me the time and freedom to accommodate that investor interest and still have a means for participating more actively in various socially responsible endeavors."

The release, antedating the restatement of foreign-exchange earnings by Bankers Trust, mentioned the \$338 million booked by the firm in last year's fourth quarter. It was an understandable error—if Bankers Trust didn't understand Krieger's positions, Krieger himself, so long gone from the bank, could hardly be expected to know.

In truth, the press release raised as many questions as it answered. If it was true that Krieger wanted to manage money, why was he in such a hurry to leave a place that had so much of it? Why would he freely choose to leave the payroll of a man who is known to pay top dollar for talented traders? Krieger, when reached on the telephone, reiterated, "I was not fired. I resigned." Likewise a Soros spokesman: "It was an amicable parting." Amicable, no doubt. George Soros, risk-taker extraordinaire, is once again able to sleep at night, and Krieger, Bankers Trust trading ace, is able to raise new money for his own fund. "I'm not worried about having sufficient capital," Krieger has said. "I'm concerned that we don't accept too much." Anyway, there will always be lepers. ■

# Where Was PHILIP?



BY MICHAEL SORKIN

"YOU CANNOT NOT KNOW HISTORY."  
— Philip Johnson

"I do not believe in principles, in case you haven't noticed."  
— Philip Johnson

## POLITICS

It seems that *everyone's* an ex-Fascist nowadays. There's Kurt Waldheim, the well-known Austrian ex-Nazi, and Herbert von Karajan, the well-known German ex-Nazi. Then there's Paul de Man, the renowned Yale professor, recently deceased, who, it turns out, wrote pro-Fascist articles for Belgian newspapers during the war. And of course there's always Martin Heidegger, the late philosopher, Nazi Party member and prominent ex-friend of the *Führerprinzip*.

These creeps have been getting a lot of print lately, and the question everyone seems to be asking is, what difference does it make? Do we have to reconsider *Blindness and Insight* (De Man) or *Being and Time* (Heidegger) or the UN resolution on Afghanistan (Waldheim) just because their authors might also have abetted the mass extermination of certain unfit persons? And should we expect some kind of apology?

The *Times* gave ample space last summer to the revelations about De Man, but nobody ever seems to ask these questions about that raffish old ex-Fascist Philip Johnson — arts patron, museum trustee, friend of the mighty, dean of American architecture and designer most recently of William Paley's new building to house the Museum of Broadcasting. Of course, it's not exactly as if his work could seem any *more* opportunistic. And, it's true, nobody has produced any pictures of the elegant tastemaker sporting in the Balkans in SS drag. Still, to coin a phrase, *where was Philip?* Let's return to the 1930s, when the young Museum of Modern Art curator had more on his mind than promoting a new archi-

tectural style and himself.

In 1934 the beginning of Johnson's political career was heralded by the following four-line headline in the *Times*: TWO FORSAKE ART TO FOUND A PARTY/MUSEUM MODERNISTS PREPARE TO GO TO LOUISIANA AT ONCE TO STUDY HUEY LONG'S WAYS/GRAY SHIRT THEIR SYMBOL/YOUNG HARVARD GRADUATES THINK POLITICS NEEDS MORE 'EMOTION' AND LESS 'INTELLECTUALISM.' What a lark for the self-styled disciples of self-styled American Fascist Lawrence Dennis. "We shall try to develop ourselves," declared Johnson's friend and MoMA colleague Alan Blackburn, "by doing the sort of things that everybody in New York would like to do but never finds time for. We may learn to shoot, fly airplanes and take contemplative walks in the woods."

There was, to be sure, some vagueness about the program of and membership in the new party. "We have no definite political program to offer," declared Blackburn, the party mouthpiece. The two also declined to reveal membership data (an estimated high-water mark was fewer than 150). The one thing that was certain was the choice of shirting. Imagine the conversation when this was decided. *Brown is too . . . seasonal. Black? Like those Italians? Silver? Déclassé! Gray? Gray! Wire Turnbull & Asser!*

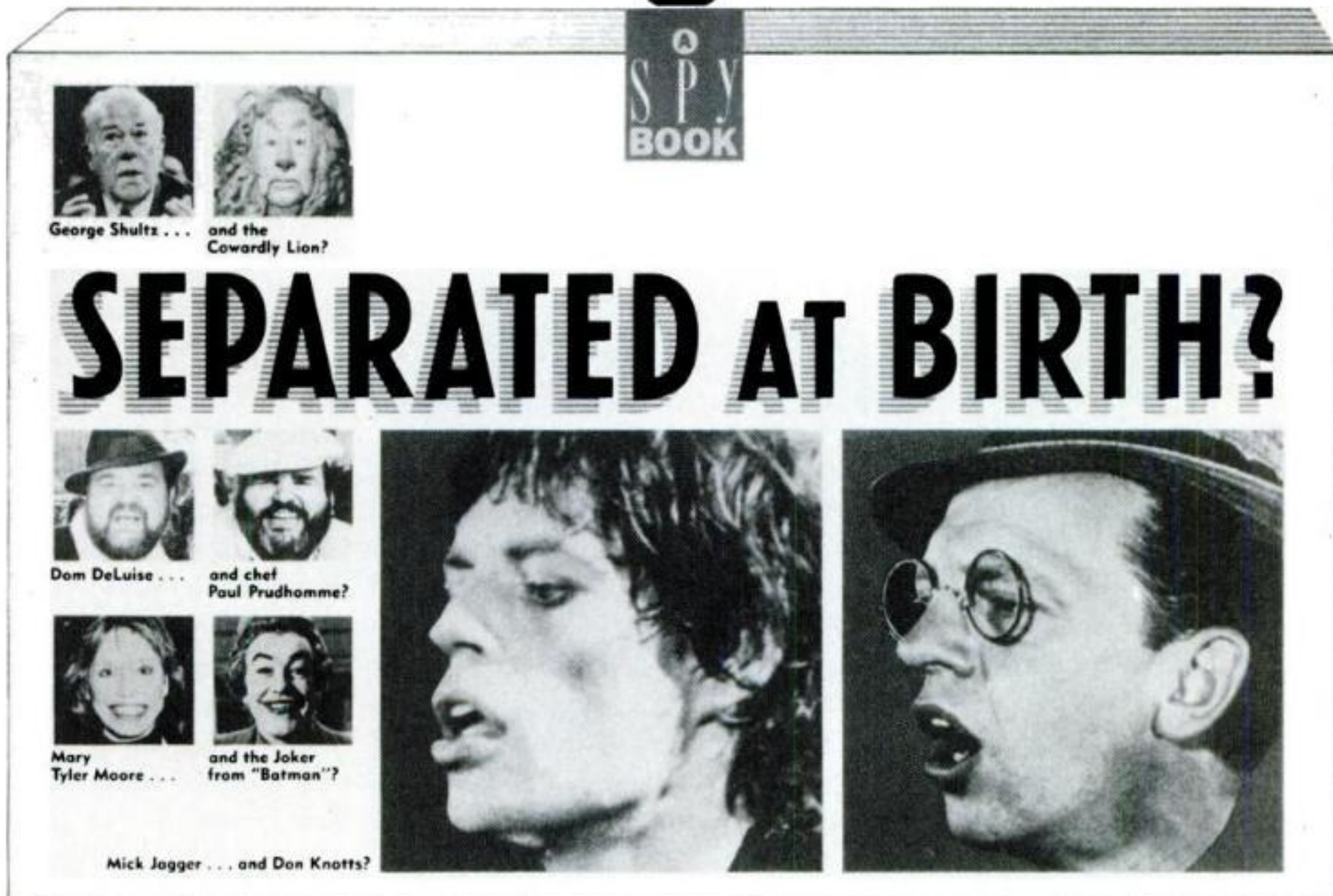
Tiring rapidly of Louisiana and the Kingfish (whose embrace of the two-man volunteer brain trust from New York City was apparently less than effusive), the pair switched crypto-Fascist demagogues, now sucking up to the revolting anti-Semites and right-wingers William Lemke and Father Charles Coughlin, donating at least \$5,000 to their activities. In his book *Demagogues in the Depression*, David Bennett describes the two fellow travelers in 1936: "Johnson and Blackburn . . . appeared at the Coughlin convention, ostensibly representing the 'Youth Division of the NUSJ [National Union for Social Justice — Coughlin's organization]'. Although inactive in Union affairs, they were fascinated by radical politics and their financial aid gave them access to party organizers. Later they were to form the quasi-fascistic National Party." Indeed, Johnson, who grew up in Cleveland, even attempted a run at the Ohio state legislature in the mid-1930s. Such an irony: just as the world might have been spared years of carnage if Hitler had only been admitted to architecture school, imagine the architecture that might have been avoided if the electorate had had the prescience to make young Philip a



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legislator.

As the 1930s progressed Johnson began to sign his name to a variety of articles for the publications of the lunatic fringe, quickening the pace of his pro-German maunderings as world war approached. For instance, in a 1939 issue of *Today's Challenge*, an article titled "Are We a Dying People?" offered the latent master builder's views on the master race. "The United States of America is committing race suicide," he warned. Deploying statistical evidence of the precipitous decline of the "white" race, he rebuked the "philosophy of Individualism and Materialism" as "eugenically bad" for failing to fulfill "the imperatives of racial maintenance."

Then, in a mighty peroration subtitled "The Will to Live," Johnson offered a truly chilling metaphor to describe the way in which this will is to be exercised. "Human will is a part of the biological process," he declared. "Our will...interferes constantly in the world of the lower animals. When English sparrows threaten to drive out our songbirds, we shoot the sparrows, rather than letting nature and Darwin take their course. Thus the songbirds, thanks to our will, become the 'fittest' and survive."

This was written in 1939.

As it turns out, the national origin of those sparrows was not meant entirely metaphorically. Credentialed as European correspondent for Father Coughlin's scurrilous, Jew-baiting paper *Social Justice*, Johnson filed, as war accelerated, a stream of tacitly pro-Nazi dispatches mocking the English. (And his fine aesthete's eye and celebrated wit were fully operational even in the midst of war. "It is said, with how much truth I am unable to say," he wired in a dispatch from the summer of 1939, "that a large London hospital had had to add to its staff because of the increased accidents caused by the 'volunteer' nurses. I can only vouch for the fact that most of these volunteers look very bad indeed in their baggy uniforms; I have heard Paris audiences laugh out loud at them.")

Likewise, his anti-Semitism is filtered through his refined sense of what really matters. Back in Paris, he wrote, "Another serious split in French opinion is that caused by the Jewish question, a problem much aggravated just at present by the multitude of émigrés in Paris. Even I, as a stranger in the city, could not help noticing how much German was being spoken, especially in the better restaurants. Such an

influx naturally makes the French wonder, not only about these incoming Jews, but also about their co-religionists who live and work here and call themselves French. The facts that [Léon] Blum and the men around him are Jews, that there are two Jews in the present cabinet, Messrs. Zay and Mandel, and that the Jewish bankers Mannheimer, de Rothschild and Lazard Freres are known to stand behind the present government all complicate the situation." Philip made the danger in this complication clear in another *Social Justice* article, published in July 1939: "Lack of leadership and direction in the [French] State has let the one group get control who always gain power in a nation's time of weakness—the Jews."

The undoubted high point of Philip's career as a journalist came as he accompanied the Nazi blitzkrieg to Poland in September. Arriving in Berlin shortly before the invasion, Johnson crossed into Poland to get the story. In a dispatch in the September 11 edition of *Social Justice*, he found



the Poles "so excited and so worried about the crisis which they feel is at hand, that they arrested me at the border merely for taking pictures." Later he ridiculed the defensive efforts being undertaken by that hapless nation, puny measures that, he related, caused his German pals to roar with laughter when he reported them.

The Polish police weren't the only ones suspicious of Philip's activities at the border. Near Danzig he encountered William Shirer, who describes their meeting in *Berlin Diary*: "Dr. Boehmer, press chief of the Propaganda Ministry in charge of this trip, insisted that I share a double room in the hotel here with Philip Johnson, an American fascist who says he represents Father Coughlin's *Social Justice*. None of us

can stand the fellow and suspect he is spying on us for the Nazis. For the last hour in our room here he has been posing as an anti-Nazi and trying to pump me for my attitude. I have given him no more than a few bored grunts." (Johnson responded to this in a 1973 interview in a British architectural journal, saying about Shirer, "[He is] a very irresponsible journalist... very third rate writer.")

Meanwhile, back on the Polish beat during the Nazi invasion, Philip proclaimed his "shock" at his first visit to the country of "Chopin, Paderewski and Copernicus." Under the subhead **JEW DOMINATE POLISH SCENE** he wrote, "The boundaries of Europe seem to the traveller to [sic] the most part arbitrary lines. But here was a real boundary. Once on the Polish side I thought at first that I must be in the region of some awful plague.... In the towns there were no shops, no automobiles, no pavements and again no trees. There were not even any Poles to be seen in the streets, only Jews!" Later Philip visited Lodz, "a slum without a city attached to it." It didn't take long to find out who was to blame; it was the 35 percent of the population who happened to be Jewish and who, "dressed in their black robes and black skull-caps and with their long beards... seem more like 85 per cent." Philip retained his fine sartorial eye. No gray shirts here.

At the end of 1939 Philip returned to the U.S., where he lectured to the American Fellowship Forum, the Nazi-front group behind *Today's Challenge*. Then, late in 1940, he went back to Harvard to study architecture. In 1943 he was drafted, and he served two years. At the end of the war he resumed his curatorship at MoMA and shortly thereafter began his architectural practice, going on to become the most celebrated designer in America.

And what about some sort of apology? Some version of the Waldheim grovel? There never has been one from Johnson—not publicly, at any rate. However, apology or no, he has been forgiven. When Philip was up for election to MoMA's board of trustees in 1957, someone had the bad taste to mention that the man had spent years as, er... a Jew-bashing Fascist. John D. Rockefeller's wife, Blanchette, already a museum trustee, rose to the occasion with suitable noblesse oblige. "Every young man," she said, "should be allowed to make one large mistake." ■



# A Gift for FASHION

BY JO STOCKTON

WHEN NANCY REAGAN AND HER husband dropped in on the Evil Empire in June, they found that everywhere they went crews of Soviet beautification commissars had preceded them, planting new shrubbery and laying down fresh coats of lively gray paint. I'm delighted to report that this is one *glasnosty* improvement that has taken hold in the American fashion trade as well. Everywhere similar acts of Potemkin-village beautification have become the rage. Within the Condé Nast empire the Sovietly chipper offices of *The New Yorker* benefited from an anxiety-induced refur-

THE  
TRADE

bishment in anticipation of a rare visit by the magazine's skillionaire proprietor, S. I. Newhouse Jr. (owner also of the clothing-trade journals *Vogue*, *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle*, *Details*, *GQ* and *Vanity Fair*). Newhouse had scheduled a stopover not to fire the editor but merely to preview a promotional video. For the state visit, painting crews and carpet shampooers were dispatched to refurbish only those parts of the magazine's offices that Newhouse might see during his promenade from elevator to conference room and back. The rest of the offices remain, like Moscow, a hushed, frumpy anachronism.

Ultra-original fashion genius Ralph Lauren is another well-heeled aesthete whose world is recast to his liking. Next door to Lauren's Madison Avenue Polo emporium—another hushed, frumpy anachronism, this one of the made-up variety—St. James Church operates a soup kitchen, whose clientele used to spill out onto the sidewalk, where their very presence would frighten the sensibilities and chill the purchasing impulses of the New Jersey realtors who patronize the store. Just when this Dickensian intrusion on the Polo shop's Waughvian aura of privilege was about to drive the Great Son of the

West to tears, the church suddenly found the \$1.5 million or so it needed to set up a 24-hour drop-in center on East 77th Street, a half mile from Lauren's outlet.

But then, selfless charity has long been the hallmark of the garment industry, as many improbably well dressed, poorly paid fashion editors can attest. Why, even the clothes-crazed first lady herself has been the beneficiary of such givingness. One of James Galanos's former executives claims that over the years the "loaners" the designer messengered to Mrs. Reagan, including fur coats as well as dresses, became "keepers." Could it be that Nancy's disloyal staff simply forgot to register the lavish gifts with the Office of Government Ethics (as required by law), and that Galanos, unpaid and unable to claim the first lady's appropriations as donations, wrote them off as business expenses? I don't mean to say the first lady holds on to *everything* that comes her way. For the first Inaugural, she chose *two* Galanos dresses, then wore the one she liked less. Why? Because she knew that whatever she wore to the event would later be hung on a Nancy-like stick at the Smithsonian, and she wanted to keep her favorite of the two dresses on a Nancy-like stick in her own closet. ☐

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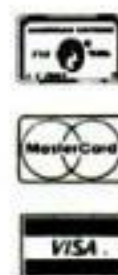
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# Musical CHAIRS



BY CELIA BRADY

NED "I'M QUITTING" TANEN IS NO longer quitting. Yes, just as summer begets fall (or, in Hollywood, *Summer—the Sequel*), fall marks the beginning of Tanen's periodic contract negotiations with Paramount Pictures. And in this year's discussions, it seems that the espadrille-clad Tanen (so *casual*!) has decided to take a different tack from his usual rote threats of resignation from the studio's presidency.

## THE INDUSTRY

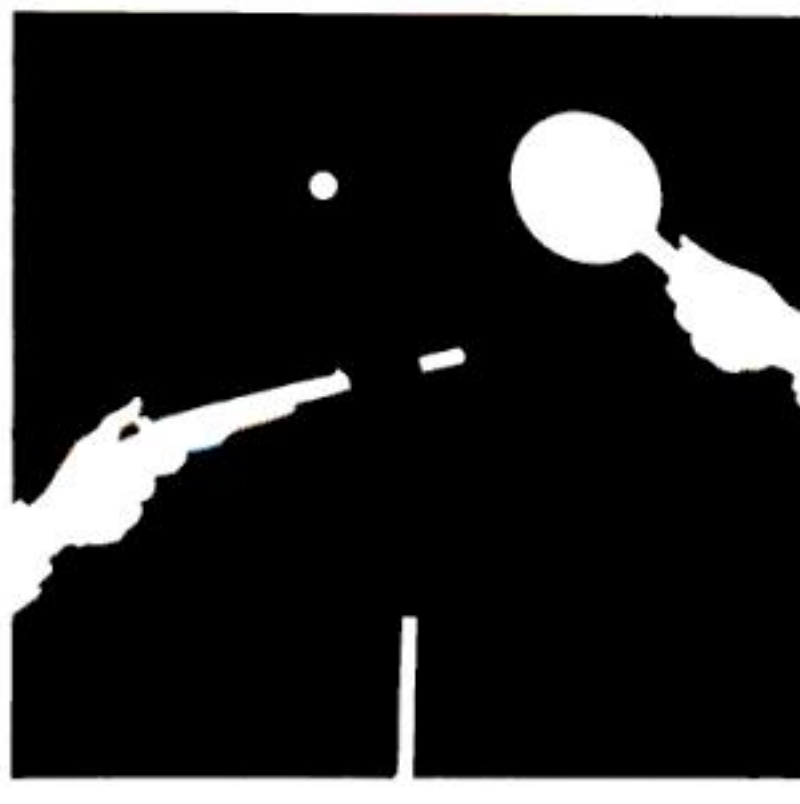
According to his close friends, Tanen, who is presumed to have been the model for the Joe Mantegna character in David Mamet's *Speed-the-Plow* (the Ron Silver character is based on Art Linson, the producer of *The Untouchables*; Tanen was the executive on the movie, and Mamet wrote the screenplay), claims to have undertaken a major reevaluation of his life and to have decided to leave the shallow, cynical movie business. What he *really* wants to do, he claims, is to devote more of his time and energy to... *the upkeep and maintenance of his collection of Ferraris.*

Ned "I'm Retiring" Tanen's contributions to Western culture this past summer included *Coming to America* and *Big Top Pee-wee*—and, in his own way, the delightful *Midnight Run*, which was released by Universal. *Midnight Run* was originally set to be produced by Paramount. But Tanen had reservations about the budget (estimated at \$31 million) and about Robert De Niro, who he felt wasn't a big enough box-office draw to justify the cost of the movie. (Hairless TV-network-building-obsessed Fox chairman Barry Diller had a similar concern, incidentally, when De Niro campaigned for the Tom Hanks role in the Penny Marshall/Twentieth Century Fox film *Big*.) Tanen had further doubts about director Martin Brest's ability to stick to the already horrifyingly extrava-

gant budget. In the past Brest has seemed to confuse *auteur* and *hauteur*. He was fired from *War Games* and left the production of the upcoming Dustin Hoffman film *Rain Man* ("scheduling conflicts" was the euphemism employed) and is known to have made few friends during his direction of *Beverly Hills Cop*. (In fact, after seeing the first dailies in the Paramount screening room producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer considered firing Brest.)

All this notwithstanding, Tanen agreed to make *Midnight Run* as long as someone with putatively proven box-office appeal was cast in the Charles Grodin role. Tanen considered casting Richard Dreyfuss and then, demonstrating a special gift for the insanely inappropriate, wanted the part rewritten for Cher. Brest, bless him, insisted on Charles Grodin. Neither side would budge, so Tanen canceled the film, and it was picked up by the idea-starved powers at Universal.

But the story doesn't end there. At Universal, Brest fell way behind schedule



and eventually went an estimated \$9 million over budget, for a final cost of just over \$40 million—this for a little buddy movie with few characters, ordinary American locations and two conscientious stars. (But then money just isn't what it used to be, according to Brest's wife, producer wanna-be Lisa Weinstein. "Ten million dollars just doesn't go that far today," Weinstein has told friends, referring to Brest's personal take from *Beverly Hills Cop*. "I mean, the government gets half, you buy a \$4 million house, spend a million to decorate it, and there's *just nothing left*.")

Getting back to Tanen—who is considered a good guy, a class act by Hollywood standards—he may truly *want* to dedicate his life to the care of his prized automobile

collection, but, on the other hand, he may also sense a disaster brewing in the not too distant future. According to people who work in the Paramount accounting office, *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*, the upcoming third installment in the Steven Spielberg-George Lucas series, is now expected to cost more than \$50 million. Production executives fear that the picture (which costars Sean Connery as Harrison Ford's father) has gone out of control: Spielberg isn't exactly a close personal friend of Tanen's, and many worry that Lucas, the producer of both *Howard the Duck* and *Willow*, has lost touch with the marketplace.

*Trims and Ends:* Ex-superagent Sue Mengers still hasn't signed any of the "major seventies talent" she promised in justifying her new job at William Morris...

Just how terrified is Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz about information leaking from the Creative Artists Agency? First CAA offered a copy of the agency's coveted status-of-projects-in-development catalog in exchange for the identity of this column's author. Then it occurred to the increasingly paranoid *Überagents* at CAA that anyone operating a personal computer at the office could take vast amounts of invaluable information home on their disks (Justine Bateman's home phone number, for example). To thwart such a breach, Ovitz had an operative, CAA controller Bruce King, confiscate all personal computer disks and ban PCs from the office. (Rolodexes are still allowed at the agency. Preening, shortish superagent Ron Meyer—who has USMC tattooed on his shoulder and signs his correspondence "Agent Meyer"—has an absurdly thick one, with a whole section headed BIMBOS. Included in this category are Catherine Oxenberg and Meyer's current girlfriend, Cyndy Garvey. *Such a very classy guy, Ron.*)

Speaking of agents, Jeremy Zimmer, the universally disliked ICM agent—renowned for his habit of twirling the cord in the air while he is on the telephone—acted in a highly Zimmerish fashion upon hearing of the death of Ann Dollard, the Leading Artists agent who was killed in a freak equestrian accident. He obtained a list of her clients (among them Chris Menges, Danny Huston and Adam Ant) and began speed-dialing with offers of representation. *Such a very classy guy, Jeremy.*

See you Monday night at Mortons. ■



# Blind FAITH



BY ELLIS WEINER

THERE ARE TOPICS IN MIDDLE-class grown-up society that are taboo: religion, child-rearing, one's secret passion for Muzak, etc. Reasons for their exclusion from conversation have more to do with

## HOW TO BE A GROWN- UP

fairness than with class solidarity. Other people's religions are indeed pretty silly—not to mention totally wrong—but only the

mindless fanatic is unsuspecting of the coincidence of his tiny little self's having been lucky enough to hit upon the One True Understanding of the Universe.

The mindless fanatic organizes events to promote his view—the Spanish Inquisition, the Crusades, Jackie Collins book signings. The grown-up, meanwhile, keeps his theology to himself. He feels he's right, of course, but he knows that everyone else nurtures precisely the same feeling. To be fair, to be reasonable, to show the kind of religious tolerance he expects will be shown to him, he keeps his mouth shut. Thus the difference between polite society and grown-up society. Members of the former seek, at all costs, the preservation of privilege. Those of the latter want, before anything else (and often because they can't get anything else), a clear conscience.

I thought about all this several months ago when, with wife and child, I attended the christening of some friends' firstborn. The scene went down at 90th and Fifth, at The Church of the Heavenly Rest—to my mind a morbid name for a church, unless *heavenly rest* is Christian code for some fun thing about which I am ignorant. Then again, I have always felt that Heaven will in fact prove much like Fifth Avenue in the low Nineties: tasteful, exclusive, clean, convenient to museums and the park. Add ample free parking and a pizzeria that serves beer and wine, and you've got a Heaven worth dying for.

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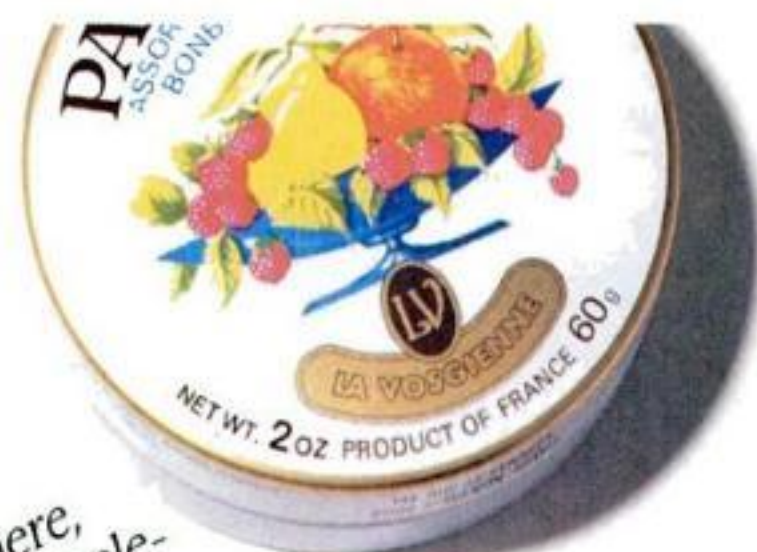
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# TOMMY TALK

West Coast Thai food moves East. ★★★

By Bryan Miller, Restaurant Critic—New York Times

December 5, 1986

**A** LONG sun-streaked Melrose Avenue in Hollywood, that buoyant runway of West Coast with-it-ness, Tommy Tang has been nurturing the dressed-to-kill set for six years with his pop renditions of Thai cuisine. While purists may scoff at some of his unorthodox creations, the bangle-to-bangle crowds that jam Tommy Tang's Siamese Cafe nightly are not the types to cavil over gastronomic morphology—they are having too much fun.

The 38-year-old Mr. Tang, who has become a full-time celebrity and entrepreneur in recent years while leaving the cooking to his family and staff, has decided to try out his winsome production in New York. His new venture, called simply Tommy Tang's, occupies a moderate-size Art Deco space near burgeoning Battery Park City. No brass icons or embroidered red-and-gold fabrics here. The only clue that this is not just another TriBeCa grill-and-grin yuppie playroom is black lacquered chopsticks on the tables. The breezy two-level room is done in eggshell-colored walls with color-splashed fabrics clinging haphazardly to the ceiling. Tables are well spaced, but the piped-in music at times shatters easy conversation.

As for the food, I would trek to TriBeCa in a flash if only for the terrific sate of chicken, an appetizer. The bite-size squiggles of meat are marinated overnight in coconut cream laced with curry, garlic and coriander, then skewered, barbecued and served with two zesty dips, one made with crushed peanuts, the other with cucumber.

Another vibrant appetizer is the mee krob, which combines brittle sweet noodles with rubbins of shrimp, pork and eggs garnished with bean sprouts, scallions and coriander. The frail noodles literally melt in your mouth, leaving a sweet echo.

Two familiar starters are better than average: Thai toast, crispy little disks made with shrimp, pork and mild spices, and crisp vegetable-filled egg rolls. A spicy chicken soup (Tom Kha Kai) was wonderfully complex with nuances of lime, coconut, hot chili and scallion. Least memorable were the bland fried won tons stuffed with chicken and vegetables.

The best of Tommy Tang's dishes are intended to ambush your taste buds at several twists in the road. For example, the spicy mint noodles with beef (they can also be ordered with

chicken or pork) first assault the tip of the tongue with the freshness of mint and faint sweetness from shrimp; next comes a volley of sundry spices and textures on the palate, followed by the afterglow of heat. This triple whammy is plainly evident in the blackened chili fish. A fillet of red snapper is seasoned with a mélange of red and black pepper, garlic powder and Thai red peppercorns. It is then pan-fried and served under an intricately spiced—and hot!—sauce combining serrano chilies, fresh ginger and garlic.

One of the house specialties, Thai pasta, is an unqualified success: cold spinach noodles are swathed in a restrained hot and spicy garlic-and-black-bean sauce along with shards of chicken. Another recommended specialty is the incendiary squid rings with mint leaves and chili: just as the palate's smoke detector is about to go screech, the mint leaves come to the rescue like a bucket of cold water. A similar dish called mint seafood fell short, however, for lack of that hot undercurrent. Duck fanciers should try the highly touted Tommy duck, a crackly skinned and succulent creation in which the meat is marinated in ginger and soy, then steamed. As a final touch, the duck is flash-deep fried and glazed with a sweet plum and ginger sauce. It is available Thursday through Saturday.

The young American staff is well versed in the menu, so don't be shy about asking questions. Dishes come out of the kitchen at a fairly brisk clip and are intended for sharing. The wine selection is well attuned to the food, both in price and style.

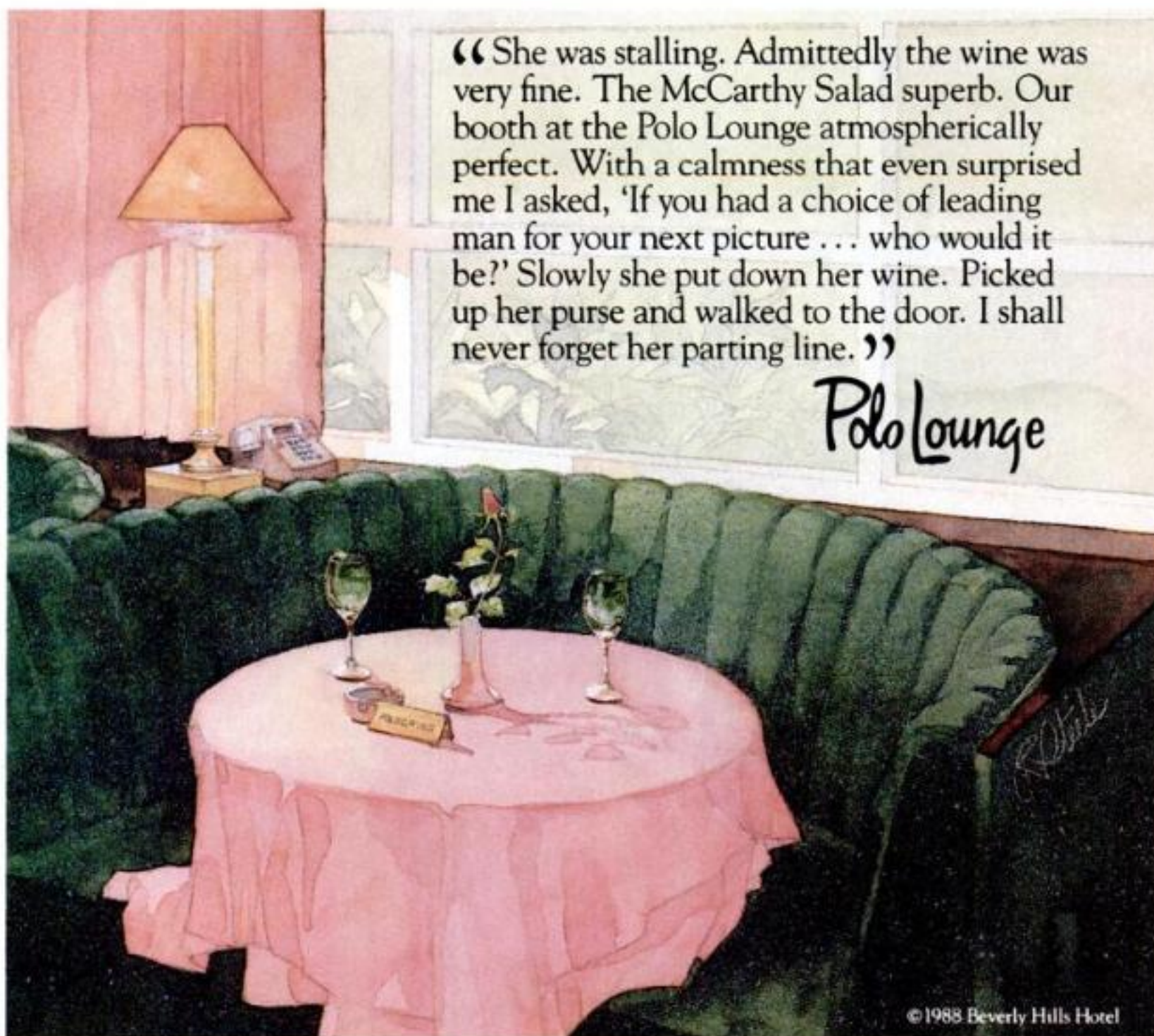
The best suggestion we received from our waitress was to try pad Thai, the traditional pan-fried Thai noodles dotted with mildly spicy shrimp, pork and egg. Peanuts and bean sprouts add a delightful textural contrast. I took a gamble on a dish called red noodles in a "special sauce" but found it relatively bland and one-dimensional.

The commercial quality French desserts are a letdown after such an exotic culinary tour. Dacquoise is little more than a mocha cake and amaretto cake is light weight. Only the black-and-white chocolate cake is rich and satisfying.

In New York, where most Thai restaurants are hushed and polite family affairs, Tommy Tang's is a brash new kid on the block. For pungent food and a sassy social scene, it's worth the trip.



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“She was stalling. Admittedly the wine was very fine. The McCarthy Salad superb. Our booth at the Polo Lounge atmospherically perfect. With a calmness that even surprised me I asked, ‘If you had a choice of leading man for your next picture . . . who would it be?’ Slowly she put down her wine. Picked up her purse and walked to the door. I shall never forget her parting line.”

Polo Lounge

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The ceremony was Episcopal (anagrams: *social pep, spa police, Pepsi-Cola*); since I'm Jewish (disappointing anagram: *Hi, Jews*), I was allowed to enjoy without obligation the dazzling stained glass, the soaring arches, the vast stony medieval resonance of the place. The priest was tall, spoke in the pseudo-British accent cultivated by second-tier movie actors in the 1930s and '40s, and cut a benign, reassuring figure in his chasuble and audubon, chiding his advocates and calling his audibles. I may have some of the terminology wrong.

There were hymns, the usual collective standing and sitting, a slightly ponderous but not unamusing sermon that made a telling point or two about the congregation's imminent responsibility to the baby who was about to join their number, and there was the act itself: the infant was touched with holy water, welcomed to the flock of the faithful and then borne around the church several times in the company of his parents, godparents, creamy-faced altar boys in robes and the presiding clergy.

An atmosphere of delicacy, gentle humor and hushed good taste prevailed throughout. Occasionally, though, Nathaniel Weiner, age 27 months, grew restive and had to be unleashed to run around the block in the bright sunshine with one or the other of his parents in supervisory pursuit. But if he failed to appreciate the significance of the ceremony, who could blame him? A harmonious choir, a dab of water, a little parade: this was not a religious induction as he knew it. Nathaniel Weiner had been initiated into his tribe in a different ceremony entirely. *Very* different entirely. See, when Nat had been incarnated for barely a week, some old rabbi laid him down on our dining-room table and sliced off the foreskin of his own true penis.

No, not by the hot orange glare of torchlight, or to the rumbling of jungle drums. Still, there was nothing heavenly about it. Family and friends crammed our Brooklyn apartment. The mohel wore a dark suit and carried a briefcase; his appearance at the door reminded me of Max von Sydow's arrival at Linda Blair's house in a certain popular 1973 movie. But our man was the opposite of a gaunt, grave Swedish actor: a short, brisk, lively fellow with white hair and an old-world accent, he bustled and joked and almost put us at ease.

As for the ceremony itself, it was brief, loud and in Hebrew. Rather than a dab of water to the forehead, Nat got a bit of



wine-soaked gauze to the lips. The mohel held the baby up and chanted prayers in a penetrating drone of sufficient volume to make them heard, not particularly by the silent, staring crowd across the room but by remote, busy God on high. The subject of the christening slept. The subject of the bris cried until the moment of the cut itself. Then he became silent—an act that I at first proudly ascribed to my son's entering a daze of infantile wonder but that I later decided was the result of his passing out in shock. (I never sought to confirm or refute this theory.) The crowd cheered. The mohel gave us detailed instructions for treating the wound. Then we cleared the table, reset it with food and drink, and had a good party. The organ healed precisely as predicted, and the baby was apparently no different after the deed, except down there.

Thus, two starkly contrasting rituals: one genteel, pristine and pleasant, the other just a little bit violent, bloody and—so goes the current wisdom—



medically unnecessary. Yet both serve the same end: to usher the newborn into the specific religious community. Outside the realm of water-dabbing and foreskin-snipping, the respective parents of the respective babies are friends, former schoolmates, reciprocal dinner invitees. Probably our politics are roughly the same. I don't know; we've never discussed them. *But we could if we wanted to.*

We could even trade accounts of why we staged our respective ceremonies. We just can't talk about the ultimate *reasons* behind our beliefs. For one thing, such reasons, when explored, soon dissolve into hunches about what's right and intuitions about what must be true. For another, arguing about religion would scare the kids. ☞

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# God Must Be CRAZY



BY JOE QUEENAN

On page 6 of his otherwise remarkable best-seller, *When Bad Things Happen to Good People*, Rabbi Harold S. Kushner misstates the fundamental problem of all human existence. "There is only one question which

## THE BIG QUESTIONS

really matters," writes Kushner, perhaps oversimplifying: "Why do bad things happen to good people?"

Kushner is certainly in the ballpark, but as any righteous person knows, this is *not* the only question that really matters. Good people like me can accept the bad things that routinely happen to us. What we cannot accept, what causes us to wake up in the middle of the night sweating, is this: why do good things happen to bad people?

Seeking understanding, I called Rabbi Kushner at his Natick, Massachusetts, synagogue. He admitted that he had been approached with questions such as mine in the past. So when I asked him, "If God is good, why did he let Kurt Waldheim get elected president of Austria?" his response was unequivocal: "They were discussing that on the *Today* show the other day."

Once again Bryant Gumbel had beaten me to one of the burning philosophical issues of our time. The rabbi continued, "It's not a whole lot of fun being the president of Austria and being laughed at every day of your life. He has made that country a laughingstock." The answer, then, seemed to be that being president of a European country should not necessarily be regarded as a "good thing."

Next question: how are those of us not affiliated with the mob supposed to deal with the fact that Frank Sinatra was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom?

"I don't know enough about his personal life to say," answered Kushner. "But a man who gives up everything for the sake of a fancy car, or some other economic reward,

never has the satisfaction of knowing what it's like to be a mensch."

I was impressed that Kushner had anticipated my question about José Feliciano, so I moved on to another force of evil: Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet. Why did God let this lowlife survive numerous assassination attempts?

"Again, he's an absolute louse," said Kushner. "But he loses out on the real satisfactions of life." The old riches-and-power-are-not-really-good-things line again.

Kushner had the same thing to say about Ivan Boesky, who began studying the Torah right after his arrest and may have manipulated his newfound piety to get a light prison sentence. But Kushner denied that God had rewarded Boesky.

"Even without getting caught, can you imagine how twisted he is? He must have been desperately unhappy to work 18 hours a day to amass more money."

All right, how about somebody who works 18 hours a day to amass huge sums of money but who seems too shallow to be capable of desperate unhappiness? Why is God giving Donald Trump a free ride? After systematically vulgarizing New York City, why did the Queens-born casino operator become a best-selling author too?

"I don't know enough about Trump personally to make a definitive judgment on that," said the rabbi. "But broadly speaking, there are two answers. One is that Donald Trump is an honest real estate developer who is very driven and knows how to play hardball but who has earned the money he gets just as much as Johnny Carson and Jim Rice have." I mentioned that Jim Rice was having a dismal year and was a poor example. "Okay—Roger Clemens or Larry Bird. The other answer is, if Trump is an evil person, he will surely trip himself up at some point with his unhealthy appetites and at the very least suffer some sort of loss in the personal-development area. He will either be the Larry Bird of real estate or the Ivan Boesky."

Satisfied that some of the late twentieth century's greatest villains were getting their comeuppance in a subtle, Byzantine way—Waldheim by being laughed at on the *Today* show, Sinatra by never knowing what it was like to be a mensch, Trump by metaphorical linkage with aging basketball stars—we ended our conversation and returned to our respective jobs: he, to worship God; I, breathing easily for the first time in months, to worship Mammon. ☛



**CLOSE PERSONAL FRIENDS** Cable TV concoction turned self-publicist Nikki Haskell managed to lure Jackie Mason and Sylvester Stallone to the birthday party she threw at Le Club for relative-of-the-famous Lorna Luft's husband, a man nobody seems to have heard of. Though Haskell could not get the two VIP superstars to pose for a photograph together—the *Rambo* star, according to Mason, is angry about the extremely funny Stallone impersonation ("Dub-Dub, dub-dub") in Mason's one-man show, *The World According to Me!*—she did somehow manage to be photographed with each of them herself (*above*) and also engineered shots of her own mirror reflection next to Stallone's table (*below*) and of herself forcing Stallone to shake hands with Luft, wife to the unknown birthday boy.





## The Ultraglamorous World of Mr. Trump



◀ All aboard! The soft girth of evil fop and court-jester-to-Nancy Reagan Jerry Zipkin is hoisted aboard the not-at-all vulgar *Trump Princess*.



Amid the restrained, tasteful hoopla surrounding the Tyson-Spinks fight at super-swanky Trump Plaza, Le Roy Neiman captures for posterity the irresistible hair-lines and shoulder pads of two of Hollywood's biggest ladies' men, Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty (*below*). Sidling up to the big guys is fun-loving 64-inch-high entertainer Paul Simon (*above*), (a) trying to overhear some dating tips, (b) hoping to be included in Neiman's sketch and (c) failing at both.



▶ **WHO SAYS WIT IS DEAD?** There must be something about Jesse Jackson's light-hearted, positively giddy *jeu d'esprit* that affects everyone around him, sparking scintillating displays of joviality in even the most freakish of crowds. Here (*top*) a mischievous Donald Trump uses two of his short fingers to make donkey ears behind the eerily stiff hairdo of his supersvelte, megaglamorous wife, Ivana! And (*bottom*) Jackson restrains a hearty belly laugh as Malcolm Forbes — hilariously! — offers a \$1 bill as a campaign contribution! (At right, Trump sister-in-law Blaine, having maneuvered herself into the photograph, stares shamelessly at the camera.)



▲ Standing before a roomful of photographers at a press briefing preceding the Friars Club tribute to Barbara Sinatra (*hey, isn't it about time this great, great lady was honored for her many, many memorable contributions to American culture and entertainment?*), Jerry Lewis's wife, Sandra, averts her eyes as Jerry (*top*) takes the opportunity to adjust his shorts. Across the room, social climber-war criminal Henry Kissinger reaps the benefits of his coasterhood, taking turns being photographed with really major celebrities like the incomparable Don Rickles and the most versatile man in show business, Sammy Davis Jr.

PARTY  
poop



▲ **MERRY WIDOW** At the Stage Deli, Joan Rivers apparently discusses plastic surgery with Pat Kennedy Lawford.



# UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

When I picked up the paper last Fourth of July and saw that a man named Will Rogers had given the command to blow up an Airbus containing 290 civilians, I thought history must be bent on trashing all our symbols. Next a Nathan Hale will be caught selling secrets on Memorial Day, a Martin L. King of Gettysburg will be lobbying for South Africa. A certain amount of myth-reworking is healthy, but there are limits to what this nation's sense of itself can stand. —R.B.

## ACROSS

1. "Changing" is the definition. Love backward ("turned around"), *vin, g* (short for *gravity*). Movies have been made of plot lines no less simple than this clue's. Lately I've been seeing quite a few romantic-comedy movies, old and new. If you get a chance to catch *Midnight*, with Claudette Colbert, John Barrymore, Mary Astor and Don Ameche, leap at it, is my recommendation. Partly because it never quite countenances screwing around, *Midnight* is tighter-spinning, sharper-breaking screwball than *Bull Durham*. But I admired the way the latter movie took on the contemporary challenge of being romantic, about both baseball and sex, while using the word *fuck* and illustrating what the word denotes. A lot. If amiability and realism could be similarly combined in politics, then America would be on the move again, conceptually.

5. *Less on* equals *more off*.

9. The bubble is the *o*.

10. *AG, has, t* (head of *terrorist*). I am not suggesting that Edwin Meese ever had the head of a terrorist. To look at him, you'd say he has a head like a thumb.

12. To ape is to imitate, *man* is *Nam* in retreat.

13. *Puns* surrounding is *he*. "Hurts" is the definition. This clue is not meant to elicit sympathy for the secretly pathetic lot of the puzzle composer.

15. More romantic comedy. But *Moonlighting* winked at us too much and wore out its tension. See 1 Across.

18. *Gringo, worth* and *r* (the beginning of *rocky*) rearranged ("crazy"). Do you know who said, "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong!" Stephen Decatur, who whipped the Barbary pirates at Tripoli, which is now the capital of Libya and which we bombed a while back, missing Muammar al-Qaddafi but killing his adopted daughter. We don't tend to refer to America in the feminine anymore. Maybe it would help. Maybe we would rethink some of our international screwing around. (If this be sexism, then, well, I don't know. None of this rethinking is easy.)

23. Did you see the pictures in the paper of So-

viet marshal Sergei Akhromeyev in Oklahoma City, wearing first a ten-gallon Stetson and then a traditional Native American war bonnet? Let us just hope the Russians don't have a Marshal Wyatt Earp. By the way, the original Will Rogers, who was from Oklahoma, was legitimately both cowboy and Indian. And his ranch was at the western end of both Sunset Boulevard and Route 66. And his mother's middle name was America. Those were the days.

27. *Distant* equals *far*, *entitlement* equals *right*. Remember when the far right were kooks? The Reagan administration went a long way toward turning them into the infrastructure. And isn't that the American way? Well, at the risk of being uncool, let me quote some songs that, according to *The New York Times* of August 22, 1981, were sung from *The YAF Songbook* at a Young Americans for Freedom convention the day before:

Mine eyes have seen the horrors  
Of the militant extreme.  
I have heard about their tennis shoes  
And eyes that madly gleam.  
They are armed and more fanatical  
Than you would ever dream.  
I'll track down every one!

Deck the halls with Commie corpses,  
Fa la la la la la la la la.  
'Tis the time to be remorseless,  
Fa la la la la la la la la.  
Wield we now our sharp stiletti,  
Fa la la la la la la la la.  
Carve the pinks into confetti,  
Fa la la la la la la la la.

Nice metrical sense, I'll give them that. But "some 50 graduates or present members of the Young Americans for Freedom have been appointed to the White House staff. Others are sprinkled throughout the Administration," reported the *Times*. And this was the administration that supposedly restored pride in America.

## DOWN

1. Don't know whether this was included in *The YAF Songbook*. Drug-inspired, no doubt. But so, it appears, are certain White House guards.

1	E	V	O	L	V	I	N	G	5	L	E	S	S	O	N
2	G	Y	O	I					6	N	M	O			
3	G	A	S	O	L	I	N	E	7	A	G	H	A	S	T
4	M	T	C	A					8	J	L	S	A		
10	A	P	E	M	A	N			11	P	U	N	I	S	H
12	N	R	N						13	E	N	S	H	I	
14									15	M	O	O	N	L	I
16	D	I							17	G	O				
18	R	I	G	H	T	O	R	W	19	R	O	N	G		
20	U	U	E	O	S	O			21	F					
22	G	L	A	S	N	O	S	T	23	A	S	P	I	R	E
24	G	N	S	S					25	R	T	N	A		
26	I	T	A	L	I	C			27	F	A	R	R	I	G
28	S								29	S	I	E	O		
30	T	R	Y	I	N	G			31	C	H	I	L	D	R
32									33	E	N				

2. *E, story* rearranged ("odd").

3. *O, O, can* go with *LV*, all rearranged ("per-versely"). Albert Finney played the degenerating consul in the John Huston movie version of *Under the Volcano*.

4. *An* and *insect* without the *sect* gives you *anin*, which ascending (backward in this Down clue) is *Nina*, which Albert Hirschfeld works into his drawings in the *Times* and elsewhere because his daughter is named Nina. Would have gone better with the *Times*, I suppose, if her name had been Oona. (Eugene O'Neill joke.)

6. Interesting that *English* means your tongue (I am assuming ethnocentrically that no one who works this puzzle is primarily Polish-speaking) and also means the spin imparted to a ball. A writer friend of mine once told me he was tired of spin, tired of irony; he was determined to be as straightforward as possible in his use of language. My feeling is that language, like a ball, never goes entirely straight and won't go in anything like a meant direction unless it has spin on it—otherwise the wind blows it around. To be sure, the wind blows *everything* around, and language is always catching the wind in awkward ways and breaking it at awkward moments. "To the deconstructive critic," writes Mark Edmundson in *Harper's*, "language has a refractory life of its own, which no 'master of words' can ever control or even successfully constrain.... 'Meaning' to the deconstructors is infinitely expanding, without beginning or closure, a proliferation beyond anyone's conscious control." I believe the deconstructors dismiss too much. As do people who assume there is no preventing a radar system from causing the blowing up of 290 civilians. The wind blows everything around, but people fly kites, don't they? Sometimes they even make progress flying them. Take Ben Franklin.

8. *N, GI, sat on* backward.

11. *Jun. 1* followed by *SRO* backward. It may seem remarkably self-effacing of me, as a junior myself, to define juniors as inferiors. I am speaking in the military sense, as in junior officers. You wouldn't want to say inferior officers. The current chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, incidentally, is Admiral William Crowe Jr. I'll say this for him: in news photos, at least, he wears a cowboy hat more authentically than Soviet marshal Sergei Akhromeyev does. On the other hand, the Russians blew up a plane containing only 269 civilians.

14. The original Siamese twins, whom P. T. Barnum turned into giants of the business, were Chang and Eng. The original *New Yorker* editor was Harold Ross. I don't believe Eng and Ross have been linked until now.

16. *Drug, gist*. Humphrey was a pharmacist before he went into politics.

17. Reference to *The Night of the Iguana*.

20. and 21. This is in bad taste. You don't have to tell me that. This whole puzzle is in bad taste. Dragging mass homicide into word games. It's a wonder no one ever appoints me to a White House job. ☹



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JD: HOEDOWN! LOVE, ADAM

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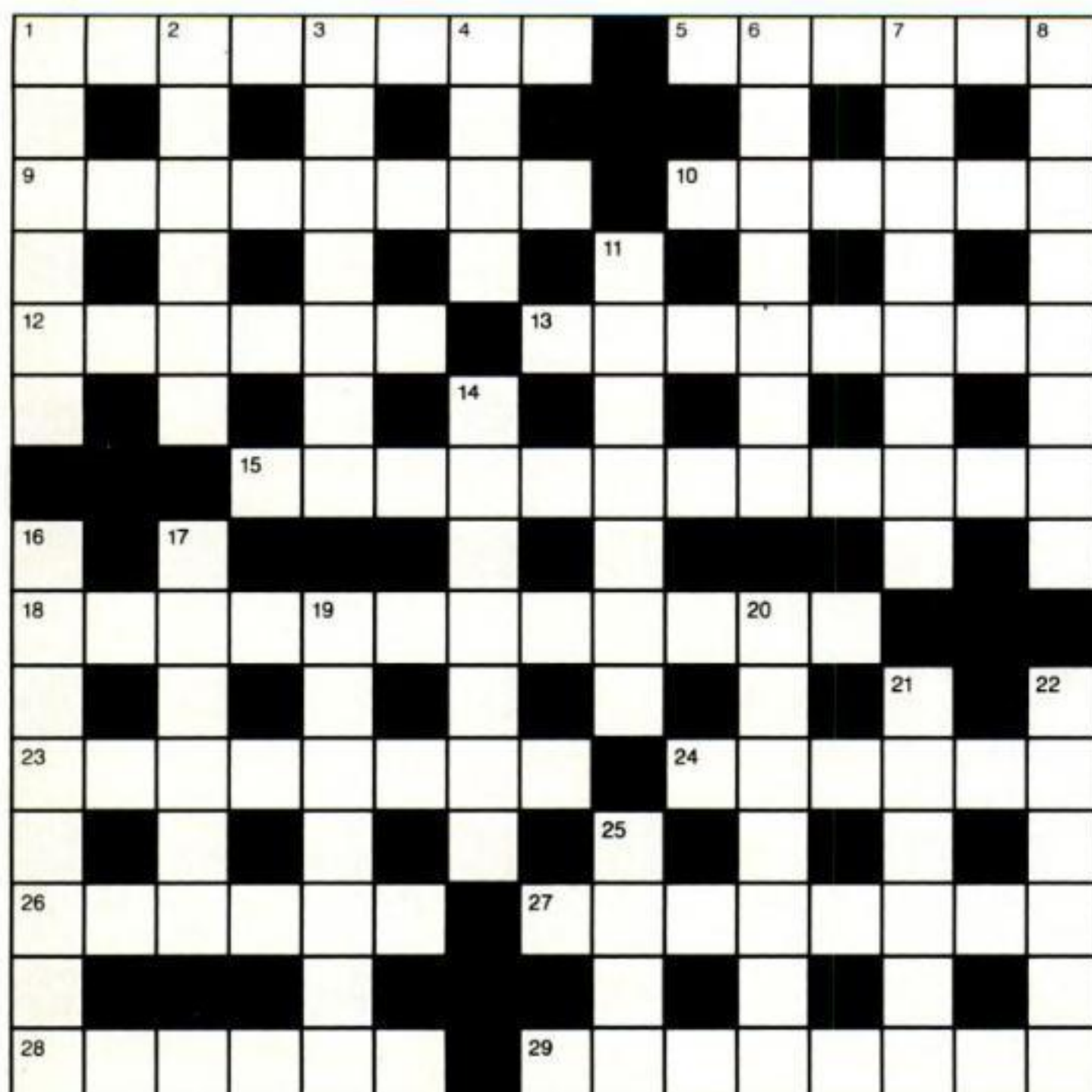
# Crossword Puzzle

THE UN-BRITISH

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



*Whither America?*



## ACROSS

1. Changing love turned around by French wine, gravity. (8)
5. We may learn it's more off. (6)
9. Bubble in gas line keeps us on the go. (8)
10. Stricken attorney general has head of terrorist. (6)
12. Imitate Nam retreat for missing link. (6)
13. Is he surrounded by plays on words, or hurts? (8)
15. Aphrodisiac glow, stirred gin: the Cybill and Bruce show. (12)
18. What our country always is: crazy gringo worth rocky beginning. (5,2,5)
23. New Russian tune, or new arrangement of last song? (8)
24. To have a goal: snake anger. (6)
26. Type of slanted writing. (6)
27. Distant entitlement came a lot closer in the 1980s. (3,5)
28. Difficult, but making an effort. (6)
29. Issue is 50-inch red mess. (8)

## DOWN

1. "I am the \_\_\_\_\_ I am the walrus."—The Beatles. (3-3)
2. Odd Eastern story swallowed whole, raw. (6)
3. Nothing, nothing can go with 55 perversely like what Finney went downhill under in Huston movie. (7)
4. An insect loses its narrow faith and ascends in homage to Hirschfeld. (4)
6. Spin on your tongue. (7)
7. Crush! Slap! Great success! (5,3)
8. Northern soldier sat on rising—doesn't betoken anything. (3,1,4)
11. June first, single-room occupancy come up to inferiors. (7)
14. Absorb one of original Siamese twins and original *New Yorker* editor. (7)
16. Essence follows controlled substance—early Hubert Humphrey role. (8)
17. An August first uprising for Tennessee's nocturnal lizard. (6)
19. Crazy tennis, love, ties us in knots. (7)
20. With 21, index digit, to a crude picker (or snoring lifter, maybe). (7,6)
22. Bust 'er, Diane! (6)
25. Headstrong where you've broken out. (4)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 148.



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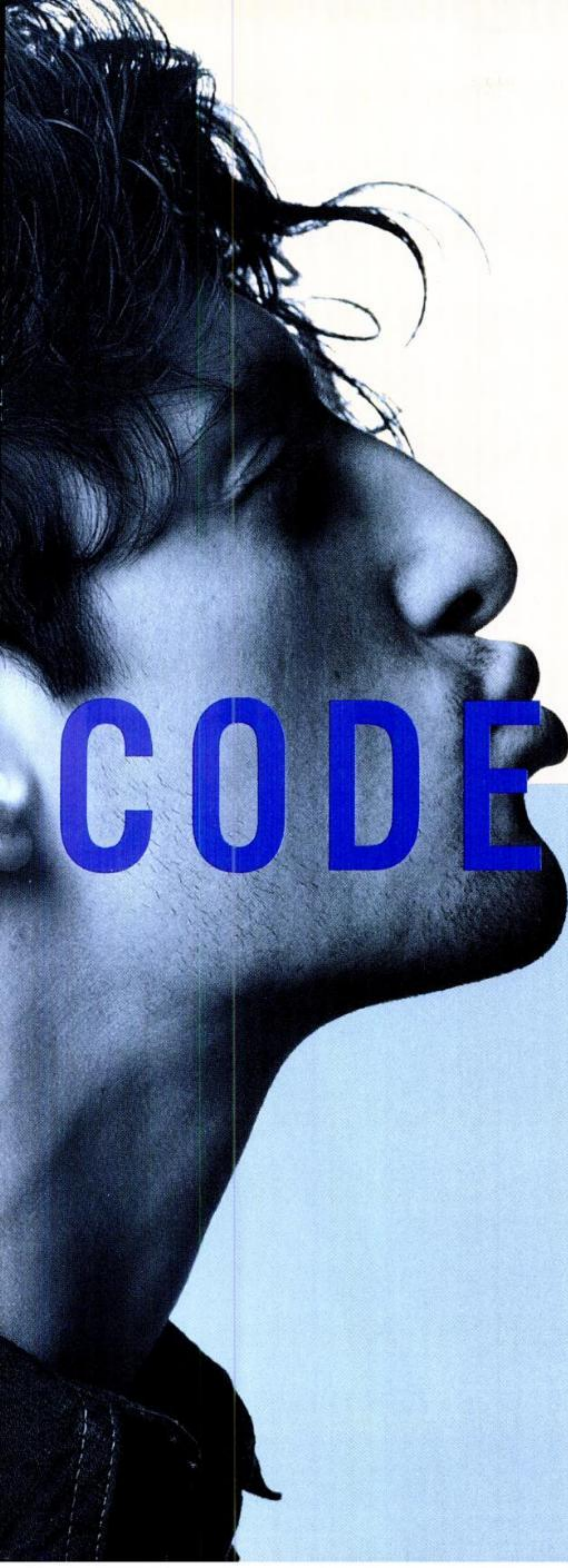
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# TRY A LITTLE WISHFUL DRINKING.

*Legend has it that  
if you add three  
coffee beans to  
Sambuca Romana,  
good fortune will follow.*



THE LEGENDARY LIQUEUR  
OF GOOD FORTUNE.